PHOTOPLAY

The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

•

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•

The New Shady James

•

The Love Life of Jimmy Durante

•

Jean Harlow
See Page 69

COUNT THE HITS

Number 1 "CAUGHT SHORT" — Number 2 "REDUCING" — Number 3 "POLITICS"

AND NOW *those furiously funny females*

Marie DRESSLER
Polly MORAN

in (what this country needs)

PROSPERITY

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of moping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER SCREAMIE!

with **Anita Page**
Wallace Ford
Directed by **Leo McCarey**

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Wears $10 shoes
Ignores her tender gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

CAN'T BLAME HER for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people always have considered and always *will* consider a *face* more important than a *foot!*

If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to *smile!*

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

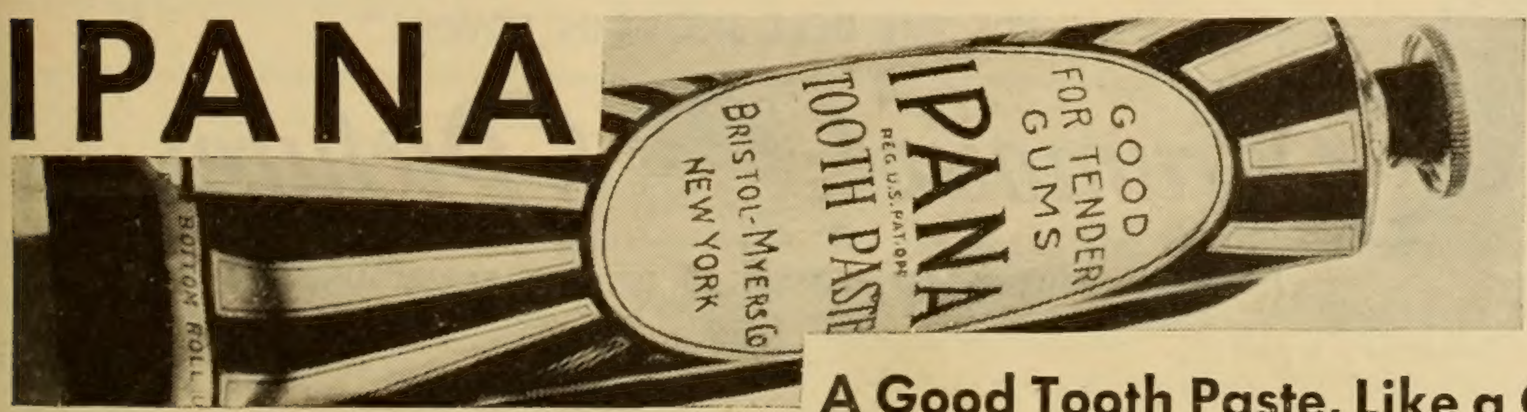
And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the *soundness* of your teeth.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. (Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. For there's ziratol in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in bringing the gums back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive *years* from now!

IPANA



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PARAMOUNT SPECIALS

HAROLD LLOYD Prod.
"MOVIE CRAZY"

•

MARLENE DIETRICH
in "BLONDE VENUS"
with Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

•

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"
with HELEN HAYES and FREDRIC MARCH
By Ernest Hemingway

•

GEORGE M. COHAN *in*
"THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT"

•

"THE BIG BROADCAST"
with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Lyda Roberti, Burns & Allen, Mills Brothers, Street Singer, Donald Novis, Cab Calloway
and other stars.

•

"SINGLE NIGHT"
(tentative title)
with Nancy Carroll, George Raft, Wynne Gibson
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

•

"IF I HAD A MILLION"
All Star Cast

•

"THE SONG of the EAGLE"
by George M. Cohan

THE 4 MARX BROTHERS
in "HORSE FEATHERS"

•

MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"LOVE ME TONIGHT"
with Jeanette MacDonald.
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

•

"THE SONG OF SONGS"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS
Richard Bennett, Alison Skipworth

•

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

•

ERNST LUBITSCH Prod.
"NOT MARRIED"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS

•

"BLOOD AND SAND"
with
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
and CARY GRANT

•

"R. U. R."
with Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March *Directed by* Rouben Mamoulian

•

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"
with Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper

And 50 More Surprise Hits with the Greatest Stars of the Screen!

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow
"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 3 | JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher* | August, 1932

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMORESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	**1924**	**1925**
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	**1927**	**1928**
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	**1930**	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	
1931		
"CIMARRON"		

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City | Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President | ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; $3.50 Canada; $3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Here's the new Garbo of "As You Desire Me"—a sweet, young girl, except in the dramatic earlier scenes. One letter-writer said that, for the first time, she felt that Garbo warranted the adjective "lovable." Others say this boy Melvyn Douglas has the stuff of which great screen lovers are made

THE $25 LETTER

When Mickey Mouse or any one of the black and white classics flashes gaily upon the screen, there is applause. That is as it should be. Our lives are too matter-of-fact. We know too much. We're sure of what is and what isn't and when that happens, people are likely to lose something valuable, some imaginative, fanciful humor, or whatever used to make us believe in Alice in Wonderland.

Watching the cartoons, I believe in their whimsical impossibilities. Mickey Mouse and his agile friends live in a world where anything can happen—where the most astonishing things are accomplished with the turn of a wrist—in a gay world without subtlety or half-tones. Everything ends satisfactorily—the villains sent beyond the horizon and the lovers to an obviously rosy future—until next week!

ROBERT HENDERSON, Urbana, Ill.

THE $10 LETTER

I should like to defend the theaters. Many of the letters you publish condemn theaters for showing sex pictures, yet the people who write these letters cause this type of picture to be box-office, while many worthwhile films play to empty houses. The man in the clothing business buys two-button suits because they are in demand. The theater manager buys lurid pictures because the public wants to see them.

I believe the finest picture ever made was "Outward Bound." The audience? Well, in our theater it walked out and told others that the picture was terrible. If the public would patronize good films, the companies would oblige by making good films. As long as the public wants the sex stuff—that's what it will get.

ALVIN HAMMEL, Mgr. Capitol Theater, Frankfort, Ky.

THE $5 LETTER

I wish the producers would give us, for once:

A football captain who is not a living Adonis.

A private secretary neither fifty, spectacled and precise, nor blonde, languorous and appealing.

A married couple actually playing the game by its rules.

A successful financier without a wayward son to be set straight.

A young person who doesn't run wild on every occasion.

A poor maiden aunt really welcomed by newlyweds.

A flyer who doesn't crack up after his girl has turned him down.

A criminal that a pretty girl can't reform.

In short, give us natural, realistic, could-happen-anywhere **pictures.**

SHIRLEY BRANSON, Elida, Ohio

PLEAS FOR NATURALNESS

I consider Joan Crawford one of the most capable young actresses on the screen today. She has a charming voice, excellent enunciation, a decided flare for wearing clothes, and she acts with great feeling and understanding. But her eye and mouth make-up on the screen are bad, and her eyebrows are much too thin for such large eyes. In the reel showing the stars arriving at the opening of "Grand Hotel" in Hollywood, I particularly noticed how different Miss Crawford's eyes and mouth looked in real life and how much more attractive.

A. WARD, San Francisco, Calif.

It is heart-breaking to find our one-time idolized Joan Crawford changing. Why, oh, why does she join the ranks of the painted and plucked faces of Carole Lombard, Garbo, Dolores Del Rio and others of that type, when formerly she was naturally perfect and beautiful, soft and alluring? Please be yourself, Joan, and remain our ideal.

IMOGENE DENNSTEDT, San Diego, Calif.

"LETTY LYNTON"

I've seen "Letty Lynton"—wonderful actors, Joan Crawford never more alluring; Robert Montgomery, appealing as always; Nils Asther breathlessly handsome; Louise Closser Hale perfect in her part. But our favorite actors are made to run the gamut of the sins—illicit love affair, lying (and oh, what lying and how it was enjoyed by all!) and murder, only to come out gloriously triumphant in the final happy fade-out.

Apparently, reaping what one has sown, punishment and retribution just don't follow any more. Only the villain got his and he didn't care much, anyway.

How may we train our young things toward right thinking when our finest pictures teach lessons like these?

JESSE E. WORD, Houston, Texas

The acting of Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton" was superb, but why such a story? In real life no man, no matter how dissipated he may be or has been, would really and truly take to his heart and into his home the kind of woman that *Letty Lynton* confesses she is.

WINIFRED PAYNE, Lynchburg, Va.

Nils Asther was splendid in "Letty Lynton." We have been waiting for him for so long. He is certainly just as handsome as ever and his accent only adds to his magnificence.

EDITH CZARAZYNIK, Buffalo, N. Y.

Congratulations to Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton," but let's have a little less sham from Joan Crawford. I think the majority of people do not like their dream world so fantastic.

H. LEE CROOKS, Salina, Kansas

MORE GRIST FOR THE MILL

The producers are continually searching for new themes while right under their noses is material that could be used to make one of the greatest pictures of this or any other year—the effect the present economic situation has upon the citizens of our country. Why not show a picture presenting real people of the poorer and middle class, without any maudlin sentiment—a picture about the depression. It would show beauty, tragedy, pain, humor, greed and sacrifice.

V. CRONBURG, San Diego, Calif.

MAYBE SHE WON'T LEAVE

To those of us who worship Garbo, her happiness is our dearest wish. After all, Garbo's genius can carry her to greater heights than Hollywood can **ever** offer her. If it is true that we can no longer hope to have her with us and that we must learn to be content with the brief years of exquisite happiness she has given us, we should like her to know that our sincerest prayers for her success and happiness will follow her wherever she may go.

MRS. J. F. CONNOLLY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

With Brickbats & Bouquets

Greta Garbo is my favorite actress but I hope she leaves the screen forever right now. For I would rather forego ever seeing her again than live to know the day when the public is tired of her. I want to remember Garbo as she is now, Garbo at the height of her glory, and I do not want to see her a flop and laughed at by the public that once loved her. Oh, it will happen if she stays!

FRASER MACDONALD, Edmonton, Canada

GARBO CONVERTS

I had begun to consider myself deaf, dumb and blind for I could not, for the life of me, see anything appealing in Garbo. I saw all her pictures, too. "Mata Hari" was, in my estimation, the worst, and I was surprised that a man of Ramon Novarro's ability would co-star in such a flop. It wasn't until "As You Desire Me" that I finally woke up and found what I had been missing all along.

La Garbo forgot to be bored in this picture and cleverly and sympathetically created a personality that worked havoc with one's emotions. It was a wonderful picture.

MARION HENNESSY, St. Louis, Mo.

The great Garbo has achieved new heights in "As You Desire Me." I had feared that the Swedish actress was incapable of uttering more than three consecutive English words in those thrilling guttural tones, but she fooled me by engaging in entire conversations which sparkled with her delightfully accented English. But it was her skilful portrayal of the two sides of a woman's character which astounded me. Garbo has always been dangerous and glamorous on the screen but never before could I have applied the adjective "lovable" to her.

RACHEL GOODEN, St. Paul, Minn.

KEEP SWEET, JANET

What's the matter with Janet Gaynor? Since when did she begin to think that she can turn down the **rôles** that made her a star? She's not a dramatic actress and it's about time that she realizes that the public wants her in Pollyanna type parts. We think of her as a nice little girl with high ideals and we don't want to see her change.

MARION MORCOM, Oakland, Calif.

NOW, here's a funny thing. The two most discussed stars this month were Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo. Garbo was cheered for going sweet and simple in parts of "As You Desire Me," while Crawford was begged to go a little less glamorous in her next picture. The folks liked "Letty Lynton" but they wished Joan wouldn't use so much eye and mouth make-up. If you've any doubt that it's sweetness and light that's wanted these days, just glance over the letters. Even Janet Gaynor came in for her share of criticism because she had expressed the desire to get away from her usual type of rôle. Naturalness, reality, simplicity—that's the cry from the real star-makers—the public.

With "Tarzan, the Ape Man" now many months old, Johnny Weissmuller is still head boy among the girls, with George Brent running him a close second because of his work in "The Rich Are Always With Us." Incidentally, Ruth Chatterton is back as the First Lady of the Cinema because of her gay, brittle performance in that film.

And how do you feel about all this?

GOOD GROOMING HINTS

After a woman is married and in the whirl of a million duties it is very easy to neglect herself. And she wonders why her husband loses interest.

When we attend the movies, we see well groomed women and they give us the desire to improve. PHOTOPLAY gives us all sorts of hints. I believe it would make many homes happier if more women followed PHOTOPLAY's advice.

MRS. EARLE MILLHOLLIN, Omaha, Neb.

RUTH AND "THE RICH"

Anyone who thinks that Ruth Chatterton is slipping should go to see "The Rich Are Always With Us." Her performance is real, warm and moving—simply superb.

I also liked George Brent. And why people call him a second Clark Gable I do not know, since his acting ability is much greater than Gable's and almost all of our younger actors.

FREDRIC MORLEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I've seen "The Rich Are Always With Us" three times and liked it better each time.

ELEANOR KIRBLEY, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"The Rich Are Always With Us" brings a new public to the feet of Ruth Chatterton.

RUBYE MAE FISHER, New York City

Ruth Chatterton is one of the few actresses who can play polite comedy without looking like a country bumpkin at her first party.

MARIE THOMAS, Baltimore, Md.

"The Rich Are Always With Us" is the snappiest picture that has hit this old town for months. And Ruth Chatterton's last three or four atrocities are dead and buried as far as I'm concerned.

RONALD TATE, Toronto, Canada

Every time Ruth Chatterton makes a new picture she gets a lot of ballyhoo and I think, "Well, perhaps this time I will see a marvelous picture." I just saw her in "The Rich Are Always With Us." The only one who deserves any praise is Bette Davis. Give us more Davis and less Chatterton.

MRS. S. D. COPELAND, New Orleans, La.

BE BEAUTIFUL, BOYS

Why can't we have good looking leading men occasionally? The women are more beautiful than ever, but I have grown so tired of seeing ugly, uninteresting, unromantic men without individuality or appeal. Why can't we see more of John Boles, Ricardo Cortez and others of that type, instead of what we do have to look at?

MARIAN WHITE, Lexington, Ky.

Here's the new Crawford—a glamorous, mysterious woman of the world. Although Joan's acting in "Letty Lynton" got raves, even her most ardent admirers wished she would bring more sweet simplicity to the screen. Nils Asther was given a big welcome. Keep it up, Nils. The fans are for you

MARIE, WALLY AND JACKIE

The only movie actors that stand out in my mind are Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. The others are an indiscriminate mass of standardized blondes and brunettes with standardized emotional responses.

I go to the movies and I like them, but I can't talk about Garbo or Dietrich and Bennett since I could not identify one of them. Why do I remember Marie, Wally and Jackie? Because they are absolutely real without the screen's conventional flub-dub of accent, gestures and general behavior. I feel that I really know them and that they are real people, no matter what rôles they play.

BELLE TAYLOR, Baton Rouge, La.

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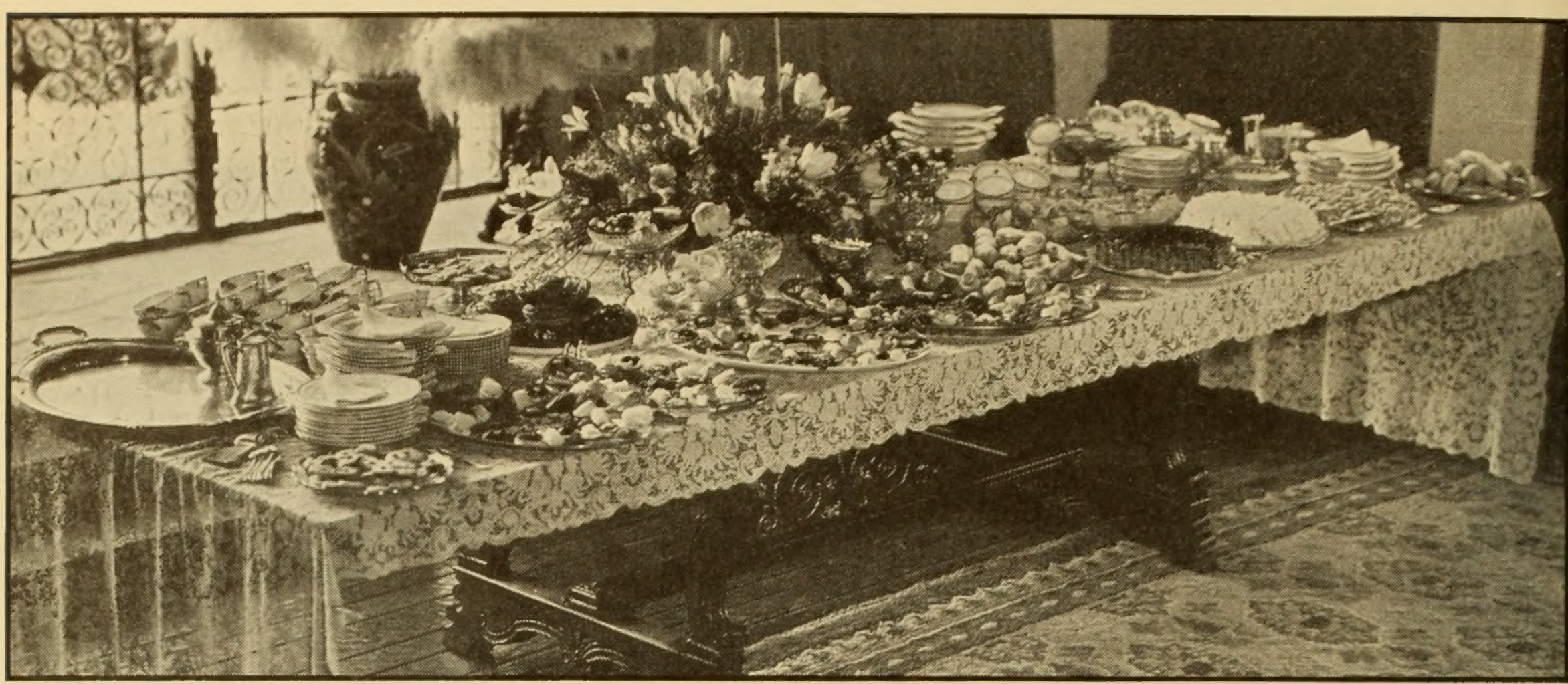
A Formal Hollywood Tea



Many little delicacies is June Clyde's tea party recipe

June tactfully stepped out of this picture so that your gaze would not be distracted from the food. Take your position, please. A line forms to the right!

WHEN you are bid to a tea in Hollywood, you actually have tea! And not only tea but delicious food that sends you home with no appetite whatever for dinner.

A formal afternoon tea in a star's home is one of the most charming functions I know. My most recent tea party experience was at June Clyde's one afternoon not long ago. She had invited a large number of her friends and the food was so delicious that I begged several special recipes to pass on to you.

June had the refectory table in her dining room set beautifully. A magnificent lace cloth covered the table; tulips and spring flowers made a colorful centerpiece. But the real eye tempter was this tea menu:

Open Sandwiches — Potato Chips — Stuffed Hard Rolls
Fancy Cup Cakes — Cookies
Cocoanut Cake — Chocolate Cake — Caramel Cake
Danish Buns — Sugared Jelly Doughnuts
Bon Bons — Assorted Nuts — Mints
Tea — Coffee

The open sandwiches were attractively spread out on several large platters. There were rolled watercress sandwiches, squares of wholewheat bread spread with thin slices of smoked salmon, white bread cut circular with a spread of cream cheese and garnishment of caviar and egg yolk. A novel idea was French rolls, small and round, cut in half and filled with chicken salad.

Watercress Rolled Sandwiches—these would make a delicious sandwich for informal afternoon tea. For the spread cream together ½ cup of butter and ¾ cup of finely ground watercress. To this add ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ tablespoon lemon juice and a few drops of tabasco sauce. Spread this thinly on squares of very fresh white bread from which the crusts have been removed. Fold into a roll and place a sprig of watercress in each end.

Three favorite large cakes were placed on silver plates. A devil's food cake had a fudge frosting and the two white cakes were iced with cocoanut and caramel respectively. Two dishes of the most delicious cookies caught my fancy so I asked for the recipe. They were *orange drop cookies* I discovered. Here's how you **make** them.

Orange Drop Cookies

2 tablespoons grated orange rind
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
4 tablespoons orange juice
2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Cream together the grated orange rind, butter and sugar. Add the orange juice and eggs well-beaten. Add also the flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together. Drop the batter by spoonsful onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about ten minutes.

If you will notice the menu list, you will see that June has used quite a bit of originality in planning it. Such sturdy, old-fashioned things as doughnuts and buns are included with the more elaborate cakes and sandwiches. And I think including potato chips is an unusually happy thought. They are so satisfactory for nibbling.

When you have an attractively set table and loads of good tid-bits such as compose June's menu, a tea gives itself—you don't have **to** worry about it. And, incidentally, a tea is one of the best feminine gestures in paying off social indebtedness.

Before finishing the tea subject, let me mention marmalade, a special item for your teas-for-two. *Bitter Mandarin Marmalade* is delicious and easily made. Cut the ends from oranges, the number varying for the amount you want. Slice and seed oranges, cover with cold water and bring to boil. Add as much sugar as there is pulp and liquid. Cook slowly until marmalade forms a soft ball in cold water.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

How to acquire a fashionable figure

WITHOUT DANGER

THE new clothes stress youthful curves. So reducing becomes popular. But short-cuts to less weight endanger health. Beware of the so-called "harmless" reducing pills, soaps, medicines, etc. So often they get their effects by breaking down needed tissue.

The healthful way to reduce is to control the diet—and get proper exercise. Be sure your meals contain the "bulk" required for proper elimination.

A pleasant and convenient way to obtain this necessary "bulk" is by eating a delicious cereal. Laboratory tests show Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—also Vitamin B to help tone the system. Its "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables. ALL-BRAN is also rich in blood-building iron.

Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. Isn't this much better than dosing yourself with cathartics—so often harmful?

Enjoy ALL-BRAN with milk or use in cooked dishes. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It is recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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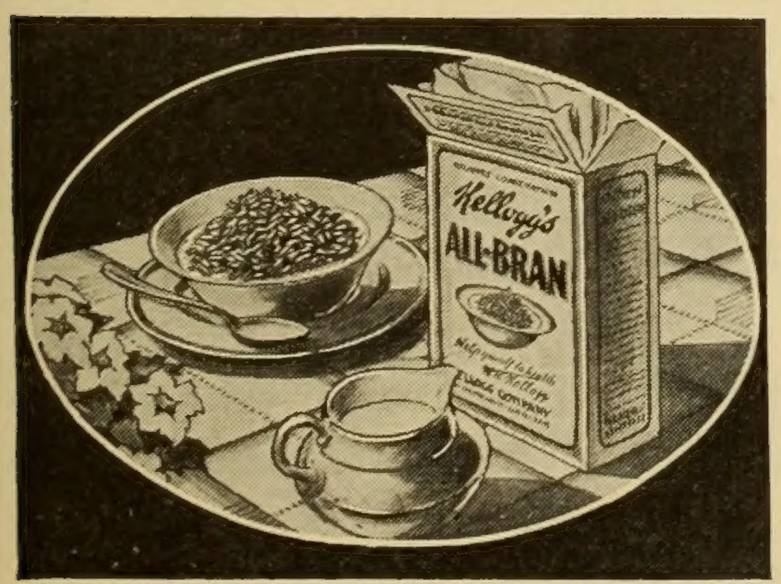

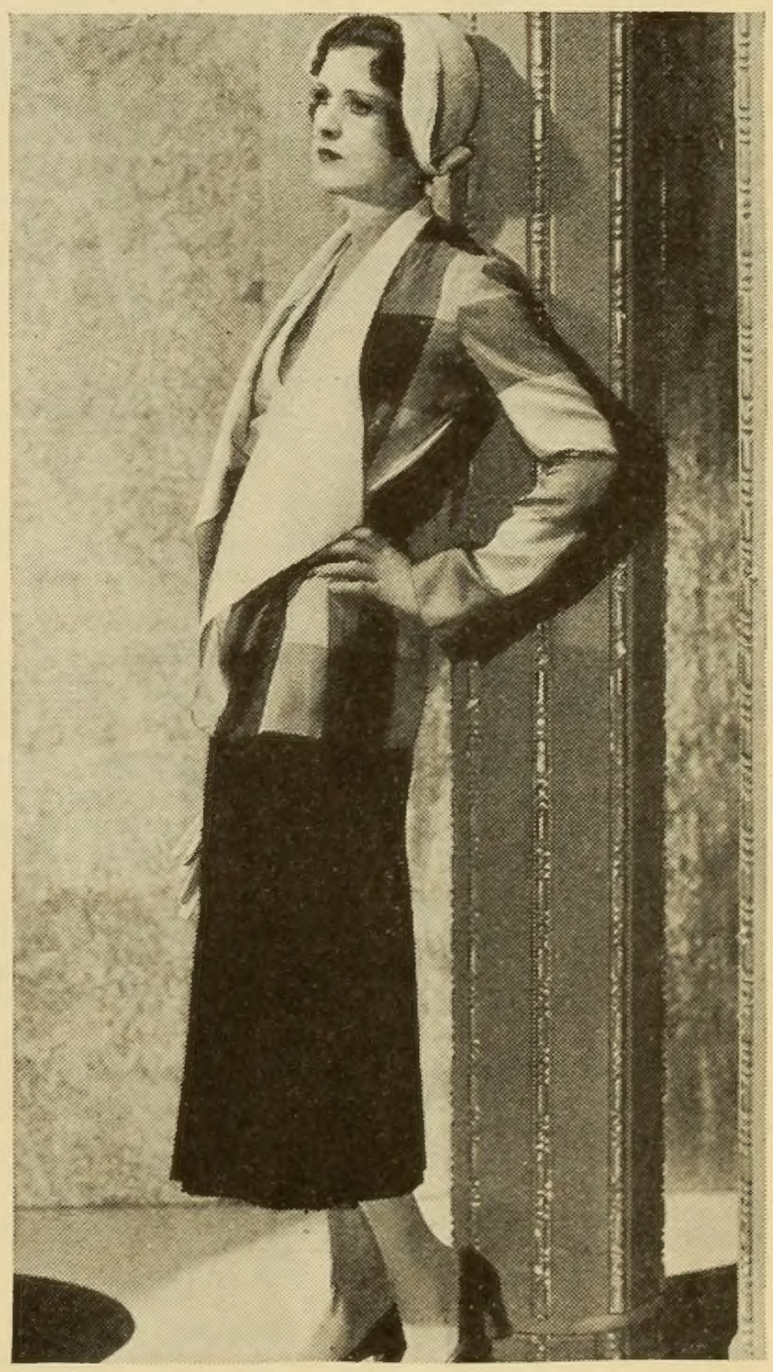

Silver sequins on pink chiffon accent the lovely figure of June Collyer, popular screen player. Her smartly simple bathing suit and her striking sports ensemble are distinctly of this season's mode.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AFTER TOMORROW—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (*May*)

AIR EAGLES—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (*April*)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (*April*)

ALMOST MARRIED—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (*Feb.*)

AMATEUR DADDY—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (*May*)

ANYBODY'S BLONDE—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (*Feb.*)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (*May*)

ARM OF THE LAW, THE—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (*July*)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (*March*)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (*July*)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (*July*)

AVALANCHE—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (*June*)

BEAST OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (*Feb.*)

BEHIND THE MASK—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and chill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (*April*)

BEHIND STONE WALLS—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (*June*)

BEN HUR—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (*Feb.*)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (*Feb.*)

BIG TIMER, THE—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (*June*)

BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (*May*)

BORDER DEVILS—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (*July*)

BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (*Feb.*)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (*July*)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed"). A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (*March*)

BROKEN WING, THE—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (*May*)

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (*May*)

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CAIN—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (*March*)

CARELESS LADY—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (*May*)

CARNIVAL BOAT—RKO-Pathe.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (*May*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (*March*)

CHEATERS AT PLAY—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (*May*)

COCK OF THE AIR—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risque. (*Feb.*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (*May*)

CONGRESS DANCES—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (*June*)

COUNTY FAIR, THE—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (*June*)

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (*April*)

CROWD ROARS, THE—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (*May*)

CRY OF THE WORLD, THE—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (*July*)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (*May*)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (*March*)

DECEIVER, THE—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (*Feb.*)

DELICIOUS—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (*Feb.*)

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (*May*)

DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (*Feb.*)

DEVIL'S LOTTERY—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (*May*)

DISCARDED LOVERS—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (*June*)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (*April*)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (*June*)

★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (*Feb.*)

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

"Your Complexion Is Poisoned!"

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

DRIFTER, THE—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (*April*)

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (*Feb.*)

ESCAPADE — Invincible. — Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (*July*)

EXPERT, THE—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (*April*)

EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod. —Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (*Feb.*)

FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (*May*)

"FAST COMPANIONS"—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (*June*)

FILE 113—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (*March*)

FINAL EDITION—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (*April*)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—First National. —Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (*April*)

FOOL'S ADVICE, A—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (*April*)

FORBIDDEN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (*Feb.*)

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (*March*)

FREAKS—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (*March*)

GAY CABALLERO, THE — Fox. — George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (*April*)

GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (*July*)

GIRL CRAZY—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (*May*)

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (*Feb.*)

GOLDEN MOUNTAINS—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (*June*)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (*May*)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (*March*)

HEART OF NEW YORK, THE—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (*May*)

★ **HELL'S HOUSE**—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (*Feb.*)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (*March*)

HIGH SPEED—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (*June*)

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (*April*)

HUDDLE—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (*July*)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY — Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (*Feb.*)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (*April*)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (*Feb.*)

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS—First National. —Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (*May*)

KEEPERS OF YOUTH—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (*May*)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathe.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (*April*)

LAW AND ORDER—Universal.—Entertaining —every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (*May*)

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (*Feb.*)

LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (*May*)

LENA RIVERS—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, suh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (*July*)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as *Letty*. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (*June*)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naïve. (*March*)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures. —A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (*April*)

LOVE BOUND—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (*June*)

LOVE IS A RACKET—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (*July*)

LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (*July*)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS** — M-G-M. — An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (*March*)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (*Feb.*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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MAN ABOUT TOWN—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (*July*)

MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (*July*)

MANHATTAN PARADE—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (*Feb.*)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (*March*)

MAN WANTED—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (*June*)

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (*Feb.*)

MENACE, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (*April*)

MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (*Feb.*)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (*March*)

MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (*June*)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney. (*May*)

MISLEADING LADY, THE—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (*June*)

MISS PINKERTON—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (*July*)

MISSING REMBRANDT, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (*June*)

MONSTER WALKS, THE—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (*April*)

MOUTHPIECE, THE—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (*June*)

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (*April*)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (*March*)

MY WIFE'S FAMILY—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (*May*)

NEW MORALS FOR OLD—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (*July*)

NICE WOMEN—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (*April*)

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (*March*)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (*June*)

NIGHT WORLD—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (*July*)

NO GREATER LOVE—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (*July*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

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2. Eat these foods—
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3. See your dentist—
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

NO ONE MAN — Paramount. — Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (*March*)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (*April*)

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathe.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (*March*)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M. —This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (*April*)

PLAY GIRL—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (*May*)

POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (*Feb.*)

POLICE COURT—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (*June*)

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (*April*)

PRESTIGE — RKO-Pathe. — Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (*March*)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risque, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (*Feb.*)

PROBATION—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (*June*)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (*July*)

RAINBOW TRAIL.—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (*Feb.*)

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (*June*)

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE—Universal. —Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (*July*)

RIDING TORNADO, THE—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (*July*)

ROAD TO LIFE, THE—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (*April*)

RONNY—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (*June*)

ROADHOUSE MURDER—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (*July*)

SADDLE BUSTER, THE — RKO-Pathe. — A Western without a shot fired. (*April*)

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (*April*)

SCANDAL FOR SALE—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (*June*)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (*May*)

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (*Feb.*)

SHADOW BETWEEN, THE—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (*May*)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS** — Paramount. — Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (*April*)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (*April*)

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (*April*)

SHOPWORN — Columbia. — Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (*June*)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (*March*)

SINNERS IN THE SUN—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (*July*)

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Treasure Hunt

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Read on page 121 full directions how to join in this hunt

SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (*July*)

SIN'S PAY DAY—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (*June*)

SKY BRIDE—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (*July*)

SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (*March*)

SO BIG—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (*May*)

SOOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (*Feb.*)

STEADY COMPANY—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (*April*)

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY** — Radio Pictures. — Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (*July*)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (*March*)

STOWAWAY—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (*May*)

STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (*June*)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (*June*)

STRANGERS OF THE EVENING—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (*July*)

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (*April*)

STREET OF WOMEN — Warners. — Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (*July*)

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (*Feb.*)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (*July*)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (*March*)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (*June*)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is *Tarzan*. (*April*)

TEMPEST—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (*May*)

TENDERFOOT, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (*July*)

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (*April*)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (*March*)

THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (*June*)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (*June*)

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (*March*)

THUNDER BELOW — Paramount. — Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (*July*)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW — Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (*March*)

TRAPEZE—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (*July*)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (*June*)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (*March*)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (*June*)

TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolese country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (*March*)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warners.—A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (*Feb.*)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Ho-hum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (*Feb.*)

UNION DEPOT—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (*Feb.*)

U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (*March*)

VANITY FAIR—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (*May*)

WAYWARD—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (*April*)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (*May*)

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (*June*)

WHISTLIN' DAN—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (*May*)

WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (*May*)

WINNER TAKE ALL—Warners.—Red-headed Jimmy Cagney turns in a fine characterization as a prize-fighter. (*July*)

WISER SEX, THE—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (*April*)

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (*April*)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathe.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (*July*)

WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (*July*)

WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (*July*)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (*June*)

YOUNG BRIDE—RKO-Pathe.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (*May*)

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (*April*)

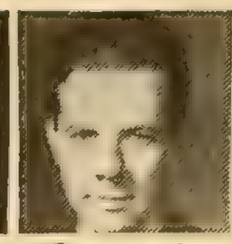
PATRICIA REILLY

THOMAS W. BURROUGHS

DOROTHY ANN BLANK

LES GAGE

FRANCES LEE


JOSEPH A. THOMPSON

RUSSELL PATTERSON

THE New College Humor 25¢

HUMOR · SATIRE · COLLEGES
SPORTS · PERSONALITIES
CONTROVERSY · AND WHAT MORE
COULD YOU EXPECT—A BULL-FIGHT?

THIS Rogues Gallery of artists, authors and the editorial staff will give you an idea of the dashing young things who will contribute to a gayer, sprightlier monthly magazine of wit, personalities and campus didos, to be published exclusively for gay dogs of sixty and sophisticated sixteen-year-old grandmothers with bustles on their sleeves and flasks on their—dressing tables. . . . As a special Fourth of July treat, we are happy to announce that along with the latest sports cars, trips to Europe, gardenias and double feature movies, COLLEGE HUMOR'S price has been reduced. Beginning with the August issue, by popular demand, it will sell for a quarter. . . . Now is the time to own one of your own. If you've been an ol' hoarder of dimes, you will no longer have to read your dentist's copy or the dog-eared back number on the fraternity love-seat. As a matter of fact, you can't afford to miss a single issue if you belong to the collegiate world and pride yourself on being super-super-smart. . . . You must have COLLEGE HUMOR, with its world of youthful import behind a brow that never wears a frown.

Watch for the August issue at all newsstands July 15th

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H. W. HANEMANN

MARGARET BANNING

CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HILDA COLE

GEORGE DUNSCOMB

MARIAN B. COCKRELL

ROLF ARMSTRONG

Movie-Goers all over the world

The audience asked for this type of picture. "When a Feller Needs a Friend" was the answer, with Jackie Cooper causing tears in his scenes with Chic Sale and the next minute knocking off grand comedy bits. "We're tired of sex, we're bored with crime," one mother wrote, "but Jackie's new picture is what we want for ourselves and the kids"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

TAKE OFF THE FRINGE

Marlene Dietrich's eyes are beautiful and the way she uses them, incomparable. Even Garbo with her "ridiculously long lashes" does not have a show with *la* Dietrich around. But for heaven's sake, why does she wear that lace fringe which is supposed to be lashes? Give us more of your beautiful eyes, Marlene, and leave off the fringe.

EDNA ANN CROWE, Philadelphia, Penna.

MORE STAGE ACTORS, PLEASE

At a glance one can recognize the well trained, experienced stage star. The discriminating attendant of the movies is realizing more and more the importance of fine acting and it has been a real treat to watch the *finesse* of the Fontanne-Lunt team, Helen Hayes and many others. We're spoiled now and we insist upon seeing these stage stars who have achieved well deserved success.

SYLVIA MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

UNCONSCIOUS SOPHISTICATION

I plead for more unconscious sophistication on the screen—the type of sophistication that Leslie Howard and Benita Hume have in "Reserved for Ladies" and the type that Marlene Dietrich so often hands us—not the Garbo and Crawford affectation.

C. M. FARIS, W. Durham, N. C.

DON'T SAVE ON CLOTHES

I've read that an attempt is being made to moderate the extravagance of the wardrobes of such stars as Garbo, Crawford, Shearer and Bennett because this extravagant splendor in time of economic strain causes ill-will and discontent among the poorer working girls. As one of this class, I protest.

We go to the movies to escape reality; we want the illusions of splendor and costliness in the clothes we see on the stars.

DOROTHY LEWIS, Cleveland, Ohio

JOHNNY'S STILL HEAD MAN

I read the article about Johnny Weissmuller in the June PHOTOPLAY and I certainly agree. Any normal girl who does not see anything to rave about in Johnny Weissmuller should have her head examined. It would be such a shame to put him in an Eskimo picture and hide his wonderful physique. Clark Gable and the rest of the screen heroes can't compare with Johnny.

SUE MORI, Los Angeles, Calif.

GABLE'S PUBLICITY

Clark Gable is a good actor and nothing can take away his ability, but all the asinine publicity about him is going to ruin what Gable himself and good stories have built up. Valentino was the only man ever able to buck such publicity successfully for any length of time, and Gable simply isn't that good. There is handwriting on the wall and I hope the powers that be see it and do something about it.

RICHARD GERSON, Hollywood, Calif.

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

If people had any sense at all they would read reviews of pictures and select a comedy for blue days, a drama for gay days, etc. Instead, they pick a show at random and then rave because it doesn't suit the mood of the moment. I ask you, is that fair to the movie producers who honestly try to please a fickle public?

MRS. C. O. MAGRUDER, San Diego, Calif.

ANOTHER "TARZAN" RAVE

I think if there were more pictures like "Tarzan, the Ape Man," more people would go to the talkies. I was enthralled with it and it was one of the few pictures which I, my husband and my two little boys were interested in equally.

There are so few pictures that interest the entire family. When producers begin to consider the viewpoint of modern young mothers who don't want their sons to become gangsters or their daughters to become fallen women, they'll give us more pictures like "Tarzan."

It's such a relief to sit through a picture without worrying about the children's morals!

MRS. ESTHER L. SCHWARTZ, Peekskill, N. Y.

GLAMOROUS CLOTHES

In "As You Desire Me" Garbo is freakishly dressed. All around me I could hear such comments as: "That hat!" "What a hair dress!" "Such necklines!" Only once did she appear to have the allure she would need to charm men. She can act, but one almost loses sight of that in wondering why they don't allow her to appear charming always.

MRS. MARGARET RICE, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE MOST FAMOUS DIVORCE

I feel quite sure that were Harry Bannister to show the potential star material that Ann Harding has proved in her pictures, he would have been lifted to stardom in spite of the reflected glory in which he has been basking—just as Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has been starred notwithstanding his wife's greater talent. When it is apparent to everyone who has seen Ann and Harry on the screen that Ann is more gifted than Harry, the reason given for their divorce seems absurd for that condition would have existed were they never married to each other. Why, then, couldn't they revel in their beautiful love, and face facts?

ESTELLE BICK, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I don't see why the public should get all excited over the Harding-Bannister divorce.

" 'The Rich Are Always With Us'—and may Ruth Chatterton always be. I hope she never does another serious drama when her light comedy is so perfect," reads one of the many letters

speak their minds about pictures

Nobody knows as well as they do what is best for themselves and I doubt if any of their critics could have handled such an unhappy situation half so well as did Harry and Ann.
MRS. GEORGE JACKSON, Ludlow, Ky.

LET 'EM KEEP TALKING

I wish something could be done about the censors in our city and state. "Grand Hotel" was ruined by having much conversation eliminated. When pictures are cut and the dialogue halted, the public, especially the younger generation, imagines things worse than they are. What a shame to live in such a large and nice city as Philadelphia and know you can't go to see a good picture without feeling you have been gypped.
MRS. W. J. THOMPSON, Philadelphia, Penna.

FOREIGN OPINIONS

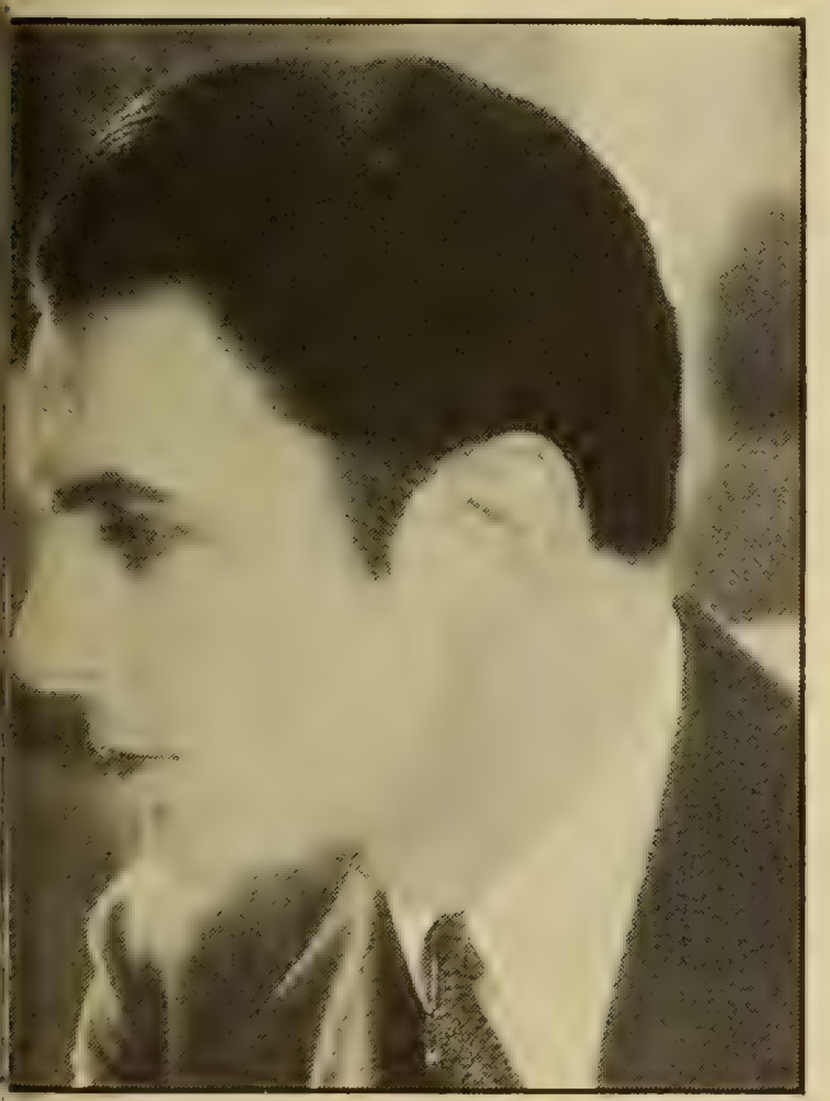
There is nothing mysterious about Garbo. When at work she is completely taken up with her rôle, as any really good actress is. When at home she is just a simple human being who loves to be alone and wants to lead her own life. She is one of the finest, sweetest, most natural girls in Hollywood.
NINA CORRY, Alassio, Italy

Over here we get such horrid plays in the legitimate theater that we all prefer the movies.
ELENA ROMANA, Arequipa, Peru, S. A.

I think Norma Shearer deserves all the bouquets she gets. I don't know of a single actress who is as versatile as she.
VAL HALLORAN, Suva, Fiji

Motion pictures have set the styles of the world. They have taught us geography, history, social conditions and politics.
JULIAN LA TORRE, Manila, P. I.

Here is an unusual motion picture that pulled in hundreds of letters of praise—mostly directed at the cameraman. "The Doomed Battalion" shows war at its most difficult, in the Austrian Tyrol. Folks who were crazy about "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" voted this to be its truly worthy successor. The beauty and magnificence of the scenery scored



George Brent came in for his share of the credit in making Ruth's picture an audience favorite. But everybody agreed that he must not be compared with Clark Gable. Let him be himself!

Our great producers should show vital problems on the screen to help us weather the storm of our present problems.
T. C. GRANT, Halifax, N. S.

Lewis Stone has a convincing charm and a polish that one immediately wishes to assume. His absolute freedom from theatrical antics, his superb characterizations, his genuine breeding are so obvious and so real that to see him sets a higher standard of social conduct.
A. V. BURKE, Vancouver, B. C.

Clark Gable is perfectly natural. Besides, he is a great actor and extremely handsome.
BOURBON DELMONTE, Paris, France

Gangster films, sex films, newspaper films and college films all show a sordid and drab atmosphere. Are American films of today a true indication of the temperament of the average American citizen? As the **Gaynor**-Farrell type of film is rare, am I to presume that clean-living, home-loving people are practically non-existent in the towns of America?
MISS J. DYSON, Middlesex, England

Like gods and goddesses of all time, Garbo belongs to humanity.
BASIL FRANGOULIS, Cairo, Egypt

The motion picture, more than any other agency, dispenses and interprets Americanism —American ideas and ideals.
MRS. H. E. TOMLINSON, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii

When will producers and directors come to realize that the pictures which make the biggest box office successes are clean, human pictures which depict the struggles and triumphs and often the pitiful failures of real life? Anyone who doubts this statement is recommended to study the list of PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal picture winners for the past twelve years.
JEANNE VILLIERS-WARDELL, Cannes, France

American films are still vastly superior to ours, but may I point out to Hollywood producers that all Englishmen do not speak with a cockney accent and that the sun has been known to shine in London. It's not always raining.
H. J. WRIDE, Birmingham, England

Betty Compson is the most versatile actress on the screen. I have been her loyal fan for over eighteen years.
F. A. HOWE, Auckland, New Zealand

PERTINENT COMMENTS

Jack Gilbert has a great future before him and if he chooses he can easily be the greatest emotional actor on the screen. He is young, handsome, earnest and ambitious and I think his voice is decidedly pleasant.
E. NEAL, San Antonio, Texas

In my opinion Jean Harlow is the most glamorous star on the American screen today. She is so much better, and has so much more sex appeal than Garbo. I'm for Jean first, last and all the time and always in bigger and better rôles.
A. O. MILLER, JR., West Orange, N. J.

Melvyn Douglas does not act his parts, he lives them. He isn't merely an actor but an artist.
MARY FENEL, Chicago, Ill.

We need more naturalness from our actresses —the kind given by Barbara Stanwyck and that grand Marie Dressler.
MYRIAM ROSSETER, St. Petersburg, Fla.

I think if a little more pep and energy were injected into Marlene Dietrich's rôles she would be a far greater success on the American screen.
EDWARD J. GRAHAM, Philadelphia, Penna.

حالیتوسیس

(It's Grounds for Divorce)

What is the meaning of these strange Arabic symbols written centuries ago?

Surprising as it may seem, when translated they spell halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The ancient Mohammedans recognized what the modern Listerine advertisements have always attempted to convey—that halitosis is the unforgivable fault.

So strongly did they feel this that halitosis was made one of the four grounds on which a divorce could be obtained.

It looks as though the Mohammedans were smarter than we are . . .

* * *

You—anyone—is likely to have halitosis for the reason that 90% of the trouble is caused by tiny bits of food fermenting in the mouth.

But you need never offend if you use Listerine. Listerine both prevents and remedies halitosis because of its double action.

Deodorizes 12 Hours Longer

Being antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation, the cause of odors. And then, because it is the swiftest deodorant known, it gets rid of the odors themselves.

Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot conquer in 12 hours or more.

For Certain Results—Listerine

When you want to be certain that your breath is beyond reproach, and agreeable to others, use only Listerine. Don't take chances with solutions of doubtful deodorant power.

Remember, Listerine is effective because it attacks the cause, then removes the effect. *And its taste is pleasant.*

If you haven't a bottle in your medicine cabinet, get one now.

• • •

Because of its marked deodorant power, Listerine is a delightful aid in overcoming another social handicap—perspiration and other body odors. A great many women and men labor under the delusion that the use of mere soap and water will overcome this humiliating condition. Nothing is further from the truth. For swift deodorant effect, you must use a deodorant. After your bath, simply apply Listerine to the guilty areas. It cleans, freshens, sweetens, and deodorizes. You go forth feeling that you are fastidious and immaculate.

LISTERINE DEODORIZES FASTEST

Send for our FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. P.H.8 Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Use it also for BODY ODORS

Elmer Fryer

DO you believe it? Neither did we. But this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., looking exactly like his father. He grew that moustache for his new picture "Revolt," but he likes it so well it's going to stay. And get that swagger, man-about-town nonchalance. Can this be the Doug who was playing boy rôles a few months ago?

Otto Dyar

WILL Sari Maritza succeed or will she just miss the heights of real stardom? Your guess is as good as ours. Her first American picture, "Forgotten Commandments," was not an auspicious beginning. Her foreign film, "Monte Carlo Madness," was pleasant, but ordinary. Yet she looks as if she might have the subtle lure of Dietrich, Garbo, *et al.* Her background suggests glamour and she possesses beauty. The next six months will write the story of little Sari

Otto Dyar

THIS Miriam Hopkins has Hollywood wondering. The burning question is, "So what about the state of her marriage?" When she moved into her own home, which did not include a room for hubby Austin Parker, everyone was sure that a judge would hear about it. Yet they are often seen together and apparently on the best of terms. But Austin also goes around with other girls and Miriam doesn't lack escorts. So what do you make of that, Dr. Watson?

Powolny

WHEN PHOTOPLAY announced that Janet Gaynor had returned from Europe with a new bob, she received thousands of letters asking how her hair was cut. So here it is, and it's the only chance you'll have to see the coiffure. Fox has asked her to let it grow longer again for her new picture, "The First Year." She made it redder, too

You'll love this book

Offered you by Coca-Cola

the drink of American hospitality

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S BOOK FOR THE HOME

Contains 128 pages, beautifully illustrated. It tells you how to:

- Issue invitations, formal and informal.
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- Give birthday parties, luncheons, receptions, and so forth.
- Entertain with games for young and old.
- How to be a perfect hostess, with many wonderful recipes and hundreds of helpful suggestions.

Does entertaining frighten you? This book, full of helpful plans and delightful suggestions, will save you hours of planning your home entertaining. With it you can make any party a success. It is published and presented as a contribution to hospitality and sociability by Coca-Cola — the drink that makes a pause refreshing, the natural partner of so many good things to eat.

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Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin to cover cost of handling and mailing) for which send me the book, "When You Entertain" by Ida Bailey Allen.

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Why this easy LUX *way* stops runs before they start...

"$1.00 means a lot and that's just about what it costs me every time a stocking goes into runs! You can be sure I'll use the Lux way of washing from now on. It's such an easy way to save on stocking bills."

. . . doubles the wear of your stockings

EVERYWHERE girls are proving that the Lux way of washing actually prevents stocking runs! *Because it preserves the elasticity stockings have when they're new.*

You can see for yourself how elastic a new stocking is. Take the hem of a new pair—see how amazingly it stretches—how quickly it springs back into shape.

BUT you can *destroy* this elasticity very easily. If you use harsh soaps—or if you rub the tender threads with a cake of soap, which tends to roughen and weaken them . . elasticity is *lost*. The delicate threads lose their live "springiness"—they *break* instead of giving, when they're strained. The least little pull may start a costly run!

Lux is especially made to *preserve* the precious elasticity of silk. Those soft Lux suds *can't* rob even the sheerest stocking of its life! In fact, washing with Lux (after every wearing if possible) *doubles* stocking wear. And that means cutting stocking bills down to half!

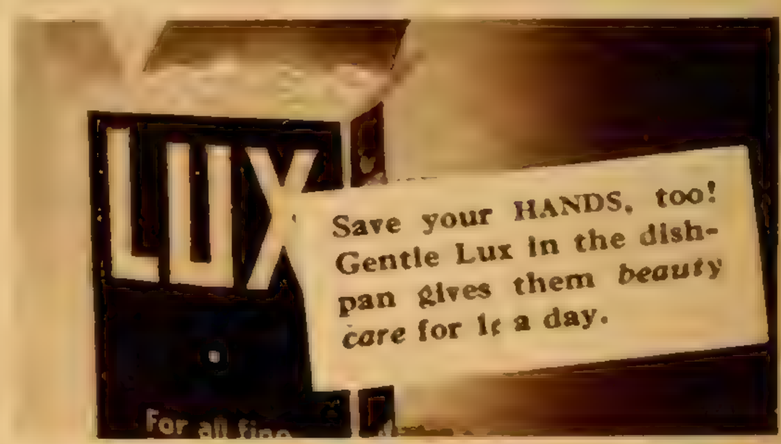
Wash this two-minute way:

1. One teaspoon of Lux for each pair.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze suds through stockings, rinse well.

Don't rub with cake soap. It ruins elasticity. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens silk threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

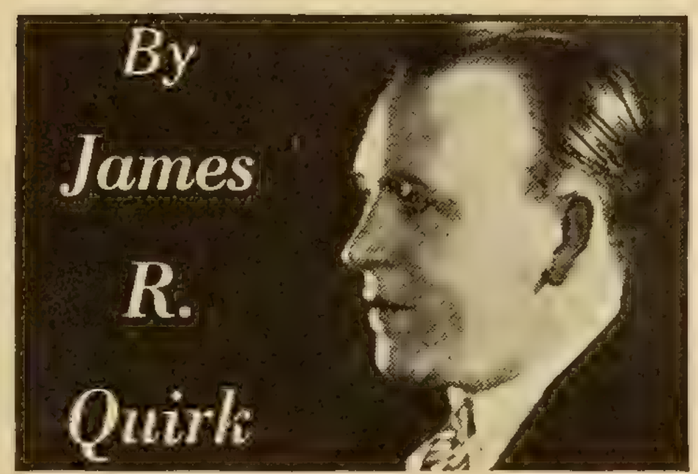
Don't use too-warm water—it fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water.



LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots



THE very latest wrinkle in the fortune telling racket is "body reading."

The enterprising Hollywood gentleman who inaugurated this idea gets a good-looking girl into a corner at a party, begins to read her palm, then travels up her arm telling her from the contours of her elbow, etc., where she was born and other details about herself. The girl is duly impressed by the correctness of the "reading," which derives, of course, from the simple fact that the "reader" has found out about his victim before the party.

Arrived at the shoulder, the "reader" breaks off and starts talking about the weather. And when his victim asks in alarm why he does not go on he explains that he is a "body-reader" and cannot tell the future correctly without seeing more.

According to reports the man's spiel is so convincing that numbers of Hollywood's fairest and loveliest have innocently fallen for the "body-reading" gag, and actually paid him to do it.

NORMA SHEARER'S two-year old son is accompanied everywhere by a uniformed guard who openly displays a huge automatic strung to his belt. He is under orders to remain within ten feet of the little fellow even when he takes his afternoon nap. He calls the burly fellow "Ga-ga." Jackie Cooper calls his guard "That big bum."

Almost every nursery in the homes of the screen notables is now protected by barred windows and burglar alarms, and as we told you a few months ago in PHOTOPLAY, more than a dozen of the children of the stars and executives are guarded by gun-toting huskies.

Passing by Marlene Dietrich's home the other day I was amazed to see the county jail atmosphere created by half-inch steel bars decorating every window and door. Ann Harding's little girl goes to an expensive kindergarten in Beverly Hills and rides to and fro in a large limousine with her two hundred pound guard beside her. The other day the little tots were to be taken out in the nearby woods for a nature lesson and the guard insisted on going right along to study the birds, the trees and the wild flowers.

CONNIE BENNETT was giving a party at her home recently when some of the guests expressed a wish to see her little son, Peter, who was up in his nursery asleep. Connie took them upstairs and started to open the door. Immediately she touched the doorknob a series of electric gongs started operation, the guests were thrown into a bedlam of excitement and little Peter yelled in terror. It seems that the child's nurse had set the alarm and failed to notify Connie.

And the day following some of the trick electric gadgets that protect the Harding castle from intruders were set off by mistake, bringing two squads of police screaming up the hill at sixty miles an hour. One of the new maids had ventured into the hallway outside the baby's room and touched a wire extending across the hall with her foot.

Uneasy lie the heads that wear the screen crowns—when they have babies worth a king's ransom.

ONE of the most entertaining pictures I have seen in the studio projection rooms is "What Price Hollywood." When you see it pay close attention to the wedding scenes. It is a satire on the wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, and it is no exaggeration of what really happened in Hollywood just a few years ago. The character of the director is also taken from real life by our own Adela Rogers St. Johns and Jane Murfin, who know their Hollywood and wrote the story.

WHAT stars' names bring 'em into the theater regardless of what picture they play in? *The Motion Picture Herald*, a trade publication, asked that question of thousands of exhibitors.

And lo, among the ladies of the screen Marie Dressler's name stood above them all. Next came Gaynor, Crawford, Garbo, Shearer, Sally Eilers, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, in the order named. Wally Beery led the men with Will Rogers topping Clark Gable and Maurice Chevalier. Buck Jones topped John Barrymore and the brand new

Johnny Weissmuller ran ahead of Ramon Novarro.

Martin Quigley, who owns, and Terry Ramsaye, who edits the *Herald*, are square guys, but I call for a recount. My favorite star was below Ronald Colman, George Bancroft and William Powell. If I could I would stuff the ballot box for Mickey Mouse. His is the life. Always nutty and carefree. No bills to pay. No work to do. If a wolf showed up at the door he'd kick him over a mountain.

I DO not often use these columns to peddle next month's issue. But I wouldn't be on the level with you unless I tipped you off as one friend to another of something in store for you. It is the life and philosophy of my second favorite star, Marie Dressler. I had lunch with her recently, a luncheon that extended through one whole afternoon, and I was so fascinated by her story and her mind that I asked her if she would pass on her experiences and her optimism to the readers of PHOTOPLAY. I asked her to write it and offered to pay her a high price for it.

"Jim," she said, "you should be ashamed of yourself, offering me money to cheer folks up. Get right out of my house and send Adela right over to see me."

So Adela Rogers St. Johns, a pal of Marie's, and a writer who has been too long absent from PHOTOPLAY, will write the story for you. It will be great fun for me to work with Adela again.

ONE of the last exploits of Vincent Barnett, Hollywood's famous "professional insulter," before his new Paramount acting contract put an end to his ribbing activities, was the deliberate maddening by slow torture of Cecil Beaton, the English photographer, at Joan Crawford's party.

Beginning with the loud remark, "This party looks as if it's going to be lousy—there are too many Englishmen present," Barnett gradually worked Beaton up into the lather that only an insulter of his caliber can create.

After an hour or two Heather Thatcher, the English actress with the monocle, got up and coolly knocked Vince down. At this point Doug, Jr., decided it was time to take the purple-faced Beaton aside and tell him it was all in fun. "He's insulting you just for a gag," said Doug; "we're paying him to do it."

Beaton knit his white brows for a moment, then said in a puzzled voice: "Yes—but why does he have to say all those horrid things about Englishmen?"

Repeated explanations failed to make Beaton understand the idea of the "professional ribber," and finally Doug gave it up in despair.

AN hour later Beaton was overheard saying to Barnett: "If you go on saying those dreadful things I shall really have to engage you in a bout of fisticuffs!"

Incidentally, Vince Barnett met his Waterloo when he went to work on Tallulah Bankhead at another party. Tallulah was quite innocent of the gag, but when it comes to insulting she can do as pretty a job as anyone. Hitting right back at Vince, insult for insult, she finally crushed him with her forensic eloquence and he retired, yielding her the victory.

WHEN they assigned King Vidor to film "The Bird of Paradise," he realized that the famous story of the play had been stolen so often for the screen it was more or less necessary to write a new one. The only thing the studio insisted on was that it end with the heroine throwing herself into the volcano.

Making pictures in this back-to-front manner is a conjuring trick that reminds Vidor of the old Weber and Fields gag, "What is the riddle that ends 'because she can't sit down'?" The answer being, "Why does a hen lay an egg on a hot stove?"

That's just how simple it is to be a picture director when the studio insists on reviving one of its moth-eaten stories for the talkies.

WHAT a shock the Paramount executives got recently when Mae West, whose high powered sex dramas kept the New York police busy for a long time, walked into their offices. They had engaged her for a picture in which she was to play a hefty *Diamond Lil* sort of character. Instead of a stout woman of one hundred and sixty pounds such as she appeared on the New York stage, in tripped a blonde of less than one hundred nineteen poundage.

She explained that in her character she pads herself to look heavy. She will probably be pretty well fed up on pictures after she works through the hot summer wearing enough padding to make a mattress.

JUST a few weeks ago I met Jean Harlow for the first time. We sat off in a corner of one of the sets during the making of "Red-Headed Woman" and chatted while Jack Conway was rehearsing a scene with Una Merkel, who plays her manicure girl chum. Again I found how unreliable are impressions you form of screen personalities from the parts they play.

I was tremendously impressed by the quiet sincerity, the agile mentality, the sense of humor, the evident breeding, the genuine personal charm of the girl who created the national craze for platinum hair. Her mother and father must be splendid folks.

Leaving the studio I encountered my old friend, Paul Bern, one of the higher executives of that all champion Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production staff that Louis B. Mayer has lead and inspired to motion picture leadership. Gentle, humanitarian, handsome Paul Bern with a heart so big there has always been room for the troubles of the less fortunate. The Good Samaritan of Hollywood, the father confessor of the sick of heart and soul, with as clear and understanding a mind as I have ever known.

I have always felt that you can judge a woman by the love she inspires in a fine man, and I can think of no greater tribute to Jean Harlow than that Paul Bern loves her and asked her to be his wife.

"They might as well lay off the Rudy stuff. I'll make my way looking very much like George Raft." That's what Georgie believes. But study this famous picture of Rudolph Valentino, and then—

Look at this shot of George Raft, *Little Boy* of "Scarface." Why, even the photographer hangs the "Second Valentino" curse on him by using the same lighting effect and pose as Rudy's picture!

THAT "Second Valentino" *Curse*

They're trying to hang it on Georgie Raft, sensation of "Scarface"—but the sleek ex-hoofer of Broadway lightly laughs it off

THE instant the gun of Paul ("Scarface") Muni pumped death into the middle of George Raft, and he sank slowly to the floor with his lips making soundless words, a new screen sensation was born.

It was one of the greatest violent deaths in the lethal history of pictures. It capped a magnificent performance by Georgie Raft, and it made him famous.

And with as much astonishment as a veteran Broadway hanger-on can muster, Raft found himself a blazing celebrity.

Feminine fans are agape and agog. Fair chatter-writers fawn on Georgie. Paramount, kneeling by its trundle bed each night, says a prayer of thanks that it has him under contract. Big parts—wealth—prestige and petting—all these are about to pour upon the sleek-haired ex-hoofer of the New York night world.

And now, with the world his big and juicy oyster, misguided folks are trying to hang a jinx on Georgie Raft!

Just because he greatly resembles the late lamented Rudy, they are labelling him "the new Valentino!"

In short, mates, it's the old "Second Valentino" curse—the old "Second Valentino" curse!

And if one thing on this screeching earth can wreck, blast, uproot and shatter the career of a rising young picture star, that label is it!

They called Ricardo Cortez the "second Valentino," and it took him years to throw off the jinx and battle to the top on his own.

Ramon Novarro was badly blighted by the tag, when he was running a poor second in competition with the immortal Rudy.

Why, only a year or two ago a handsome young Mexican named Jose Mojica floated into Hollywood on a wave of tamales, and was hailed with howls of acclaim as the new Rudy. The old jinx worked so fast on hapless Jose that we hardly had a chance to look upon his suntanned shadow on the screen!

Nope—if you want to teetotally ruin a young fellow zooming up in pictures, just tab him "the new Valentino."

I caught Georgie Raft in a hotel suite, not long ago, and warned him of the doom that threatened.

It was filled with tobacco smoke and with journalists come to do the new find honor. I cut him, with difficulty, out of the herd of fair ones who surrounded him. He laughed.

"What if I do look like Valentino?" said Georgie, dodging a feminine coo. "People have always said that. But my picture career is no part of **that.** I'm strictly on my own, and will play any part they give me, from gorilla to romantic lead. They might as well lay off the Rudy stuff. I'll make my own way, looking very much like George Raft!"

I WAS encouraged, and let the girls at him again. He'll do all right, that Raft. He's a tense *hombre!* No resemblance to the late Great Lover is going to knock him off the high road and out of the big money in which, to his calm amazement, he finds himself.

Drama? Raft's rapid rise is broken out with a rash of it!

He's the greatest He-Cinderella in modern Hollywood—though for this he will probably pop me on the nose when he sees me again. His life parallels, astonishingly, the mortal career of James "Dese and Dose" Cagney—though Jimmy is Irish and Raft of a sultrier race.

George was born in "Hell's Kitchen"—that tenement maze in the vicinity of Tent' Avenoo—and Cagney on the lower East side of N'Yawk. Like Jimmy, he drifted into dancing, became [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

By Al Hughes

By Ruth Biery

The New "SHADY

Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain" is at the height of her shady dame period in that film, "Letty Lynton" and "Grand Hotel." An actress of great dramatic power, but will she return to peppy, lovable rôles again?

HOLLYWOOD has created a new woman, a different type of heroine, a unique feminine personality. The leaders of the new school are Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead—and if you've seen "Letty Lynton"—Joan Crawford.

Girls younger at the picture game than these are following suit—Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley, little Frances Dean, whose first publicity picture you will find on these pages, and many, many others.

"Glamorous" and "mysterious" have been the adjectives that best described these women but it is something more than that, and just how deep-rooted it is, just how many girls and women throughout the country are taking these screen stars as models, remains to be seen. I wonder if it is a good or bad influence.

You will realize that this new type is an outgrowth of modernity when you stop to consider the cinema headliners of yesterday—Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Mary Miles Minter, Lillian Gish, May Allison, Corinne Griffith, May McAvoy and dozens of others. These girls represent the sort of woman that men want to protect.

The new cinema heroine can take care of herself, thank you, since she combines, with her mysterious allure, many of the hard-headed attributes and even some of the physical characteristics — the tall, narrow-hipped, broad shouldered figure—of men.

You may tell me that yesterday's screen had its sirens. Surely it did —women like Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Gladys Brockwell, Betty Blythe, who led a man to destruction and laughed—heh! heh!—at the plight of the poor, bewildered thing. But these women were vampires, heartless creatures, villainesses, and in the final reel the fallen hero always returned to the protecting arms of that sweet, golden-haired girl waiting for him in a halo of sunlight.

NOWADAYS it's the heroine who falls. These new vamps are not vamps in the strictest sense of the word, since they are the heroines of the picture.

The bad woman—the shady dame is today's heroine.

There is no point of contact between these glamour girls and their vampish predecessors. The vamp was all feminine allure. Whereas the children of mystery have, as I pointed out a paragraph or so ago, a man's viewpoint, and a man's ability to deal with brutal situations. Hence—the new sex. And because she is new, she is mysterious—this shady dame.

Look over the standardized cinema star—those thick, heavily made-up lips, sloe eyes, lashes heavy with mascara, hair sweeping in a hard wave from high forehead. That's the face. The body? Slender hips, broad shoulders, lithe slim lines. And now for the voice—deep, throaty, guttural. You know that voice.

In the days of Marguerite Clark a large mouth on a woman was considered ugly, so actresses who had large mouths rouged their lips in such a way that the line stopped before it reached the corner of the mouth.

But did you notice Joan Crawford's mouth in "Letty Lynton"? The lipstick extended beyond the corner and the mouth was greatly exaggerated in both thickness and length.

And her eyes—Joan's lovely, large, frank eyes, hidden by

DAMES" *of the Screen*

Will the vogue for these so-called glamorous heroines of Hollywood last?

Frances Dean, a lovely newcomer, already has felt the Garbo influence in make-up and mannerisms. Note how her young mouth has been thickened and lengthened with lip rouge to meet the new demand

weighted lashes. The eyes looked black, yet Joan's eyes are blue. The effect, so somebody told me, was attained by using a red filament over the camera lens in the close-ups.

The strange thing is that Garbo started the fad quite unintentionally. Garbo is naturally the type which all the others are trying to be. Her eyelashes are without benefit of false ones, more than an inch long. They curl naturally. Her eyelids droop of their own accord and her hair sweeps back from that high forehead with no *coiffeur* to guide it. Her shoulders are naturally broad, her hips slender and her voice low-pitched. That long, efficient, almost masculine stride, is her own.

And because she seemed to combine subtly both feminine and masculine characteristics she was mysterious, alluring and glamorous.

PRODUCERS are not to be blamed for their sheeplike ways. Garbo brought money into their coffers. *Sic*—why wouldn't girls who copied Garbo's looks, her mannerisms and her clothes do likewise? The hunt for Garbo types has continued since box-office receipts from her first picture told the executives that the girl was a sensation.

Paramount discovered Marlene Dietrich, who brought her own brand of glamour to the screen. More lately, Tallulah Bankhead arrived. Now the studio is experimenting with Sari Maritza.

Radio Pictures sought for a long time. Gwili Andre, a Danish girl and at one time New York's highest paid artist's model, was the end of their hunting expedition. The powers of Radio are breathlessly awaiting the public's acceptance or rejection of Gwili. She looks the part. Will she live up to expectations? This same studio has high hopes for Jill Esmond, whom you saw in "State's Attorney."

Universal presents Tala Birell. She didn't have much of a chance in "The Doomed Battalion" but she has been promised an opportunity to be a shady dame in her next picture.

Fox thought Elissa Landi would measure up to specifications, but although Elissa has a strange background she has the characteristics of a straight-forward, intelligent Englishwoman, with a peach [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Norma Shearer has passed through her shady dame period and gone straight. Although she runs the gamut of emotions in "Strange Interlude," a scene from which you see above, "Smilin' Through"—her next—marks her return to the ultra sweet and charming

Snow and Ice in Hollywood? Made with Cornflakes!

BURRR! Looks cold, doesn't it? But don't pull up your coat collars yet, and **don't** envy the stars a nice location trip in the High Sierras. Photographer Stagg found this amazing scene right on one of the stages over at First National Studios.

The snow is a combination of fine gypsum sand and thirty-five tons of untoasted cornflakes.

Honest! That's what they use for studio snow in Hollywood. Enough breakfasts for a regiment, yet it is much less expensive to make the snow than it is to take a company to real snow country.

Photo by Stagg

The river of ice at the right is made of heated water, over which melted paraffin is poured.

When the water and paraffin cool there is a perfect coating of ice which, when stepped on, cracks, breaks and floats just like the genuine article.

This tremendous set was built for "The Purchase Price," in which Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent play the leads. Here Barbara is taking a lesson in screaming from Director William Wellman.

"Now let it come from your lungs," says Wellman, "a big howl, a long howl. Let it out."

And Barbara answers:

"I'll give a yell that will make Johnny Weissmuller's *Tarzan* call sound like a whisper."

Watch for this scene in "The Purchase Price," now that you know what trouble all those folks took to get it.

The Strange Case *of Ann Harding*

What Hollywood has done to one of our loveliest ladies

SOMETHING has happened to Ann Harding.

Something has happened to her heart, her pride, her soul.

She has shut herself off from friends. A recluse. Like a woman hunted.

Her phone has been disconnected for incoming calls. She can call out, but no one can reach her.

That laugh of Ann's, that cheery companionship, that upraised hand in gay salute, is missing.

A few years ago Ann Harding and Harry Bannister came to Hollywood and movies. And frankly, Hollywood had never seen anything quite like them. They were the gayest, happiest people that had ever landed in these parts.

They called to each other across the lots. "Hi there, boy," Ann would call to Harry. "Greetings, Ann," Harry would shout across the studio dining-room. On the stages they would meet like long-lost lovers. In each other's arms. They seemed to have an endless capacity for life and living and fun.

AND there was something so genuine, so real about it, that Hollywood, unaccustomed as it was, swallowed many a lump in its throat.

There was an air of assurance about Ann in those days. She had made "Paris Bound" and "Holiday." She had brought us a new and sparkling type of acting and we loved it.

Yes, Ann was sure of herself, of Harry and her happiness.

They made few friends, these Bannisters. But they did like parties at Doug and Joan's and had grand times. But you see and understand, they didn't need many friends. They were so completely sufficient to each other.

Ann kept making hit after hit. Going on.

"Hi there, boy," Ann would call to Harry as they passed on the studio lot. But the cheery Ann has now gone into seclusion

But Harry did not seem to make the grade with equal speed.

And then, bit by bit, drop by drop, the deadly poison crept into the cup of Ann and Harry's happiness.

Ann forgot, or didn't realize, the most vital and necessary things in the entire motion picture business.

Ann ignored studio politics. And made the most fatal of all mistakes. She did not trust enough to the intelligence of others. She wanted to have a hand in story and direction, as well as the difficult work of acting. *It can't be done.* Gloria Swanson tried it. And lost a fortune. And a few rungs on the ladder upward.

And right there Ann's troubles began. She leaned more and more on her companion-secretary, an unusually intelligent young woman. Unconsciously, for Ann is too intelligent to be consciously swayed, Ann was swayed this way and that. She lost her perspective. She grew impatient with her directors and her stories. She had made one weak picture. It happens to every star. Even Garbo. The applause from "Devotion" and echoes from "Holiday" rang too loudly in her ears. Instead of shrugging it away, she allowed it to affect her.

AN actress, a motion picture actress at least, must be but a bit of clay in the hands of her director. He molds and shapes the character as he wants it.

Ann Harding landed on a new and strange side of the fence. The defensive side. From her secure and sunny side of life, Ann is fighting in the shadows. And going **it** alone.

Her companion's work has called her away. Harry—well, you know about Harry. And perhaps that's the bitterest pill Ann has to swallow. For Ann is absolutely a one-man woman. To her, Harry Bannister was the world with a beautiful white fence around it. And now he is actually getting on without her. Living. Developing a new personality, they say. Oh, of course, Ann wants him to. Else all their sacrifice would have been in vain.

But still—pride has been hurt. Her man seems to have no need of her.

Just a year ago, a convention of women's clubs was held in Los Angeles. Ann Harding was the invited speaker. She stood before them, straight and slim, confident and sure of herself. Her blue eyes flashing the message of that keen, penetrating mind.

She talked. And they listened. Entranced. They wouldn't let her go. They couldn't get enough of Ann Harding. That was just one year ago.

A few weeks ago the Junior Leaguers of America met in Los Angeles. A beautiful luncheon was arranged by one of the studios. Half-way through, a slender woman stepped quietly in and took a place near the foot of the table. Her hands trembled. Her eyes lacked the old light. One corner of her mouth began to smile and quickly [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

By Jeanne North

Garbo, She Go Home!

PHOTOPLAY'S reporter, in a state of utter confusion, covers what seems to be the triumphal retreat of the Silent Swede from Hollywood to an Atlantic steamer!

By Leonard Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

GRETA "LEGS" GARBO bade goodbye to Hollywood and American motion pictures today. Or did she?

The greatest pageant in American history escorted Gabby Greta to the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe and other railway stations where the late star might have taken a train for the East, West, North and South.

The order of march was as follows:

Louis B. Mayer, head man of the studio where she worked, Grand Marshal, mounted on Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, who had been fitted with new false teeth for the occasion.

The Hollywood Silver Cornet Band, playing "California, Here I Go"!

"The Garbo Leading Men's Protective Association" weeping and laughing, with Messrs. Gilbert, Asther, Gable, Montgomery, Ayres, Nagel and the Barrymore Boys in line.

Producers with unsigned contracts, and actors carrying lapsed options in silver tear buckets.

The International Herring-Picklers Association Band, playing "Ain't She Swede?"

An empty taxicab, supposed to contain the body of the star.

Members of the "National Sodality of Girls Who Think They Look Like Garbo," with 60,000 slinking blondes in line. While this division was passing a given point, the spectators went home and took a three-hour nap.

Advertising floats, trucks, jobless extras and general mob.

While the procession was on the march, Garbo was reported flying toward San Francisco disguised as a tri-motored bomber and lurking in a Santa Fe engine-tender made up as a half-ton of soft coal.

President Hoover, the Prince of Wales and Will Rogers sent regrets.

"A sad day for California," wired J. H. Fothergill, retired imbecile, of 14 Front Street, Evansville, Ind.

COLUMBUS, N. M.—Greta Garbo, en route home, bought a Navajo blanket from an old squaw here today. "Sweden, she bane cold," said the star to herself.

BOZEMAN, MONT.—Greta Garbo, on her way home to Sweden, stopped here briefly today. She is said to be buying a 70,000 acre cow ranch in this state, with the purpose of losing herself in the middle of it.

WINNIPEG, CANADA—Gerda Gorbu, film star, reported here today.

TAMPICO, MEXICO.—A report that Greta Garbo was on board the S. S. Wrinkled Prune, arriving at this port today, brought thousands to the waterfront. The suspect was later found to be the wife of a Mr. Fink, who is on his way to Buenos Aires to drink himself to death.

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Greta Garbo is definitely not in this city," Mayor Cermak told reporters this noon. "Chicago is always unique."

DADESVILLE, MISS.—School was dismissed here today on the report that Greta Garbo had arrived to make her home in Dadesville. When the newcomer was found to be Miss Callie Fluke of Macon, Ga., the kids stayed home anyway, and doubted if they would go back to class all week. "How do you-all know it ain't Missie Garbo, ennaway?" queried one young scoundrel.

BULLETIN!

NEW YORK CITY—

The greatest day in this city's history is over!

Greta Garbo, retired movie star, arrived in New York this morning via the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads and the Weehawken Ferry. Martial law was at once declared.

Excited crowds thronged the streets as the news spread. Dowdily dressed blondes wearing smoked glasses were roughly handled by admiring citizens.

With motor cops clearing the way, the Slithering Scandihoovian was driven to the Waldorf-Astoria, Ritz and Ambassador Hotels, and to the home of Mr. Edgar Hopple, All-American pretzel-bender in '94, at Far Rockaway, L. I.

At noon, fifty-three newspapermen went mad and bit their city editors. All were treated for rabies.

Toward sundown, Miss Garbo issued a touching farewell to the American people, phoned from an unlocated pay-station. "Sounds like a busy signal," commented Mr. Eddie "Banjo Eyes" Cantor, famous comic and family man.

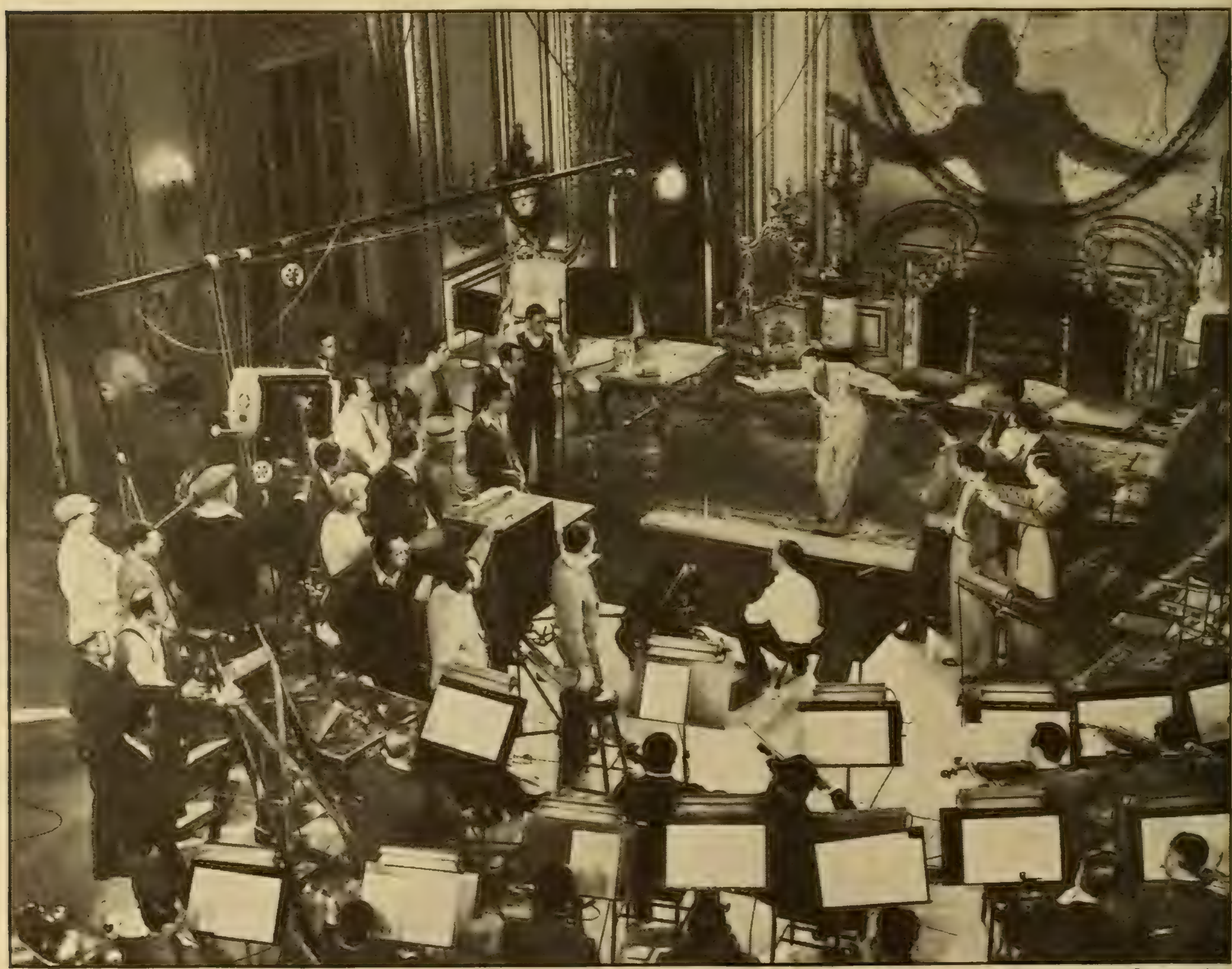
At 8 P. M. Miss Garbo, accompanied by the Swedish Consul, went aboard the Steamships Bremen, Majestic, Mauretania, Leviathan and the Ferryboat William J. Piddle, III, on all of which the royal and presidential suites had been reserved. At nine, with shouts, all ships cast off and steamed madly into the Atlantic. Scores of passengers, many of them pie-eyed, were left teetering on the piers.

When radioed for a statement from the ex-star, all wirelessed "Yawp"! This stirring farewell was printed in full in late extras.

Keepers of filling stations noted a brisk trade in beer at midnight. It was very hot.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—Greta Garbo, local actress, has purchased the Kingdom of Sweden for fifty-two American dollars. She promises to revolutionize the safety match industry by making them out of petrified pretzels, and is investing heavily in a new Fjord plant.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Garbo? Greta Garbo?" said Sergt. Hooley of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio police today. "Nobody here by that name, mister. Don't mean Joan Crawford, do ye?"



Longworth

WHEN you see it on the screen, Maurice Chevalier will be putting across a song all by himself. So what you might not know is that it took several dozen people behind the acting lines to make the apache number a success in Paramount's "Love Me Tonight." Besides the general set workers, there is a huge orchestra, only part of which is shown here

Not a Sock in a Hundred Reels

Off for a canter in London. Leslie Howard with his son Ronald and daughter Leslie. This picture was snapped with the actor's own camera

By Katherine Albert

Leslie Howard's return to Hollywood gives the gentleman lover a break at last

MAKE way for the new screen type! Get ready for an about-face in screen lovers!

Take a long last look at Clark Gable slapping his leading lady's face and Jimmy Cagney giving the girl friend a good sock in the nose.

The new actor is going gentlemanly with a bang (or rather, without a single bang). He'll combine charm with his ardor.

And Leslie Howard is the cause of it all. When, a little over a year ago, Leslie Howard said to the movie moguls, "I'm not interested in your long-term contracts, sirs, since they mean I must take any part that I'm tossed," five young actors who would, for a contract gladly play the off-stage noise for a rhinoceros, swooned; four executives were rushed to the hospital and the rest of Hollywood talked of nothing but this amazing attitude for nine days.

But this local furor was not the only result of Leslie Howard's sudden leave-taking. An entirely unexpected thing happened. When he uttered those now famous words of rebellion, "I can't stand the pace of picture making," and "I refuse to be caught up in the machine," thousands of women and girls throughout the country wrote to the studios, to PHOTOPLAY Magazine and, for all I know, to the President of the United States, begging that all forces be combined in an effort to bring Leslie back.

The picture executives were, to put it mildly, flabbergasted, for none of them had spotted Leslie as the type to promote palpitations of the feminine heart. The vigorous face-slapping Gables, Cagneys, George Brents *et al.* were the accepted type. These young bloods were riding the crest of the cinema wave. Howard was their direct antithesis—a gentleman both on and off screen (a British gentleman, at that) and a stage actor more subtle than spectacular.

THE executives figured him as one of those good, capable leading men but not, by any manner of means, sensational. He was okay—this Howard—but women wouldn't lose any beauty sleep over him.

And then—the miracle! With only a few films to his credit—the highbrow "Outward Bound," Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul," Marion Davies' "Five and Ten," Ann Harding's "Devotion," and "Never the Twain Shall Meet"—he became a rage. And in all the pictures he played the rôle of a sensitive soul with nary a sock for a lady in a hundred reels.

The movie pundits shook their heads and looked bewildered. And immediately began to besiege him with offers. But Leslie, having declared himself, worked away in England in a film called "Reserved for Ladies" and then returned to the New York stage in "The Animal Kingdom."

And even though he was off the screen for several long months, he was not forgotten. Each mail brought more and more letters begging for his return. And each day some movie company had a shiny new offer ready for him.

But now that he held the whip he realized he could dictate his own terms.

And these are the terms. He will make one picture for M-G-M and that will be "Smilin' Through," with Norma Shearer. Incidentally, he will play the old man—young in the earlier sequences—but old throughout most of the picture. Fredric March will be borrowed from Paramount to play the other male lead, the younger man. Leslie then goes to Radio Pictures to do "The Animal Kingdom." And that's all. But there's a clever clause in the contract. If he likes Hollywood and if everything goes smoothly and nobody asks him to play a rôle that does not suit him, he'll knock off another picture for the folks. Otherwise, he'll return to the stage.

SO cheer up, you languishing ladies. Gentleman Howard is coming back.

To me, the craze for Leslie is rather a proof that movie-goers are not so moronic as some of the lads would have you believe. For here is an intelligent actor of just a little different stamp from the average run—and they love him.

He lives a sane sort of life with his wife, also British, and his two children—a daughter, Leslie, and a son, Ronald, who is now at school in England. He putters around with a camera, at which hobby he is exceptionally able; he draws a bit; plays the piano by ear; likes tennis and swimming and has a nice appreciation of all the arts.

As far as colorful background is concerned the Gables, Brents and Cagneys have him beat. But Leslie Howard has something more than that.

It was a subtle thing that **fans** saw in Leslie Howard and it was not merely that he was a good actor, for many good actors have failed in Hollywood. Entirely lacking in the obvious sex appeal that seems to be in such demand at the moment, he possesses a rare, faun-like quality and a whimsical humor that seems to get through to the camera as it gets over the footlights.

Anent his long hold-out he said, "I've no quarrel with the motion picture producers. They [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Cal York

Announcing—

Wide World

"Bathing suits are grand. Pajamas are swell," Miriam Hopkins mused. "So how about combining the better features of the two?" And this sports suit is the result of that burst of inspiration. It's great for tennis, sunbathing, croquet, or even a rousing game of horseshoe pitching. Both shorts and blouse are of cotton. Miriam comes from Georgia and she patronizes back home industries

When John Miljan, who has appeared in so many M-G-M pictures that somebody suggested they substitute his face for Leo the Lion in the trade mark, asked for a day off, folks wondered. Reason was he had to do a little walking up and down hospital halls—and now he's the proudest daddy in all Hollywood. John Lowe Miljan is the name the baby carries. Mama Miljan is a non-professional

GARBO stays!

As we bustle to press, the betting odds are sixteen to three that the Stockholm Siren settles right back in the traces and ambles mysteriously through more Hollywood talkies.

She may not even take that holiday junket to the old Swedish home. If she does, she'll probably sign on the dotted line before she goes. For Garbo's an alien, and might have a tough time getting back where the big money grows.

She's not on the Swedish quota, and is just another blonde immigrant to hard-hearted old Uncle Sam.

Further, wiseacres bet she'll stay on the old Metro lot, where she got rich and famous. She wants stories that please her and directors that understand her.

And she can collect about $15,000 a week—rain, shine or earthquake.

Now, Greta, don't go and cross us up by **going** before this issue drops before the hungry readers!

ODD were the tales that told of her decision to stay.

Some said she dropped $300,000 in the Beverly Hills bank closing. Others had it that most of her mazuma went down with Ivar Kreuger, the match king and master of financial skullduggery.

But Harry Eddington, her manager, who should know, says most of the Garbo doubloons are safe in government bonds.

You pays your money and takes your choice. Boiled down, the dope seems to point to Gabbling Greta sticking around among us for quite a spell yet.

IF word comes from Paris that Ruth Chatterton has divorced Ralph Forbes, don't be too surprised. Hollywood won't be.

In fact, the town expects it. Ralph used to be seen around the First National lot when Ruth was toiling there, but he hasn't turned up there this long, long time.

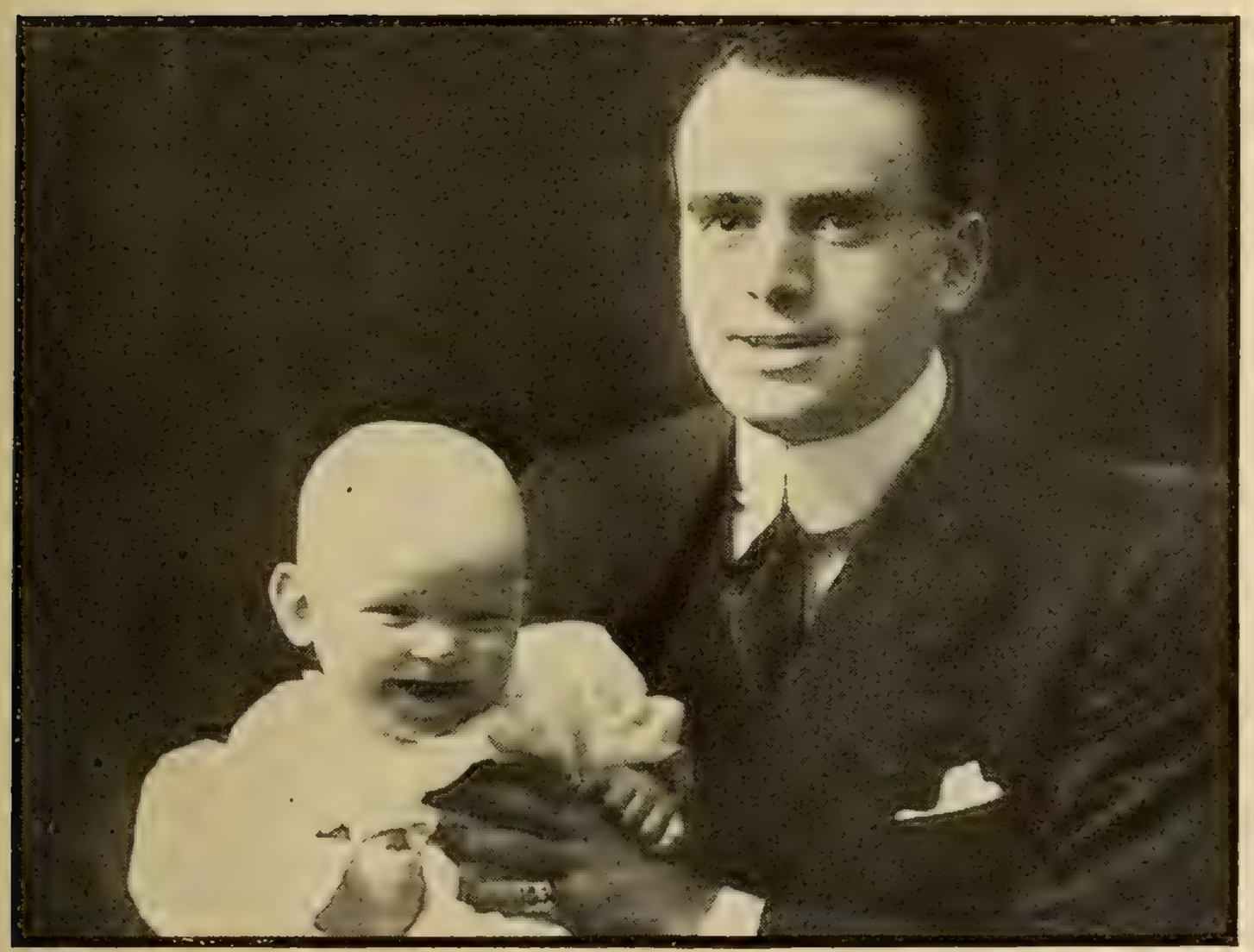
Chatterton, when ready to shake Hollywood's dust from her dainty brogans, got very cagy.

She ducked reporters, slipped out a week earlier than expected, hopped off the train outside New York and drove into the city in a closed car—all very Garboish, my dear!

Then she switched boats to fool the talent,

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!

Stagg



Wide World

And here's another very proud papa—except that this picture was snapped about twenty-five years ago and now that baby is none other than the handsome, dashing star, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Compare this photo with the one of young Doug in the front of this magazine, as he is today. Incidentally, Doug, Sr., is just as proud of his boy now as he was when this photo was taken

While Miriam Hopkins plays tennis in shorts, Billie Dove watches the game all togged out like this. Honest, folks, it's the new spectator sports attire so popular at Malibu. Imagine Billie, who used to go in for frills and flounces, wearing a correctly tailored, mannish white flannel suit. Oh well, girls will be boys these days—and she looks darn cute in her new outfit

and headed straight for Paris. She isn't expected back till early winter.

Ruth and Ralph separated once before, some years ago, but it didn't take. This, however, looks like the genuine McCoy. Wouldn't it have been wiser for Chatterton to have taken the world into her confidence about the split? Or would it?

OH to be a grain of sand, when the glamorous Dietrich and the gay Chevalier, both visiting at a friend's house along the beach, fell into a friendly wrestling match! And wrestled and wrestled. So she wanted to wrestle, and all the time we wondered—. And friends claim Marlene won by an accent!

CONNIE BENNETT has, no kidding, learned to knit!

We wonder if the gorgeous one is getting in practice for Tiny Garments.

There's a rumor! And she won't deny it or affirm it.

Which reminds us that Gloria Swanson is supposed to have bragged that she's two up on Connie, before she left for Europe. Meaning she has two babies.

With everybody in Hollywood having youngsters—well, we can't expect Connie to be out of style.

Of course, there is the adopted son.

"I GUESS the movies and I are washed up for good."

With these stirring words, Jimmy Cagney boosted the missus into the family go-buggy, hopped in himself, and chugged out of Hollywood headed East.

He also said he was going to make some European personal appearances.

Warner Brothers made no move to hoist Cagney's wages above the $1,400 a week mark—hence his bow out.

I hope it isn't so.

Cagney turned in more crafty performances in some smart pictures during his brief Hollywood reign than any young star in motion picture history.

He and pictures seem to have been made for each other. Now, imagine, he's going to write his memoirs—calling them "Luck, Honor and Obey."

It will be tough to spare that pert kid!

International

Lupe Velez is far, far from Hollywood but she discovered that they have beaches in New York, too, and so, of course, it's any excuse for a bathing suit. Thumbing her nose at pictures, boop-oop-a-Lupe has been packing them into Mr. Ziegfeld's musical show, "Hot-Cha"

Remember the little Lila Lee, brought to the screen from Gus Edwards Revue and shoved into stardom before she was ready for it? Years later she had to begin all over again, and because she worked too hard she was taken to a sanitarium where she remained for over a year. Study these two pictures and you'll realize that through illness, suffering and maturity she has developed into a real screen personality. She now has a year's contract with Columbia and if she gets the right chance she will be a first magnitude star

GUDGEOUS Ina Claire also divorces herself from the leaping snapshots, in a well-modulated voice.

"Movies were all wrong for me," says the blonde one, as she and Sam Goldwyn rip their contract to little snips of paper. "I took them too seriously. I'm a stage actress, and need time to find the right play and the right director."

With that, she swept the snips from her lap and swept out of the Hollywood picture—perhaps.

Heigho, ho hum, and alackaday! We of the fillums have you to thank, Ina, for the great "Royal Family of Broadway"—a golden movie memory. And then there was that whirlwind marriage to Gilbert—but we won't go into that.

Hail, Ina, and farewell!

P. S. Don't be surprised if Ina signs for another picture any day now—but this time she wants to do some of the thinking herself and she has one of the keenest brains in the show business!

SEYMOUR, quick! Get in on this. Garbo is actually having velvet shorts made for tennis playing. Am I going or am I coming?

SUMMER Moonlight notes from the Hollywood Luv Sector—

Cecilia Parker, says one of those little birds, and George O'Brien are no longer particularly interested. But Cecilia and Carl Laemmle, Jr., ARE!

James Dunn, his Irish asserting itself, is squiring Maureen (Acushla) O'Sullivan all over the shop.

Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland are gazing fondly, and Howard Hughes and Lilian Bond are going first hither and then thither, arm in arm. And Stanley Smith and Martha Sleeper are distinctly Thata Way.

Ah, this summer!

PERFESSER, please strike up "Falling In Love Again!"

It's the Clark Gable theme song!

About a week after the missus got back from New York and the Gables decided to let bygones be gone-byes, they tooled off on a second honeymoon. Away to sun-kissed Del Monte for a month, there to golf, fish and ride horsies. No parties—no social fuss. Just Clark and the madame getting together again.

And it also gives "What a Man" a chance to recuperate from a bad case of flu which smacked him down not long ago.

JOAN CRAWFORD and young Doug Fairbanks divorced? Have a couple of large poohs on me!

You should see the show he put on for their third wedding anniversary! Doug took a day off and flew over to Catalina, where Joan is busy on "Rain." She threw a big picnic party for the crowd.

At Joan's place Doug placed a diamond necklace, an emerald bracelet and a beige leather handbag. At his'n the little woman dropped a cigarette lighter containing a watch, and an oriental finger ring. And a good time was, as they do say, had by all and even sundry.

Wide World

Score one for Ethel! Even in this informal picture taken upon her arrival in Hollywood she stole the scene from brother Jack. All the Barrymores, including Lionel, are going to act in one movie, and we wouldn't care to be in that director's brogans!

Irving Lippman

"Just a little deeper wave there on the right," Eddie Robinson instructs the pretty studio hair dresser. Going a trifle sissy on us, aren't you, Eddie old boy? Who'd think this of *Little Caesar?* Don't worry. The fancy coiffure is necessary for the rôle he plays in "Tiger Shark"

Otto Dyar

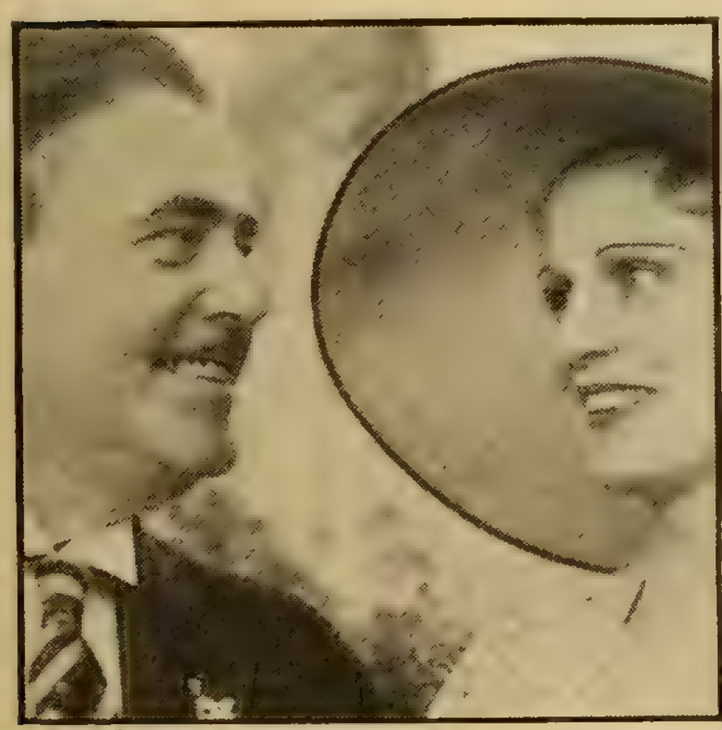
Here's the picture you've been waiting to see—the first portrait of Toluca, Gary Cooper's constant companion, best friend and severest critic. Gary brought this baby chimpanzee back from Africa and it was because of her—or him—that Gary had to take a big Beverly Hills home. Apartment house managers liked Gary but didn't want Toluca. Some folks will tell you that Gary has gone grand—with butlers, derby hats and fancy walking sticks. Wonder if he ever thinks of Lupe, over there on the other page?

IS there dangerous discord in the Bill Powell-Carole Lombard dove-cote? I say nix.

The simple truth is my, operatives tell me, that all the slight symptoms of a rift are caused by a mere item of diet. Here's the dope.

Carole is supposed to have acquired tropical fever on the honeymoon, but friends say she is just determined not to get over-plump. As a result, she is confining herself to a matter of a few lettuce leaves, and when evening comes does not feel like hurling her fair form into a hot song and dance. So she stays home with a good book.

Once in awhile William feels like an evening out. And when he steps forth alone the gossips rear their ugly heads. Where's Carole? Ah-ha! Scrapping! But really it's just the above—we hope and trust.



International

Remember William Farnum, an idol of yesterday? He hasn't played in many pictures lately but his Hollywood friends still love him and when he was married recently to Isabelle Major, Doug Fairbanks was best man and Mary Pickford attended the swanky wedding

TWO of the biggest stars on "Grand Hotel" didn't speak after the first few days of the picture.

Reason? the male star told the lady-one to go home and learn how to act.

Three guesses.

HOLLYWOOD and Beverly Hills still have the leaping jitters from that bank closing.

It froze a lot of actors' assets, as well as their big warm hearts. It finally caused Jean Hersholt to try to forget that he was once a bank director—something that gave him pride in the days when dollars grew on dewberry bushes.

Wally Beery, they say, kissed $48,000 good-bye this time—right on top of $80,000 that went bye-bye in two other closings. His pet airplane now rests in the stall because he can't afford oats.

Douglass Montgomery hopes that his forty grand trust fund is safe. But he has an $8,000 checking account that frets him.

The story has been that Garbo's intention to withdraw $300,000 to buy ash-trays for her Swedish friends slapped the plaster on the bank door. But my straight dope is that a cement company's threat of a big withdrawal **really** did the dirty work.

The Gleasons—ma, pop and sonny-boy—also went heavily, on top of losses in another failure. But you can't down that tribe. "I feel we **will** get it back," says Russell, grinning. "And if we don't we'll earn some more." And they will.

The saddest touch is that the Renee Adoree Fund, chipped in by pals to help the little darling recover from her three-year illness, went over the dam! Let's hope they all get it back!

THAT roar you hear in the West isn't a war. It's the highest-powered actor temperament in America exploding all over Hollywood.

For the Royal Family is all there—the three senior Barrymores are fizzing and sputtering on the Metro lot. Some dad-burned and gosh-hanged fun. Sister Ethel has joined Brothers Jack and Lionel to make a talkie for M-G-M. Big family reunions, and all that. Then the shooting is on.

"Is Miss Ethel nervous about the movies?" a reporter asked Brother Jack.

"Nervous?" replied Little Buvver. "That one? Oh I guess not? She'll just be standing in front of Lionel and me in every scene!"

"And I suppose you're happy about the family reunion?" pursued the news hound.

"Oh sure," said Johnny, "but I sure feel sorry for the poor guy that's got to direct that reunion!" What a business!

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Would You Believe It?

That a simple little honey from the South could knock those Hollywood Adonises heart-dizzy? Well, it's true

By Sara Hamilton

YOU see, the trouble was, Hollywood was so busy watching the didoes of Clara Bow and the acrobatic antics of Lupe, they forgot to pay much attention to the little girl from Tennessee who slipped quietly into town with practically no sounding of cymbals or tooting of horns.

Oh, of course, they paused long enough for a long, speculative look that took in at a glance the plain brown hair, the timid, blue eyes, the flowered dimity dress with the blue sash (I tell you she wore it, flowered dimity with a blue sash; ask anyone!). And, feeling that hubby was safe for wife and democracy, that no boy friend would go wandering after flowered dimity and no choice movie rôles were in any immediate danger, they went back to their ringside seats to watch Clara and Lupe with hearts free from worry, as far as Dorothy Jordan was concerned.

And thereby made one of the greatest errors that's been made since everyone thought Vicki Baum was something to rub on the chest.

For Hollywood didn't know, and is only now getting a faint glimmering of the truth, that here, in a blue sash, is the kind of little gal to fix with the glassy eye. That it's the dainty little girl with the timid, helpless ways that appeals to everything that's protective and fatal to hearts of brave mankind. The greatest sirens of them all.

It isn't the sexy mama with the artificial brassière and spit curls that wreaks the greatest havoc. That's only in the movies.

It isn't the wiggling mama with the yard-long earrings and tight across-the-back-gowns that reaps the, oh so golden, harvest. Not always.

For look. Lupe left town without annexing anyone's boy friend in particular. She even contributed to the eligibility of male Hollywood and put Gary back into circulation. And Clara just wanted her Rex. And got him.

But what Dorothy Jordan has done to Hollywood will go down in history.

She has stepped in and without even trying (heaven help us if Dot puts forth any effort) has walked off with Hollywood's prize catches of the year. And is even slightly annoyed by them. And doesn't know what to do with them. And can't for the life of her imagine how they got there.

When Dorothy Jordan turns this sweet, demure smile on them, the most sophisticated lads softly murmur, "She's wonderful—that girl!"

But people are out to do things for that little Jordan girl from down Tennessee way. They trip and fall all over themselves to do things that have never been done before in the history of the movies.

What, for instance, does a star usually do when his leading lady swipes scenes from under his nose? No, don't say it. We can't bear it.

So what, do you think, did Richard Barthelmess do for Dot Jordan, his leading lady in "The Cabin in the Cotton"?

Oh, he just gave her a dinner, an elaborate and ten-course dinner for little Dot that would curl the hair of Mrs. Van Astor's poodle.

And wait. Who took Dorothy home? Insisted on it. Would have strangled anyone that interfered. And all the way down to Palisades del Rey where Dorothy lives with her mama. Who? Well, and hold tight, little honey blondes of Hollywood, it was just Mrs. Colman's handsome boy, Ronald. Just little try-to-get-within-twenty-miles-of-me-Colman, that's all. And loved it.

AND just where was that prize catch of Hollywood, that millionaire boy producer who could have the pick of Hollywood beauties, when nobody could locate the lad of an evening?

Oh, he was just a sitting down in little Dorothy "Jawdan's" sitting room. Sitting and sitting and sitting. While upstairs Dorothy could be heard pacing back and forth, back and forth, reading her lines for her **next** picture.

And Mr. Hughes just waited and waited and waited. And loved it. The only waiting he's had to do for any young lady for a long, long time. And all the time Hollywood columnists thought surely Mr. Hughes must be off on his yacht. Doing terribly yachtish

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Cecil Beaton

BECAUSE of all those stories about Tallulah's antics in London and New York, Hollywood said, "All right, lass, do something daring, now that you're here." But Senator Bankhead's little girl gave the folks a wide-eyed look and answered, "Why should I try to shock Hollywood—even if I could?" And settled down into a quiet routine

Ernest A. Bachrach

"BRING on your leading ladies with all their glamour and sophistication," says Bob Montgomery. "I guess I haven't forgotten the gentle art of scene stealing." So we present for your approval (and how you approve!) the famous Montgomery smile with which Bob has so neatly walked away with many a picture

Irving Lippman

"OUR Ruth is back," came the lusty voices of fifty thousand fans. Those folks who had complained she was taking her work too seriously and too mechanically gave a cheer for the Chatterton of "The Rich Are Always With Us," in which she was gay, amusing and natural. "Children of Pleasure" is her next

Hurrell

HOLLYWOOD thought this beautiful girl had a colorless personality. But Hollywood may occasionally be dead wrong, as the intimate story about Irene Dunne over on the opposite page proves. Here's the smile she flashes on her co-workers and they are all for her, to a man. It's a neat trick if you can do it. And Irene tells you how

"Just a Nice Person, *Eh?*"

By Evaline Lieber

Irene Dunne was burned up when PHOTOPLAY said that about her

"A WOMAN must use her personality to be successful," and we'll give you up to eighty-three guesses who said that. No, not Lupe Velez, or Clara Bow, or Tallulah Bankhead. Sweet, charming, gentle Irene Dunne voiced that statement and further admitted that much of her success from childhood on has come from the judicious use of the subtle art of flirtation.

Most of the folks in Hollywood dismiss Irene with a shrug and such comments as "a girl of quiet charm." "A lady." "Nothing exciting about her." The newspaper writers call her "poor copy."

Recently there appeared in PHOTOPLAY a picture of Irene under which was written: "There's little to write about Irene Dunne except that she's a grand actress, that she can sing, is a swell golf player and a nice person."

And was Irene burned up about it! She sizzled and fumed for a couple of days. "Just a nice person" indeed!

And when we stop to think about it, maybe we were wrong. Not, of course, that Irene isn't a nice person—she is that—but she isn't "*just* a nice person" if you get that subtle but very pertinent distinction.

There's an amazing story about Irene which ties up with her remark there in the first paragraph. And there are lots of girls who can apply to their own lives some of her philosophy.

So let's go back a little and have a good look at this Dunne girl. How did she, a musical comedy singer, manage to secure the difficult and dramatic lead in the epic picture, "Cimarron"? Why wasn't she sent back to New York along with the other warblers, when musicals went out of fashion in Hollywood? Why was director Wesley Ruggles so sure that she was the right actress for the part?

Why did even the electricians and the prop boys pull for this newcomer? For, at that time, no one knew whether she could act or not. As yet she was an untested *Sabra* when hundreds of actresses would have given their six best evening gowns, and a couple of sets of French lingerie thrown in, for the rôle of *Sabra Cravat* in "Cimarron." And as a rule, Hollywood is none too kind to the stage newcomer when studio girls are languishing for jobs.

But here's what happened.

Ernest Westmore, make-up man *de luxe*, begged her to allow him to give her a perfect make-up for the part, several weeks before she was assigned the rôle. He insisted that she have pictures taken as *Sabra*. Ern took those pictures to producer Bill LeBaron. Ern claimed Irene Dunne as his discovery. And LeBaron claims her as his. And the man who took the original pictures puts in his claim, too.

IRENE let them all take the credit and she accepted the part with the grace of a queen bestowing a favor.

Poor copy for newspaper writers? Of course, she's poor copy. A woman as subtle and as clever as that doesn't tip her hand while she still has aces to play.

Every man on the Radio Pictures lot would take a flying jump off the highest Beverly hill tomorrow if Irene asked him to. The cameraman, the electricians, the prop boys—all adore her. Why? Because she knows how to use her personality. Because she gets what she wants by using her charm, her sense of humor—and her beautiful, **sympathetic** eyes.

During her apprenticeship in the studio, she was so nice and courteous to everybody on the lot—from producer to prop boy—that by the time a big chance like "Cimarron" came they were all rooting for her and anxious to see her get the opportunity.

And what those little friendships mean! If a cameraman dislikes a star, he can ruin her photographically. The electrician can "burn her up" with lights. The assistant director can make it most unpleasant for her.

But nobody disliked Irene. In fact, they were all crazy about her.

When Irene finished her rôle in Fannie Hurst's "Back Street," at Universal, she had more friends for the space of time she remained there than any other girl has ever had. And the boys on the set voted her the swellest girl they knew.

WHAT'S more, they did a lot of little things that would spare her trouble—such as making telephone calls for her, and things like that. Director John Stahl even barred the set to protect her from prying eyes—something that is rarely done for one so new in the game as Irene.

Irene did all this by using her personality and her charm. And here's where your little lesson comes in, for the picture business is not much different from any other business. With fundamental ability, even latent ability, it is the woman who knows how to use her charm who gets the breaks. She doesn't necessarily have to be a flirt—but she must know the gentle art of making a man feel important.

For instance, when Irene walks on the set, she says to the cameraman, "You're looking great today. What a good looking tie you have on." And to the prop boy, "Been to the beach? That coat of tan is most becoming." But she never does it obviously—oh my, no. And the funny part is that she genuinely likes these people. You must like people, else insincerity will get through to them in some mysterious fashion.

Irene has been successful all her life. When she was in line for a scholarship in a Chicago musical college, she was particularly nice to one of the judges. Her voice was excellent—for without that she couldn't have won—but it was that judge who fought for her championship as no other professor fought for the other contenders.

And she's been exercising her gentle feminine tricks ever since.

YET she said, "It's not a good thing to flirt with your leading man. It's too dangerous. He might misunderstand. You have to keep your mind on your work. You have to make love, anyhow, and if you flirt and become serious . . . not so good."

"A woman must avoid that," Irene admitted. "Perhaps flirting is fun, but falling in love is fatal. Flirtations are from the head; love is from the heart.

"Using one's personality is the feminine form of back slapping. Used subtly it is effective; used cheaply it is disgusting."

MAD MALIBU

In a few years a lonely, deserted stretch of sand along the Pacific has become peopled by more world known celebrities than any similar mile of sand. Genius, beauty—writers, directors, stars and forgotten players live there, play and work. Read about this fascinating beach colony and its strange antics in the next, the September issue of PHOTOPLAY

"My mother is charming to everyone. She never orders groceries or meats over the phone. Instead, she goes to the butcher personally. She calls him by his first name in no time and she always gets the best cuts of meat at the best prices."

Naturally, Irene's real dramatic talent made her a success—but many a genius has hid his light under a bushel for want of a little graciousness. Irene does not go around hiding her light under any stray bushels.

I REMEMBER the first time I saw Irene Dunne. It was while she was making "Cimarron" and it was one of the hottest, dustiest days California has ever known. She was on location in that miniature city that was built for the picture. Cameramen were fuming; assistant directors rushing madly about on what seemed, to the inexperienced eye, utterly futile errands; great crowds of extras were milling around in the space allotted to them—in fact, everybody on that set, including the horses, was in a state of turmoil. Did I say everybody? I take that back.

Seated in a hastily built little dressing-room was Irene Dunne—as cool and as calm as the first peach blossom of spring. Her make-up showed not the slightest trace of wear and tear from the heat and the strain. She was sipping an iced drink—which some prop boy had miraculously brought from somewhere—and regarding the turgid scene.

You would have thought that a newcomer, as Irene was then, might have been flustered and excited at finding herself in the midst of all this. Perhaps you would have imagined that an actress, untried in the picture business, would have been in the thick of it all, asking questions and otherwise making herself a nuisance.

But not Irene. Instead she offered me a chair, as if she had been in her own beautifully appointed drawing room, and said, "What a shame that you had to come out on such a hot day." And, calling to a prop boy, "Do you think you could find another glass of cold lemonade?"

We chatted about the rôle that she had succeeded in getting in the manner I've already explained.

"I had no doubts about getting the part," she said, "I only hope, now that I've got it, that I'm able to do it well enough and yet I feel that I know this *Sabra Cravat*. I've almost memorized the book—I did that before I was sure that my tests were right. I thought that if I knew *Sabra* well enough I would surely be allowed to make her come alive on the screen.

"You see when I realized that musical pictures, for which I was given a contract, were out of fashion and that perhaps I'd have to wait a long, long time for them to come in style again, I knew that I'd simply have to be an actress—that I'd have to work with a medium other than my voice, so I set about the task of learning to be an actress. And when I knew that someone would play the rôle of *Sabra* in 'Cimarron' I wanted that someone to be me more than anything else in the world."

But what she didn't tell me and what I didn't know at that time was how she set about getting that rôle—how she exercised her charm and her graciousness upon everyone who could help her to have the thing she wanted. It was most certainly done in a worthy cause for those who saw "Cimarron" agree that no actress in Hollywood could have played the rôle of *Sabra* with greater understanding and finesse. In every picture in which she has since been cast, she has given a good capable performance. Lots of folks will take you aside and whisper confidentially that Irene has done her best movie job to date in "Back Street."

IRENE has climbed the slippery ladder of film fame with surefooted determination. She has not wavered once.

And this is the person whom Hollywood has called colorless. But Hollywood simply slipped her in the wrong file. Irene is about as colorless as a rainbow. If you'd see her flash those eyes you'd never say again that she was colorless. And—what's more—she holds her husband who adores her, while he is in New York practicing medicine and she is in Hollywood being an actress. Irene is far from colorless. She's a brilliant, charming, witty young woman. Come on, Irene, forgive us for calling you "just a nice person."

"Could you tell me what picture we're waiting to see?"

Bebe's *and* Ben's *Baby*

Well folks, as radio announcers say, if you don't see an electric sign over your local theater reading *Barbara Lyon in "Inheritance,"* about the year 1952, you'll know this inheritance theory is a lot of scientific bologna. Barbara Bebe Lyon, aged nine months, can't ever say she wasn't given a chance, for she's being brought up with a camera. Papa Ben Lyon, no slouch as a photographer, started taking pictures of her when she was a week old. Ben took the photographs you see here and on the strength of his ability has been retained as one of PHOTOPLAY'S regular staff. We aren't sure, but maybe next month we'll show you a couple of pages of his intimate shots of film folk. Because he plays cameraman, Ben doesn't get a break here—it all goes to Bebe and the baby. Bebe is a good actress, as we all know, but a terrible photographer. If the pictures she takes aren't out of focus, she cuts her subjects' heads off

Clark Gable likes jade green—it serves as a sedative

Constance Bennett has an antipathy for stimulating red

Joan Crawford can't stand orchid. Too passive for her

Red is Sylvia Sidney's best color, but she hates it

All HOLLYWOOD *Has Now*

And so will you when you read this fascinating article and analyze yourself by noting your own reactions to various colors

By Lois Shirley

STARS no longer choose their gowns simply because the shade is *becoming*. They select colors to which they radiate happily.

Furthermore, the studios are now more and more careful about dressing both the women and the men in colors which encourage mental satisfaction. The designers and executives will order a blue gown which does not photograph so well as a brown one, if the blue is the choice of the star.

They know, for instance, that Joan Crawford will give a better interpretation of a part, everything else being equal, if she is gowned in blue. And even though orchid might be more advantageous from a shadow and light (photographic) standpoint, they would not consider asking Joan to act a single scene in orchid. She hates it.

This is true even of Technicolor pictures, where naturally colors are startlingly important from a photographic angle.

When Fay Wray was selecting her wardrobe for "Doctor X," an all-Technicolor production, Natalie Kalmus, the color scientist for the Technicolor Company, suggested a robe of turquoise blue which was *scientifically* the best color. Fay looked ravishing—both to the naked eye and to the more delicate one of the color camera.

But Fay didn't like it. She felt uncomfortable. She did not *vibrate* to it. She chose, instead, a dark blue robe. She couldn't explain her reactions. She said, "I just *feel* better in it."

Natalie Kalmus knew the robe would go green for the picture. She didn't tell Fay. Although turquoise blue would be better for the shot, green would not actually damage the color scheme. But if Fay didn't *feel right*, her acting might not be right. Mrs. Kalmus knew no actress could do her best work with *wrong radiations* emanating from the color she was wearing.

This may sound silly to you. I can assure you that there is no star in Hollywood who considers it so, today.

Have you gone to your office or into your kitchen on a bright, sunshiny day when all should have been well with the world and wondered why you felt disgruntled, unhappy, restless? You could find no reason for feeling *wrong* when your common sense told you you should feel *right?*

The next time, look down at the suit or the dress you are wearing. The color may make you appear stunning but it may also be the sole cause of your rebellion.

Sylvia **Sidney,** for example, with her dark, Russian beauty can select no color more appropriate for her than red. Yet, she does not wear it. She knows it means mental restlessness!

The women of the screen turn to Natalie Kalmus to help them diagnose their color vibrations.

Mrs. Kalmus told me what she has told them all: "Color is a *smile* or a *frown*. You know how you feel on a dark, dank day. Grays; purples (the purple haze); somber colors about you. That is the *frown*.

"And on bright days? The clear blue of the sky; the fresh green of the foliage; the flashing yellow of the sun. That is the *smile*.

"And men and women help themselves to *frown* or to *smile* by the radiations they encourage or discourage in the colors they select not only for their wearing apparel but for their houses—their surroundings!"

Natalie Kalmus, color scientist for the Technicolor Company, who tells the stars why their color preferences influence their lives

YOU will find a simplified color chart, made by Natalie Kalmus, on these pages to which you can refer in choosing your colors. And, after I have told you how the stars react, you can play a fascinating game by analyzing the color likes and dislikes of yourself and your friends. Why do certain colors buoy you up and others take you down? Read on and you'll find out.

When Gloria Swanson was at the height of her career she had a violent antipathy for "old rose" and would not permit anyone wearing it to come near her. Once, while she was making a scene in which she had to appear very annoyed, the director discovered that he could not work her up to the proper anger pitch. Her wardrobe designer

The sight of bright orange makes Ann Harding ill

Apple green is Norma Shearer's favorite color

Claudette Colbert hates vivid shades. Gray is her favorite

Wally Beery radiates to the most stimulating colors

Gone Color-Conscious

had an idea and, with the director's consent, picked out one of the extra girls and had her dressed in old rose from head to foot. Then he instructed the girl to keep near Gloria, always in her direct line of vision.

The scheme worked and presently Gloria was in a very real rage and demanded that "that old rose abomination" be removed from the set. But what, you ask, was the reason for this? Ah! Perhaps Gloria herself had not stopped to analyze it, but Pola Negri's favorite color was old rose and she wore it more often than any other shade. At that time there was a bitter feud going on between Negri and Swanson so it is easy to see why Gloria reacted so violently against that color.

If you dig down deep into your own consciousness you can discover the reasons for your own color preferences, and when you look at the chart in the light of your new knowledge you will be able to select the colors that will give you the right vibrations which will help you along the road to **success** and happiness.

Joan Crawford has always believed she preferred blue because it has brought her good luck. She wore it when she danced in her first chorus in Chicago. She was successful in holding her job against terrific odds. In New York, the wardrobe women always chose blue for her. She made good. When she first walked onto a picture lot, she wore it. It gradually became her "good luck" color.

She instinctively turned from orchid because she felt it had no warmth.

But, by glancing at our color chart, we see that Joan *had* good luck, partially because she was in blue. Nervous, high-strung, emotional people should wear it. It soothes; gives them the proper balance. If Joan had chosen red—the most stimulating color of all—her taut nerves might have snapped. She might even have been stimulated to emotional frenzies so that she could not recognize opportunities for success when they came to her.

Orchid is a spiritual color which, carried to excess, creates a barrier against love. Joan seeks love as naturally as a plant turns its petals toward the warmth of the sun. She would be miserable in orchid, the color which opposes those natural emotions.

Norma Shearer prefers a cool, apple green. Her dressing-room is done in that shade; even the telephone is enameled in it. Norma says her love of green comes from having seen her mother wear it when Norma was a youngster. But why did Norma instinctively, even as a small child, like to see her mother wear it?

Apple green is the shade for the ambitious. People who crave success and fame always radiate to it because it combines the sedative qualities of the blue and the money-making ones of green. It is perfectly natural for Norma to say, "I feel more comfortable, more sure of myself in green than any other color."

UNTIL the past few months, she has detested brown, but one day a saleswoman persuaded her to try on a brown dress. The lines were so stunning that Norma could not resist buying it. And, suddenly, she found that she felt comfortable; the radiations of Norma's nature and the brown no longer clashed. She has bought brown clothes several times since.

A color psychologist would say that Norma is radiating, now, to an unhappy color. A dark brown (such as Norma is wearing) is a calamitous color. Natalie Kalmus says, "After each war we have a new cycle of colors. Black death has stalked among us, laying us low in the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

The Significance of Color

Blacks and dark browns. Definitely depressive.

Gray. The lifting of sadness. A mixture of black and white. People who wear it are often in-between people.

Red. The strongest vibration of all. A stimulant. It is sex; it is life. Many emotional people cannot wear it because it throws them into chaos. Slow, unemotional, unimaginative people seek it to arouse emotional energy.

Scarlet. The come-hither color. An exaggeration of red.

Blue. It represents peace, harmony and home and definitely refines and cools. Excellent for those working at high tension.

Green. Fresh green means life; springtime. It is both a sedative and a stimulant, depending upon the person. And it is definitely the money-getting color; the indication of the ultra-ambitious; the intellect.

Heavy, dull green is indicative of laziness and envy.

Dull greens are splendid for the nervous, dynamic character but act almost as a sleeping potion to the slow-minded.

Pink. Youthful joyousness. Almost all young people should have pink rooms for soft radiations while character is forming.

Purple. Royalty; dignity; glory. Always used in religious rites and to pay homage to royalty, church dignitaries, etc. However, it is ponderous and adds weight.

Orange. The color of physical strength. It tends to submerge all about it.

Yellow. The highest of all. The sun. Gaiety; joy; glory; power; great love. Always stimulating. Lemon yellow, however, is soothing.

Orchid. Indicative of spiritual affections and when carried to great lengths forms a barrier against love.

☆ *MERRILY WE GO TO HELL—Paramount*

YOU'D just not better read this if you hope to get any sensible notion of what the picture is about, that's all, because our case-hardened reviewers went absolutely gaga over it and came home sobbing and giggling all at once.

You'll hate Fredric March for being fool enough not to love Sylvia Sidney, but you'll love him for being a charming drunkard with a grand sense of humor, and such a grand actor, doing his best work yet.

It also seems Sylvia is so adorable that the preview audience, to a man, burst into tears and then cheered. It seems, further, that every performance she turns in nowadays is perfect. Between bawling like a baby and giggling like an idiot at March and Skeets Gallagher, you're going to have your best hour in a theater in a long, long time.

☆ *THE DARK HORSE—First National*

THIS grand political satire, which comes at the most opportune of moments, will give you enough chuckles to tide you over a flock of gloomy days.

If you don't laugh at Guy Kibbee, the "dark horse" for governor, and his priceless bewilderment at finding himself nominated; if you don't appreciate the flamboyant acting of Warren William, the whirlwind campaign leader; if you don't thoroughly enjoy Bette Davis, Vivienne Osborne and Frank McHugh—then you should be sent to bed without your movies for a whole month. Although the story takes electoral conventions for a ride, politicians tell us it's as much truth as comedy. Give yourself a treat and don't miss a single scene of this thoroughly amusing picture. Kibbee's howling show alone makes it a must on your list.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *RED-HEADED WOMAN—M-G-M*

RED-HEADED and hot-headed, the heroine of Katharine Brush's best-selling novel hits the screen! An alluring girl, fighting for what she wants with woman's most potent weapon!

Jean Harlow, platinum locks hidden, is the girl. So completely does hotsy Harlow hurl herself into the rôle that the Hollywood actress is totally forgotten.

This common little maid, from the wrong side of the tracks, makes up her mind to cross that great divide and seize her boss, *Bill Legendre*. She gets her man, but not the spot in Renwood's 400 that she craves. Then, in New York, she plays a millionaire and his chauffeur at the same time. Exposed, she hurries back to *Bill*, and is kicked out. *Bill's* shot—and the last we see of the red-head, she's in Paris with a new papa but the same chauffeur.

Metro has done right by this vigorous yarn. The film is dotted with risqué scenes. The dialogue is screamingly funny, and the film will certainly panic the grown-ups.

Una Merkel, as wise-cracking *Sally*, wins most of the laughs. Chester Morris is sincere and convincing as the bewildered *Bill*. Leila Hyams is a dandy wronged wife—and Lewis Stone, as always, does a fine father. "Good movie!" Wow—it sizzles and it burns!

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

RED-HEADED WOMAN
WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD
MERRILY WE GO TO HELL — THE DARK HORSE
MAKE ME A STAR — IGLOO
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
BLESSED EVENT — IS MY FACE RED?

The Best Performances of the Month

Lowell Sherman in "What Price Hollywood"
Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood"
Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman"
Chester Morris in "Red-Headed Woman"
Warren William in "The Dark Horse"
Guy Kibbee in "The Dark Horse"
Stuart Erwin in "Make Me a Star"
Chee-Ak in "Igloo"
Sylvia Sidney in "Merrily We Go To Hell"
Fredric March in "Merrily We Go To Hell"
Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies"
Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event"
Marian Nixon in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
Ricardo Cortez in "Is My Face Red?"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126

☆ ***WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD—RKO-Pathe***

HERE you are, movie customers! All the lights, laughs and heartbreaks of Movie-Town! One of the fastest, most interesting pieces of entertainment ever to come out of Hollywood! Mustn't miss it! Gorgeous Constance Bennett gives her finest performance as the little blonde Brown Derby waitress who wants to get into the movies. Catching the eye of a famous but liquorish director, magnificently played by Lowell Sherman, she goes to a big première with him. Into the films she goes, and the joys and glooms of a star's life follow.

Neil Hamilton does a great millionaire play-boy, and Gregory Ratoff's cartoon of a producer is amazing.

Almost everything in this picture has actually happened in Hollywood. A great director really went down and out as Sherman does here. It's a pretty true picture of what goes on—and reveals startlingly just how hard it is to stay married in Filmland. The movies have always chided PHOTOPLAY for tipping off technical secrets of pictures. Here they give it all away themselves!

All in all, one of the finest, most fascinating movies ever made. It grabs the interest in a death-grip, and holds on. Its authors, our own Adela Rogers St. Johns and Jane Murfin, know every inch of the Hollywood scene. And they've concocted a swell talkie and a box-office knockout!

☆ ***MAKE ME A STAR—Paramount***

WHAT a title for this gale of mirth! For Stuart Erwin, a perfect knockout as the movie-struck boy from the crossroads, will be a star after this picture has roared and howled its way across America! This talkie version of Harry Leon Wilson's great "Merton of the Movies" is swell entertainment. Erwin's performance is rib-rattling, button-busting. And right beside him charges Joan Blondell, as the hard-boiled little fairy-godmother of the lots.

A magnificent blending of laughs and tears, with the chuckles winning. Moreover, it's another fascinating exposé of picture-making, with Hollywood secrets paraded. Whip-like dialogue, smart direction, stunning performances. Laurels to Director William Beaudine and to Sam Hardy, who *plays* a director. Certainly one of the year's best.

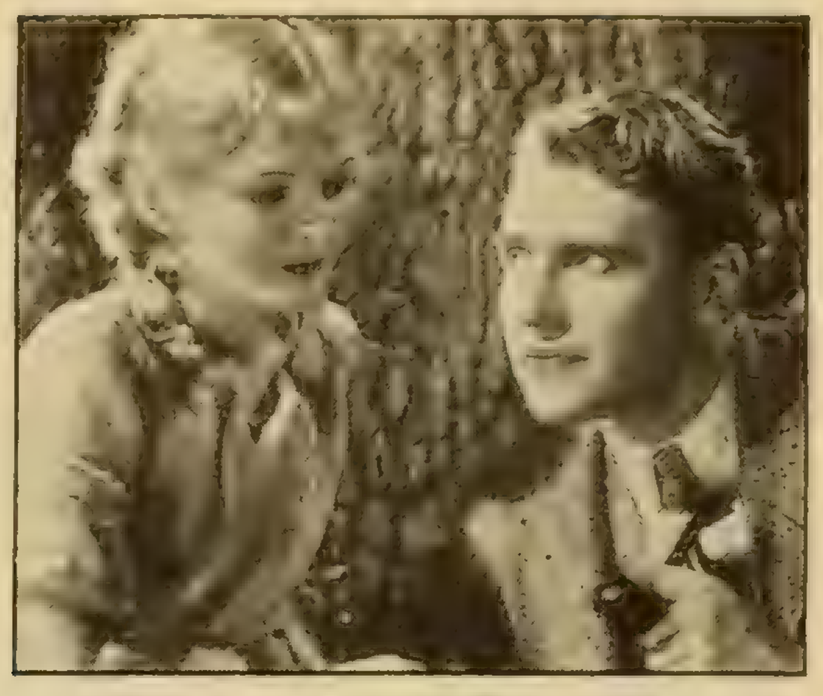
☆ ***IGLOO—Universal***

A THRILLING story of the Eskimo. His endless struggle for existence, his constant battle against storm and hunger. Where survival of the fittest is the law supreme. *Chee-Ak*, a noble hunter, brings food to a starving village, but before the feast is over, a bitter gale sweeps the little colony inside the igloos. Days pass with no relief in sight. In desperation *Chee-Ak* braves the storm, to find the water holes frozen over. A trek Southward to the sea is decided upon. *Chee-Ak* leads them over icy fields. At last the sea is reached. The weary tribe finds itself caught in an ice jam and flees over melting ice to safety.

The entire cast is Eskimo. *Chee-Ak* gives a magnificent natural performance. The story is simply told. Director Ewing Scott has made "Igloo" a picture well worth seeing.

☆

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—Fox



JANET GAYNOR refused to make this picture. So Marian Nixon stepped in with one of the most charming performances of the year, in this idyllic little love story that Pickford did in silents. A restful, reposeful little talkie, lighted by Marian's lovely work and good performances by Ralph Bellamy and Louise Closser Hale. Janet, you certainly helped Marian! This is a blessed relief from the screamies.

☆

BLESSED EVENT—Warners

ANOTHER entry in the great columnist-picture sweepstakes, and a pippin! A real picture, with Lee Tracy, that chronic movie newspaper man, hilariously funny as the boy who prints news of Blessed Events before they occur. The dialogue is great, and good performances abound. This is the sort of red-hot and moonstruck madness that talkies do well—and a credit to all! Good old Lee!

☆

IS MY FACE RED?—Radio Pictures

HERE he is—America's premiere chatter columnist on the loose. He's brazen, restless and egotistical—an American institution. Ricardo Cortez gives the greatest show of his life as the gossip disher who at last meets up with the business end of a gun. Helen Twelvetrees turns in a neat performance as a "Follies" lass, and Bob Armstrong and ZaSu Pitts are fine. Fast, furious, punchy. You'll like it.

DOCTOR X—First National

TECHNICOLOR is startlingly used to deepen the mystery of this creepy thriller. Even though you've seen "Dracula" and the rest, this shocker will give you a tingle! *Dr. X* tries to find, among his medical pals and students, a murderous strangler. Ooooo! Lionel Atwill is fine as the sleuthing medico, and Lee Tracy (again a newspaper man), Fay Wray and Robert Warwick help nobly. It's a good shiver-film.

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount

A FROTHY, delightful society comedy, with Leslie Howard doing some of his most charming acting as the cultured head-waiter who fights out of his social station to marry the girl—and what a girl Elizabeth Allan is! Fine performances by George Grossmith and Benita Hume—the latter a great film bet. This is as slick as they come in the fine field of sophisticated, frothy talkie comedy.

WESTWARD PASSAGE—RKO-Pathe

A BIT more pep in lines and acting, and this would have been an ace picture, for the story is fine. Not even good trouping by Ann Harding as the wife of a temperamental novelist can save the show from the doldrums. Irving Pichel gives a good show as the plodder she later marries, and so do Laurence Olivier and ZaSu Pitts. But this remains a poky, unexciting picture.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

SOCIETY GIRL—Fox

A PLEASANT enough film tidbit for an evening at the movies—not hot, but warm and cozy. Jimmy Dunn tries his darndest to be a tough boxer who steals the heart of Peggy Shannon, not quite believable as a society gell. He doesn't quite make it—too nice a boy. As so often happens, the picture is practically walked off with by big Spencer Tracy, Jimmy's tantalizing trainer.

THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY—Paramount

A MODERN version of Enoch Arden, with Claudette Colbert in the rôle of wife. Clive Brook is the attractive first husband who goes to war and is later reported dead. Charles Boyer is the second important man in Colbert's life and she grows more beautiful as the experience deepens. Brook's fans will find him as usual. And Colbert fans find their darling very lovely.

WEEK-END MARRIAGE—First National

AN earnest little picture with an earnest little moral. Wives, it seems, shouldn't work. Loretta Young shows the pitfalls that await the couple who bring in the daily bread together. Loretta succeeds in her work while Norman Foster, the husband, gets discouraged, discharged and pneumonia at the same time. There are bright spots throughout the picture. George Brent and Aline MacMahon add worthwhile moments.

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox

A SOPHISTICATED piece of good mean fun—conclusively funny if you accept its thesis that love is largely baloney and divorce a necessary relief from marriage pangs. Oh well—funny anyhow! Adolphe Menjou is the slick hero, Joan Marsh a bit of a pretty dumbbell—but about the best chore is turned in by Minna Gombell as a marry-for-money sister. Really, you'll die!

WEEK-ENDS ONLY—Fox

NIFTY and smart. Not original but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett's a rich little girl until the depression makes her poor. But there are still wealthy men who like pretty women. Just when she's prepared to feather her boudoir she meets the struggling artist—capable Ben Lyon. He mistakes her boudoir for one already feathered. Naturally, the complications end with perfect understanding. Well acted.

THE ROAR OF THE DRAGON—Radio Pictures

SOME excitement develops here in beholding Gwili Andre, Radio's Garbo hope. Pretty, though badly made up, but she plays a Greta part in the Mary Brian manner. Merely inexperience. Training will do it. Exciting story; Richard Dix fine; Arline Judge cunning. Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn that is good entertainment for young and old.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 120]

How's This for Beauty Sleep?

Lights blaze, cameras click, directors snap orders — but Claudette Colbert sleeps on. She's falling asleep at her job —but that's her job in one of the scenes of "The Man from Yesterday." Director Berthold Viertel stands at attention at her bedside. Think it's pretty soft for Claudette? Try sleeping with one of those high-powered spotlights in your eyes and see how you like it. Or maybe you would, for the rather neat Colbert salary

And how would you like to be awakened in the morning by a camera on a giant camera crane swinging over your bed? Although she smiles and smiles and smiles, Jeanette MacDonald wishes the cameraman would swing just a little to the right. It would make her feel more comfortable. This is for a shot in "Love Me Tonight" — and what's a Maurice Chevalier picture without a scene showing the gorgeous Jeanette in bed?

"Pie-Face"

SCENE—A dive. A sign on the door says "The Happy Valley Tatting and Euchre Club." Mr. Robinson is sitting at a desk excavating his molars with a dirk. Messrs. Muni and Cagney are wistfully shooting at kiddies from an open window. Dirty-Face, or Mr. Ince, who is Gangland's leading brooder, is brooding into a mug of beer. A score of heels and molls are quietly fighting about the room.

MR. MUNI—Zam! I got the little one in the patched pants!

MR. CAGNEY—I got him, you mugg!

(They unobtrusively shoot each other in the abdomen.)

A RAGGED STRANGER—(from under the table)—They couldn't keep their noses clean!

MISS DIETRICH—(entering, and hiking up her skirt to the vaccination)—The cops is outside.

MR. ROBINSON—(laying down the dirk and picking up a machine-gun)—Leave the muggs in!

(Mr. Nagel, accompanied by fifty bulls and dicks, enters.)

MR. NAGEL—Come on, Pie-Face, the Big Fellow wants to see you.

MISS TODD—(standing on her head for two obvious reasons)—Leave the rats have it!

MR. ROBINSON—(snarling)—I'm the boss, see? I give orders, see? I own this town, see? Reach for a handful of clouds, copper!

(A burst of machine-gun fire. Mr. Nagel and the fifty bulls and dicks fall, threshing about.)

A RAGGED STRANGER—(hanging from a chandelier)—They couldn't keep their noses clean!

The time has arrived, with "Scarface," for the gangster picture to end all gangster pictures. Here, citizens, it probably is!

"Pie-Face"—a Leonard Hall Production. Scenario and dialogue by "Scoop" Hall. Directed by L. Von Sternberg Hall. World premiére at Hogan's Place, ring three times and ask for Joe

Cast

Pie-Face.....Edward G. Robinson

Rat-Face.....Paul Muni

Baby-Face.....James Cagney

Dirty-Face.....Ralph Ince

Pansy, a gun moll...Marlene "Legs" Dietrich

Petunia, a young Botany teacher.....Thelma "Legs" Todd

A Ragged Stranger..Adolphe "Legs" Menjou

Chief Potts.....Conrad "Bull" Nagel

Guns, torpedoes, heels, bulls, dicks, molls, muggs, dopes and other vermin too numerous to mention

(Messrs. Sam Warner, Howard Hughes, Mervyn LeRoy and Howard Hawks enter, stepping over the bodies. They point reproving fingers.)

MR. WARNER—Fie, Eddie! Tut! Remember the censors!

MR. HUGHES—(Wagging his index finger)—Naughty boy! Careless fellow!

MISS TODD—(turning a cartwheel)—Give it to the rats!

(Machine-guns chatter. Warner, *et al.*, go down squirming. A terrific explosion. Police sirens sound. Beer barrels roll through basement windows. Ten-ton trucks collide. A sedan goes over Niagara Falls. Hand-granades explode in a tin can factory. The Fifth Marines charge with the bayonet, bellowing.)

A RAGGED STRANGER—(sitting on a telephone pole in Bayonne, N. J.)—They couldn't keep their noses clean!

(He falls to the street, splitting his skull like an old gourd. Fade into a shot of a windy hill-top in Connecticut. It is spring. The note of a love-maddened cuckoo is heard.)

CHARLES FARRELL—Always together, darling—into the sunset.

JANET GAYNOR—Always together, Chuck, or God help the box-office.

CHARLES FARRELL—My pet!

JANET GAYNOR—My duck!

(The cuckoo is joined by a tom-tit, a bob-white and a purple-tufted goofus. The son sets, like a poached egg sinking in the sea of boiled spinach. Slowly fade into "The End.")

Friday and Saturday nights, at this theater—
"HOW ANCHOVY PASTE IS MADE"

With cold cream smeared over the face, revolve the fingers round and round in a small circle in the spot indicated by Sylvia. This will put you to sleep, help you overcome nervousness and take away those worry lines

Have You *That* *"Desk-Chair Spread"?*

By Sylvia

HUNDREDS of thousands of fat girls and women throughout the country are performing miracles upon their figures.

Hundreds of thousands of skinny girls are making themselves look more attractive.

I'm delighted. I could jump up and click my heels together with joy because I've been able to pound a little sense into those folks' heads. But there is one group of girls who don't please me. Listen, you girls who sit all day — you stenographers, secretaries, detail workers, telephone operators, artists, writers, publicity women, buyers! Listen, you girls who tell me you are chained to an office desk and are getting fatter by the minute!

Remember what they used to call the "matronly spread"? I call that the "desk-chair spread" and I'm sick of hearing all you girls whine about it. You tell me that because your work requires you to sit for a good part of the day you can't seem to bestir yourselves enough to have the beautiful figure which is every woman's right and duty. Well, snap out of that kind of talk and snap out of it quick. You can be as lovely as the picture stars *if you work at being lovely.*

When stars, who are often at the studio under those glaring lights for ten and twelve hours a day, can find the time and the courage to take my exercises and my diets why can't you, who spend but seven or eight hours in your offices, do the same thing?

It's not easy, but *you* can follow the routine I've mapped out in my former articles as well as anybody. And you know it, too, if you'll only have a little straightforward conversation with yourself.

For Girls Who Sit All Day

Sylvia poses for you in a morning exercise that will reduce the lower hips from two and a half to three inches in a month. In this position and hitching yourself from side to side, progress across the floor —as if you were walking in a sitting position. Go back and forth across your room eight or ten times like this. You will feel the surplus flesh smashing off as you move along. This exercise is for everyone who wants to reduce in that spot, but it is absolutely essential for sedentary office workers

I realize that your type of work makes it doubly hard to take off weight. I have seen what constant sitting can do, but just study the exercises I've worked out especially for you. You need drastic measures—and you're going to get them from your Aunt Sylvia. Nor am I going to confine myself just to office workers.

You others—the women who are housewives, the women with more active jobs, you can all learn something from what I've got to say, if you have brains enough to realize it.

Thousands of letters ask me this question, "How can I take off that portion of the anatomy on which I sit?" "Can that part of the body ever be reduced or is it a hopeless task?" Nothing is hopeless; any surplus fat can be taken off and I know it! Follow the exercise you'll find on these pages, do it regularly day after day without fail, and I'll guarantee you'll take off two and a half to three inches in the first month! That's a promise and if you have enough stick-to-it-iveness to carry right through you'll write to me and say, "Sylvia, I didn't know it could be done, but I've done it."

BUT, just because you're taking this exercise don't give up the others. They all work together, **hand** and glove, and every one of them is important. And right now I want to tell you something. You must do these things yourself. Don't believe what the other girls tell you. Don't listen to those friends who say, "I think you should do this and that and the other thing." Do what you think is right, listen to the small voice of your own common sense and your Aunt Sylvia.

You can look in the mirror. You can see how you look.

SYLVIA is known throughout the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. She is responsible for many of the beautiful figures you see on the screen. For the past five or six years she has been making the stars lovely and she has received as high as $100 for a half-hour's treatment. She is the masseuse de luxe *of the film colony. But now she devotes her time to teaching women and girls throughout the United States how to do for themselves what she has done for the actresses. And hundreds of readers of* PHOTOPLAY *express delight with results. Sylvia is ninety-five pounds of concentrated energy, and the magic of her reducing and form-remedying knowledge is imparted to you each month on these pages.* PHOTOPLAY *is the only magazine for which she writes.*

Do This When You Feel Jumpy

You know better than anyone else what you want to accomplish with your own figure. Set an ideal for yourself and go after that ideal.

Many of the office workers who write to me, and thousands of others as well, ask me what to do for the jitters. "My face is thin and lined from worry," one woman wrote. "I can't seem to get the proper rest at night for I'm so nervous," said another. "I work at a high tension all day long and when I go to bed, sleep will not come. Is there any help?"

Certainly there's help, you poor darlings. But, like everything else you've got to do it yourself. I've told you before that seven hours sleep is plenty for anybody. But it's got to be good sleep—good, sound, restful sleep, the sort that relaxes your entire body and makes you wake up ready to lick the world.

With head thrown forward in this position, arms stretched tight, move slowly from side to side and then relax. Repeat eight or ten times or until you feel yourself becoming less nervous. Be sure to feel the spine pulling, especially at the back of the neck. A tight neck makes you jumpy. This will relax those tense muscles in just a few minutes

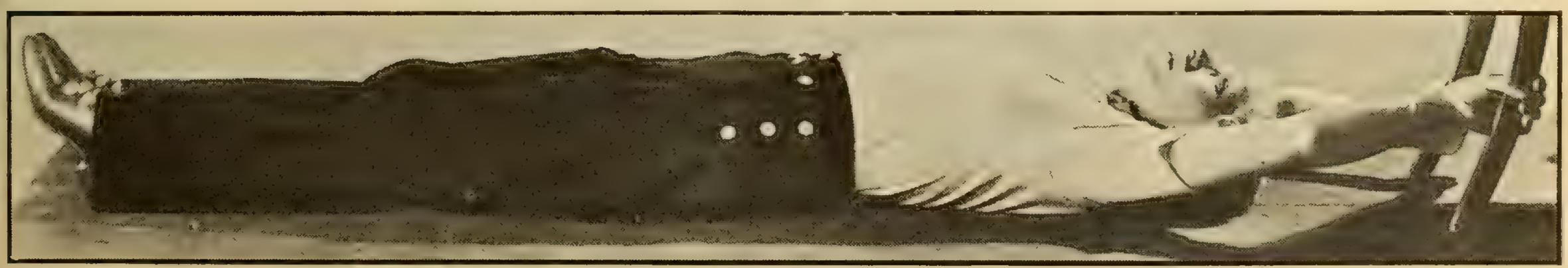
NOW I'm going to tell you how to accomplish that sort of sleep. You'll find an exercise this month to take in bed that I guarantee will put you to sleep and make you sleep hard. But if you wake up before daylight and are restless, get up then—don't lie in bed and toss. Get up and do something—take a shower, take some of my exercises, give your face a good treatment. Stay up from then on and you'll find that the next night you'll be so sleepy and tired you'll drop right off.

I've also given you this month a little facial exercise that I gave Ruth Chatterton. She told me that no matter how nervous she was, that put her right to sleep. I'm passing it on to you and I tell you to do it every night before you settle down. Do it in bed and don't mind if you fall asleep with the cold cream still on your face. Besides, this little exercise will entirely relax your face and take away those tired, worry lines.

But what are you to do if you have the jitters during the day? What will you do when that time comes when you feel as if you must scream from sheer nervous tension? First of all, don't scream. Instead, get the muscles in your neck loosened up. Did you know that the tightness at the back of the neck is the direct result of nerves? Then take the exercise I give you this month for that. You can shut your office door and do it for a few minutes. You can do it at night before you go to bed. Five minutes of this exercise makes you feel like a brand-new woman. You won't want to scream when you've got your neck and back limbered up.

Here's another thing. Because I feel so sorry for nervous people I hate to say this, but you nervous girls are selfish. You think too much about yourselves. When you begin to feel jumpy, get up and look out of the window. Find the most interesting thing you can see in the street and concentrate on that thing, even if it's only a piece of paper blowing in the wind. Get out of yourself. Think about something else, no matter what it is.

If you're nervous you'll have a faulty digestion. But my diets contain everything **you** need. However, take as much liquid food as possible. Often the most nervous people are thin. On the general building-up diet I've given plenty of milk. If a lot of milk is hard for you to digest, here's the way to take the milk. Chew it. Sounds crazy? I mean it. Take a mouthful of milk and move it around [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



This Will Put You To Sleep

Do this lying in bed with hands clutching the head of the bed. Tense every muscle in your body. Feel your whole body becoming tight. Don't let a single muscle escape your notice, or it will not be so effective. Then relax. Repeat until you feel yourself slipping off to sleep. If you get seven hours sleep after taking this exercise it will mean everything to your beauty

The Love Life *of* Jimmy Durante

By

Donald Ogden Stewart

"YOU'LL find Mr. Durante in his den," softly announced the eunuch-voiced footman, and following his directions, I went up two flights of marble stairs and discovered the object of my search comfortably ensconced in a deep arm chair, his feet on a low table. Nearby, an old-fashioned music box tinkled sweet, sentimental music. He was smoking a cigar and as he did not at first notice my entrance I had a moment to observe the tempestuous Great Lover in repose.

His feet, such as they were, were encased in dark purple brocaded slippers, which were a perfect match for his bright orange dressing gown and mauve toque. His nose, which shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly, was resting quietly on his chest and seemed somewhat fatigued—possibly from being so frequently referred to. On seeing me, however, it lifted quickly up and graciously waved me into a seat by the fire.

I sat down nervously and arose almost immediately, as what I had unfortunately mistaken for a bench turned out to be a little extra girl, one or two of whom Mr. Durante always

Alone with his memories of love, the great screen lover dreams of his conquests while his priceless antique music box tinkles "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." Strangely enough, this ballad recalls poignantly to him his early loves among the busy push-carts on the East Side of New York

Photos by Stagg

charitably keeps around the house, for the Great Lover is anything if not kind to those less fortunate than himself. However, when the laughter at my curious mishap had somewhat subsided, he dismissed his little companion and I was **alone** at last with the *Don Juan* of the talking screen.

The den itself was a curious mixture of old world romance and modern plumbing. Over the fireplace, in which lay the dying embers of what must have been at one time a very successful fire, hung an enormous overstuffed Moose head, whose resemblance to my host was somewhat startling. I commented on this and he informed me his uncle had been a Moose.

"So you stuff uncles," I remarked, and then, taking the lion by the horns, I asked him about his recent affair with Greta Garbo.

"Who?" asked Mr. Durante.

I repeated the name.

"Garbo?" he mused, "Garbo?—is she on this lot?"

I assured him that she was—at least up to her recent departure for her native Sweden. His eyes suddenly lighted up.

"You see," says Jimmy, "you gotta put all your soul in a kiss to make it click. For instance," and he grabbed up one of his dolls to demonstrate, "any guy who knows as much as I do about love never makes any noise when he smacks 'em. Once I put over the big kissing act, they're sunk"

"Oh, sure," he said, "that Swedish girl." And a faintly reminiscent **smile** played over his lips. "Say, whatever became of her?"

"She's gone back to her own country," I said.

"That's right," he agreed cheerfully, "and maybe I wasn't glad to get her out of here."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Oh, you know how women are," was his answer.

"I'm afraid I don't," I replied, and then, quickly, "How are women?"

The *Casanova* of Cahuenga Canyon stroked his nose thoughtfully for a few minutes before replying:

"I'll tell you about women," he said at last, and the room became very quiet. "They're a funny lot. You take what's her name . . ."

"I'd love to," I agreed, "what *is* her name?"

"I only know her first name," he answered. "It begins with Lupe."

"Lupe Velez?" I suggested.

"That's it," he said, his face lighting up. "The French girl."

"I think she's Mexican," I suggested.

"Sure," he agreed, "Mexican—French—those foreigners are all alike."

"When did you know Miss Velez?" I asked.

"Let me see," he mused. "When was the earthquake?"

"The earthquake of October 3, 1929?" I asked.

"That's the one," he replied. "Well, sir, I was new to pictures in those days and all I can remember on that date is meeting Lupe at the Brown Derby and then everything went black, and chimneys began tumbling down, and when I came to, Lupe and I were in Agua Caliente."

"Quite an earthquake," I commented.

"PRECISELY," he agreed. "And then there was Polly Moran." His eyes closed momentarily as though he were dreaming. "I can see her now," he purred, "dancing her exotic dances in the native quarter of Hong-Kong. She was a Nautch girl—in fact, at the time I met her, she was the Cat's Nautch."

The embers of the fireplace blazed up momentarily at this, and then died out completely.

"She must have seen me watching her in the crowd," he continued, "for I felt that she was dancing only for me. When she had finished, I gave the **cry** of the bull-ape and the crowd fled in terror, leaving us alone. I craved an introduction, but as we did not seem to have any mutual friends, I walked forward beating on my chest and saying, 'Me, Jimmy Durante—me wantta be introduced.' At first the poor girl was frightened and ran up a nearby cocoanut tree from where she commenced to shower me with the luscious native fruit. Undaunted, I took from my pocket a small piccolo and began to play. She was fascinated. She slowly descended. I waited until she was within ten paces of me and then gave her this."

Mr. Durante illustrated "this" by flashing at me an intense look from those burning eyes, coupled with a slight opening and closing of his nostrils and I felt myself swooning.

"JIMMY," I murmured, and he leaped hastily up and dashed a glass of cold water (which he always keeps handy for such purposes) over my face.

"Sorry, old man," he muttered, "sometimes I forget my own power."

"That's perfectly all right," I assured him, taking a position a little farther away and putting on a pair of smoked glasses, which he offered me. "Please go on."

"Well, to make a long story short," continued my host, "where was I?"

"You had just given her 'this,' " I replied, "only don't do it again."

"Well," he went on, "she stood there transfixed and I once more adjusted my flute to my lips and played an old Indian love song and she began to dance. Never in my life have I seen such a performance."

"I can imagine," I agreed.

"When she had finished, I once more took off my hat and emitted the cry of the bull-ape, but this time she was not afraid. She smiled and in that curious lilting voice of hers, she said, "Me, Polly Moran."

"Me, Jimmy Durante," I replied.

"Polly Moran."

"Jimmy Durante."

"Polly."

"Jimmy."

"Jimmy."

"Polly."

"This went on for several minutes, at the end of which I blew a small whistle and this [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Hollywood Speaks— Fashionably

WHEN you want to inject a little real glamour into the clothes budget—buy a hostess gown! This stunning one, shown below, is worn by Hedda Hopper in "As You Desire Me." Gray crepe swathes her figure in slim, sculptured lines. Chinchilla fur cuffs fall gracefully above a fitted wristline. The side drape forms a train extending from the back of the neckline.

HERE is what is meant by a coat that looks like a dress. This distinctive costume, at left above, is also worn by Hedda Hopper in "As You Desire Me." The coat is made with a straight skirt, wrapping to the side, where it is held by a belt of the material. The scarf-like collar is draped to the left shoulder where it is held by a strap buttoning over. Be sure to note that the sleeves in all three of Hedda's costumes show fullness bloused above the elbow. The soft woolen of this coat is a rich yellow-green in tone. Hedda's hat has a high back ribbon trim.

HEDDA ought to enter "the best-dressed" competition in Hollywood—she knows what is smart and how to wear it. Look at this white coat, at right above—isn't it a knockout? Its lines are similar to the green woolen except that it closes nearer the center and stresses a collarless line. And the material shows a definite ribbed texture. There's a hint for you in the trick tie of that black and white plaided taffeta scarf. The plaid is used again for accent on the pertly tilted white hat. A perfect outfit for rounding out the summer smartly. It's in "As You Desire Me."

— Seymour

THE straight, slim silhouette is smartly endorsed by Genevieve Tobin in this suit which she wears in "Hollywood Speaks." Made of heavy black silk, her skirt follows the straight and narrow. The cape on her silk jacket is lined with the same white crepe that cleverly accents her skirt. Genevieve's blouse, shown in the sketch, is white lace and is fastened with novel black clips. The girdle is black satin.

DOESN'T Helen Twelvetrees look as if she might have stepped from a picture of another century? Yet her charming white organdie frock is the picture of modern chic. Just what you should be wearing these summer evenings, in fact. Helen's flaring skirt is deeply tucked, while petals of the material edge the sleeves and decorate the corsage of her brief peplum bodice. That high buttoned neckline is flatteringly naive. And how many of you are going to sit through "Without Shame" several times so that you can tell the hairdresser just how to do those ringlet bangs?

Three Youthful Styles

NEW PICTURES GIVE SMART TIPS FOR AN EARLY FALL WARDROBE

YOU will find Joan Bennett wearing a perfect lounging outfit for college in her new picture, "Week-Ends Only." You see Joan in it, above, and the sketch gives you details. A frilly pink guimpe is topped by jumper pajamas of blue silk. The guimpe type of thing is much seen around Hollywood—and will be about campuses, too. Be sure to notice Joan's bracelet made entirely of silver stars—isn't it a novel new gadget to add to your collection?

YOU can wear Myrna Loy's type of tweed dress right on into fall. Isn't it gay and young with its puffed sleeves and round collar with big bow of plaid taffeta? The two-piece effect is new—you are going to see lots of it. Brown wooden buttons and brown accessories give effective contrast. Myrna's beret is the same tweed stitched all over. Myrna, as a dashing French countess, wears this in "Love Me Tonight."

MARY BRIAN wears a number of stunning outfits in her role of young newspaper woman in "Blessed Event." This suit is particularly smart—it looks toward fall. The smooth woolen is billiard green. The trim jacket buttons to one side and has a flattering collar of silver fox. The straight skirt again! Under that jacket is a feminine looking blouse in a lighter green crepe. Mary's turban is green crepe, her bag a lighter green but blending leather and her shoes match the suit in color.

Hollywood Stresses Shoulders

RUTH CHATTERTON likes this brown tweed cape-suit so well which she wears in "Children of Pleasure" that she is taking it on her vacation trip to Europe. The long cape with wide shawl collar is a new fashion note. It is lined with the brown and white silk that forms her scarf. Note the patch pockets with novel tab buttoning. And that big brooch is a favorite type of scarf ornament with the stars.

BLUE fox encircling the neckline and extending over the arms gives shoulder interest to a blue wool suit Ruth wears in her new picture.

IT IS said that Ruth Chatterton dislikes fashion pictures of herself—yet she persists in wearing unusually smart clothes that cry out to be shown. In her new picture "Children of Pleasure" she has a stunning wardrobe. One of the charming gowns is this one of white chiffon with sweeping skirt the hem of which is hand painted in a brilliant flower design.

The drop shoulder of the frock is further stressed by an ingenious ermine capelet. In the sketch you can see how it ties in the back, quite reversing the order of most fur capes. Isn't it a grand fashion tip for all of you?

— Seymour

Here are a few tips to help you solve the puzzle. All of the men are married. One is noted for frivolous rôles and the other two for heavy drama. Two came from the stage and one played in an orchestra. One of the girls has been recently married, one recently divorced and the other, the youngest, is a divorcée of several years. Two of them have children. One was a famous stage star. One is the daughter of an army officer, one the daughter of a great stage star. Two are blonde and one has brown hair.

$1,000.00 *in* Prizes

1. Eighty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	**$300.00**
Second Prize	**100.00**
Third Prize	**50.00**
Thirty Prizes of $10 each	**300.00**
Fifty Prizes of $5 each	**250.00**

2. In three issues (the August, September and October numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Six complete puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When completed, six portraits may be produced. $1,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named, spelled and most neatly arranged set of eighteen portraits, and who name a motion picture in which each of these actors and actresses has appeared.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the October issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of eighteen only. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

4. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired. The eighteen puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below, together with the name of some motion picture in which he or she has appeared.

5. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by studying the suggestions appearing below the pictures in each issue. They apply generally to the six sets on the page. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

6. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions should be in at that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1933, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

THOSE who have seen "Strange Interlude" say that Norma Shearer has realized her ambition and may now be classed with the greatest actresses of the day—Helen Hayes, Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne. So it's no discredit to Clark Gable to say she steals the picture

Will *Clark Gable* Last?

Hollywood accuses him of being just one of those "personality" boys rather than a great and versatile actor

By Ruth Biery

CLARK GABLE has photographic virility. Has he photographic versatility? Between these two words lies the answer to Hollywood's burning question of the month.

Three **months** ago you weren't popular in Hollywood unless you were raving about Clark.

Today, you're not in the conversational running unless you can give a lot of good reasons why he won't last.

Cruel? Heartless? Sure—but that's Hollywood and certainly Clark Gable knows the town. He's had plenty of experience with Hollywood's cruelty both before and after his tremendous success.

Let's consider the facts in the case.

Clark, like Garbo, introduced a new vogue in screen personality. He became the pattern from which screen idols who followed him were moulded. He is the epitome of the ruthless, handsome, knock-'em-down, treat-'em-rough he-man, the strong, virile, modern cave man. And not only women in Keokuk and Medicine Hat went crazy about Clark, but the actresses of Hollywood as well. Once he had become a sensation, Hollywood backed up the public's preference.

Now, just as long as women remain interested in that type of man, he will last—provided the studios give him that type of rôle.

But when women change their minds? When a new screen hero comes to replace the old—what then? Will Clark Gable be able to change his type of screen behavior? Why not be honest about it! *Can he act*—as Leslie Howard can, for example?

THERE were numerous protests from his vast public when he played the rôle of a minister in "Polly of the Circus." Those who have seen "Strange Interlude" in which he has one of the greatest acting chances of the screen, say that Norma Shearer tucks the picture under her arm and leisurely walks away with it. This is not so much a discredit to Clark as it is a tribute to Norma's superb acting.

Whether Clark wears the garb of a minister or changes, as he does in "Strange Interlude," from a young man to an old man, he remains Clark Gable, they say. Costume, make-up, characterization—all are submerged in his own personality. Leslie Howard, on the other hand, has already proved that he can play a variety of rôles.

Hollywood will tell you all these things to bear out its argument that Gable can't last, but I believe that Hollywood has overlooked one salient point.

Last October, Clark said that he wanted to remain in pictures just two years and it is my firm belief that he will last just as long as he wants to.

He is perfectly willing to retire when he has made enough money to be independent of public opinion. Clark has asked but one thing of life. And that's independence, with enough money to live as he pleases thrown in for good measure.

By nature, he is an "I will do as I please and say what I please" person.

Much to their bewilderment, his producers discovered this early in his career and that is why they encouraged him to avoid as many interviews as possible and insist that he leave town as soon as each picture is finished.

This determined, immovable trait in Gable's character is what stops him from being versatile on the screen. He is as he is—and will always be. Versatility is the ability to change with each characterization a screen story demands—to feel as if one were a hundred different people. Of that Clark Gable is almost incapable.

Clark is not, by nature, a brilliant man. Determined, yes, and ambitious—but even his ambition takes a single path, the end of which is independence. What Clark wants is money—not, mind you, for its own sake, but merely so that he can have the sort of life he wants, while he is still young enough to enjoy it fully.

Naturally, even a person as determined as he, must make concessions to Hollywood. One of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

But when Clark played with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," Norma's fine performance paled beside the brisk virility of Gable. In this, the picture that brought him fame, he created a type—the brutal, knock-'em-around hero—and became a sensation overnight. Until recently he has continued playing that same sort of rôle

You movie-goers discovered Johnny Weissmuller

You made Helen Hayes, stage success, a screen star

Is Randolph Scott star stuff? It depends on you

YOU Pick The STARS

CLARK GABLE had eighteen tests made before he got a rôle. His first good part was that of a plumber without sex appeal, in "The Easiest Way."

When they cast Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," they said to him, "This will be a great picture for the kids. Grown-ups won't go for it, but little boys will love it."

Helen Hayes hung around Hollywood for months. They wouldn't give her a part because they didn't think she would photograph well enough.

"That James Cagney is all right in secondary gangster rôles—but he'll never be a star." Honest Injun, that was Hollywood's opinion!

And as for Garbo—well, you know that one. "What can a big Swedish girl who can't wear clothes do in the movies?" is what they said about her.

But there was a boy named Walter Pidgeon. Hollywood raved about him. "He's got everything," they said over the coffee cups at Henry's, "looks, charm, manner, a grand singing voice. That lad will be the sensation of talkies."

And as for Alexander Gray—they couldn't say enough nice things about him. He was handsome. He could sing. He had sex appeal. Why, in just no time at all it was a cinch for him and Bernice Claire to give Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor a run for their greenbacks as a knock-'em dead box-office team.

And there was a lad named John Wayne. Didn't he look like Gary Cooper? Wasn't he typical of clean American manhood? Wasn't he good looking and just the sort of fellow that all the girls would go for? Hollywood prophesied that John Wayne's future would be brighter than Peggy Hopkins Joyce's diamonds.

So then what happened?

Listen!

Clark Gable played the rôle of a plumber and eight million women wrote to M-G-M and said, "If there were more plumbers like that I'd never leave the kitchen."

For every kid that saw "Tarzan, the Ape Man," there were twenty women who asked, "Where has this Weissmuller been all my movie life?" You know what happened to Helen Hayes, Jimmy Cagney and Garbo—none of whom were hot shots according to Hollywood.

And the Hollywood hot shots—the ones whose future was all in the bag? Walter Pidgeon may be singing sweetly in some girl's ear, but there's no microphone there to pick it up. Alexander Gray croons over the radio. Bernice Claire? Who knows **where** she is? You'll see John Wayne in an occasional "quickie."

So maybe by now you've got the idea that when it comes to picking stars Hollywood knows less about it than your Aunt Eloise. In reality, your Aunt Eloise is the one who picks them. You, way up there in North Dakota, and you, along the levees of the Mississippi, and you from Keokuk, Medicine Hat and Walla Walla—you are the real casting directors of Hollywood. You pick the stars—and make no mistake about that.

The loudest ballyhoo can't put a screen personality across unless the audience gives its okay, too

ALL sorts of money may be spent on publicity, on fine productions, on capable directors, but if you turn thumbs down on a player the player will never become a star. And nine times out of ten Hollywood is wrong about star material.

You see, Hollywood is a funny town. And it is often fooled by charm. Walter Pidgeon is a shining example.

Randolph Scott is a Hollywood rave at the moment. The girls around the studios all go for him in a big way. The studio has prophesied his success, but so far he has not registered on the screen. True, he had only a bit in "Sky Bride." But Gary Cooper had only a bit in "Wings." Yet the minute he walked before the cameras you spotted him. He had that something it takes. Gary is another whom Hollywood thought just a bad actor. His stardom came because of you—the audience.

I sometimes think that being well liked personally in Hollywood is the worst possible omen for a film career. There's the case of Billy Haines. You made him a star. And then Billy bought a big house and became a social light. His career took a down- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

By Katherine Albert

What *Red Hair* Did To A *Platinum Blonde*

It changed her looks and her personality and made her able to play a rôle half the girls in Hollywood so badly wanted

A FRIEND who had not seen Jean Harlow since she left Hollywood to do personal appearances met her on the lot not long ago.

"Why, Jean," the friend gasped, "I wouldn't have known you—you look more, more . . ." "Say it," Jean laughed. "More human. Yes, and I am, too."

And that is one of the things that red hair has done to the platinum blonde.

Whether it was the strangeness of that platinum hair—cold and white, like an arctic midday, or whether it was the frozen glamour it seemed to cast over her personality, no one knows, but Jean Harlow was an enigma to Hollywood. In spite of the very warm rôles she played on the screen, there was a standoffishness about the girl herself.

"She is only a kid," a Hollywood gossiper once said, "but she looks like a woman who has lived forever and loathed every day of it. She's sort of frozen inside."

But that was before Jean was cast as the lead in "Red-Headed Woman." Folks thought giving her the rôle was ridiculous until she put on the red wig. And then Hollywood couldn't believe its eyes. Neither could Jean.

For when the platinum locks were covered up by the red wig Jean's air of boredom and the icy barrier that set her apart from the world was gone. She suddenly became real, human, understandable.

The first day, she bounded on the set like a kid just let out of school—and snapped right into the rôle. That flaming wig became the torch song of youth and Jean immediately became alive, real and vivid.

When you see her in "Red-Headed Woman" you'll find her **playing** a hussy, it is true, but there is humanness combined with her badness. You hate that girl in the film, but maybe you can sympathize just a little with her—which is more than you've ever been able to do with any of Jean's other characterizations. It's amazing to see her change, right under your fascinated eyes.

She arrives at the studio with her own platinum hair—aloof, mysterious, her sex-appeal in an ice-box. She goes to her dressing-room and has the wig adjusted. And becomes a bright, snappy little hoyden—a brand-new Jean Harlow. So much for what red hair has done to a platinum soul.

NOW take a look at PHOTOPLAY'S cover. Would you know it was Jean Harlow—this young, charming girl? Her face is soft, her eyes, although still heavy-lidded, are clear and honest. And that mouth, full and lush as it is, is almost naïve. Isn't it an amazing transformation?

But wait—we're not through yet.

When Jean was being a platinum blonde all day she had no steady beaus. Men were fascinated by her but there was something strange about her. "I can't seem to understand that dame," one lad said.

But now? Well, the villagers gasped when Jean and Paul Bern, Hollywood's most eligible bachelor (an M-G-M executive) went down to City Hall and filed intention to wed—just like that. Folks thought that Paul would never marry, but when you see him look at Jean there's no doubt about his loving her.

So there you are—and that's what red hair did to a platinum blonde.

Here's the Jean Harlow you used to know—aloof, mysterious, icy. On the screen she was a siren, but a cold, calculating one

Now look at the new, red-headed Jean—a gay, youthful hoyden. PHOTOPLAY'S cover this month shows you the color of her hair

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

JOAN BENNETT presents the Riviera bob, her first distinct departure in coiffures in three years. Heretofore her bob has been long. This new coiffure emphasizes three important trends. The bob is short. The ends are curled. The neckline is revealed. From a left part the hair sweeps into a profusion of poppyette curls on the right. On both sides the hair is brushed upward.

A PERFECT frame for the soft, youthful face. That unbroken stretch of hair is especially lovely when the texture is fine and the color rich. It accents the beauty of Joan's hair and clarity of expression.

HERE is the beauty and delicacy of design of a sea shell. Poppyette curls resemble the swirl of water. They are small, tight; and do not break the head contour. Notice how the hair at the nape of the neck is uncurled and follows its natural line.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck

ANITA LOUISE illustrates an ideal coiffure for the blonde, spirituelle type. Hair of this kind should be persuaded into an aura for the face rather than curled in definite form. Slight wings of hair at the forehead show fashion's compromise between the completely exposed forehead and the bang vogue. Feathery wisps at the ears also suggest the popular face curls. A long bob, at least four inches of back hair, is necessary for this arrangement.

Fashion, which for a while has more or less frowned upon the back roll in favor of the revealed hairline, now admits that either the roll must come into wide popularity again or the hats with upturned backs must go. The smooth, unadorned neckline simply does not adjust itself becomingly to this more romantic line in hats.

THE part leaves the hair free to form a shimmering nimbus for the face. The side hair is cut and turned gently backward and the back hair is drawn smoothly downward. Only a suggestion of wave breaks the sides.

A Trilogy for Charm

ROCHELLE HUDSON is demonstrating her pet oatmeal facial: Gently stimulating, marvelous for cleansing and soothing, and leaves the skin with flower-like radiance. Wash your face thoroughly, rinse in cold water and to the damp skin apply the pack. Fill a gauze square with oatmeal, wet well and wash the face gently, especially the nostrils and chin. Or pour a tablespoon of oatmeal in the palm, wet with hot water, and apply to the skin. Remove with cold water.

THE original eye shadow! Fifi Dor say follows an old theatrical tra dition and makes her own. She smoke the bottom of her cold cream box witl a candle, mixes a dab of black witl cream, shadows her lids. We prefe ours in modern cream form.

A PINT a day keeps her happy and gay! Mary Carlisle attributes some of her radiant exuberance to the daily pint of milk she consumes internally and to those dabs she applies externally. An occasional milk cleansing is soothing and softening.

Why Hollywood Is Sweet and Lovely

HOLLYWOOD is a lavish consumer of perfume but suits it to mood and mode rather than adhering to a permanent perfume preference. A charming and effective means of making ourselves more interesting and exhilarating is frequent change in fragrance. A light scent for day, for evening something romantic! Floral and light synthetic odeurs share popularity. Lilyan Tashman likes perfume sprayed back of the ears on hair or that tiny conceit of a hat.

KAREN MORLEY, all set for a wave, offers a home course in hair tricks, doubtless one of the reasons Karen's coiffures are never the same. If vacation finds you far from a hairdresser, half a dozen combs and a hair setting lotion will help. Wet the hair thoroughly, following any trace of wave, adjust the combs smoothly, let dry. Then press the waves in place.

From The Stars' Beauty Secret

LILYAN TASHMAN exhibits with pride her compact traveling case in which seven beauty blessings have been gathered for that trip by train, boat or car. A beauty kit is a boon to the vacationist. No broken bottles, no forgotten lipstick, no spilled powder. It is quick and convenient for use in the dressing-room, too.

"PLENTY of laughter and plenty of face exercise," advises Fifi Dorsay in the interest of youth and beauty. Fifi's favorite is lifting the face at the temples, so that eyes and mouth curve upward. This relaxes, rests.

TWO of the most beautiful hands in Hollywood —Mary Brian's. Nature is responsible for the perfect, graceful moulding, but Mary is responsible for the fine skin, smooth cuticle. After every washing she uses a hand cream or lotion and a cuticle cream at night.

A MODERN touch, that Harlequin disc of rouge Lilyan Tashman applies low on her jawbone. "Artifice should look like artifice, not try to be natural," says Lilyan. "The rouge carries out the doll motif of my bangs and I like color next to my frock."

Portfolio

A HUNDRED strokes of your brush masquerading in this interesting manner will give you the best dry shampoo you ever had. Irene Dunne ties gauze over her brush and proceeds with a perfect cleansing and polishing treatment for her hair. Let the bristles come slightly through the porous gauze, which in turn will catch and hold the dust and oil. Change to fresh gauze as the treatment progresses.

LILYAN TASHMAN'S deep red nails, her ruby ring and diamond and ruby bracelets create a rich jewel symphony, chic for Miss Tashman but not suitable for most of us. The very newest polish is bronze, shot with mother-of-pearl, designed to accent dark skin.

ROSE for her fingers and rose for her toes is Mary Brian's polish choice. The shade is light and the rose tone very natural and becoming with Mary's fair skin, giving both toes and fingers a fresh, childlike flush of color. Light rose is a good choice for many.

More Beauty Hints on Page 86

You

"WELL, we licked the old place after all, didn't we?" Chet Morris asks his wife, Sue. Now, standing on top of the world, these two grand kids live as simply as your next-door-neighbor, for Chester remembers the time when Hollywood didn't want him. Sara Hamilton tells you about that on the opposite page

Can't Live On Promises

By Sara Hamilton

Says Chester Morris, whose bitter experiences in Hollywood are a warning to any youngster with an eye upon movie fame

IF a clever boy or girl, with looks, charm and maybe untrained talent, came to me and asked, "How's chances of my breaking into the picture game?" I wouldn't waste time citing the thousands and thousands of examples of those who have tried and failed, in pointing to the long list of disappointed extras who are thankful for one day's work a week, or in reading aloud Hollywood Chamber of Commerce warnings.

Instead, I'd take that boy or girl right over to Chester Morris' house and let him or her listen to what happened to Chet, a lad with ten years' theatrical experience behind him and a "pull" with a big Hollywood director. And the first thing that Chester would say, I feel sure, is, "Don't come to Hollywood expecting help from a friend."

You see, I remember when the Morrises, Chester, his father, mother, brother and sister were on a vaudeville tour, together. They landed in Los Angeles for a week's performance, on their way to Portland, the last stop on their tour.

One evening, the whole family received an invitation to sup at Cecil B. De Mille's. That was oh, at least five or six years ago when De Mille was the king in Hollywood.

Mrs. Morris had known both Cecil and brother William as boys, had practically raised William during their early days on the stage, and had been the soul of kindness.

Halfway through the meal Chester became conscious, not that Chester had been previously unconscious you know, that the appraising eyes of Cecil were fastened upon him with an "I wonder" look.

He couldn't swallow. He became all entangled in his glass of water and felt sure he wasn't crooking his little finger in the proper manner. Chester was fussed.

"Etta," De Mille said to Mrs. Morris, "I am going to steal your son. I am going to place him in pictures. I have a part coming up that was simply made for him." Chester floated home, his head in the clouds.

SO it was arranged that the Morrises were to finish their tour in Portland, return to Hollywood and drop Chester off for his movie career.

But when Chester tore out to the studios, he couldn't get in.

Nobody knew him. Finally, after days of trying, he did manage to get to De Mille's secretary who relayed the message to Cecil.

"Oh—ah—yes, yes, it's Chester," the director said. "Well, well, it's Chester. Well."

So a pass to visit the sets was written out and given Chester. Here he was to absorb and learn.

For three solid months a miserable young man absorbed. And there's nothing like absorbing in Hollywood. He got in the way, made himself a nuisance and wished he were dead or had five cents extra to buy an ice cream cone or something.

Funds dwindled while an entire family waited for the promise of an old friend to materialize. The other Morrises had hunted picture **work,** too, but, pshaw! if you couldn't work with De Mille behind you what could you do without him?

The family car seemed to know the plight of the Morrises and, sympathizing no end, ran almost of its own accord. No gas. No oil. It just naturally kept going.

Finally the family grew desperate with everything going out and nothing coming in, and Chester determined he would do something about it. Oh, now mind, he'd tried to bring things to a head before. But suave promises and assurances were always given.

Wait, wait, wait, he was told. And starve in the meantime, he supposed.

But now he was mad, boiling mad. He stormed up to the secretary. "Have you an appointment?" she asked. "Listen," old man Morris' boy Chester shouted, "I want to see De Mille." And if you've seen Chester on the screen you know he's considerable of a stormer.

WELL, he saw Cecil. The director was up on a ladder, directing a bathroom scene, and he looked down at Chester.

"My boy, my boy," he choked. Chester hoped he would. "I was dreaming of Etta, your dear mother, last night. What a sweet friend she was to me in time of need. How kind. Now, you have been a good boy. You've been patient. And I am about to reward you, for your sweet mother's sake." Who was, Chet remembered, looking pale and wan that morning and almost hungry.

"You come to me at 9:45 tomorrow morning," he said, "and get your first part."

And the old car kicked up its hind end, turned around and made a bee-line for home.

"Well, De Mille wasn't such a bad guy after all," Chester decided. "He knew what he was doing. They do keep promises in Hollywood, after all."

The next morning the sun shone bright and at that, it had nothing on Chester's face. Chet positively beamed.

He approached the secretary. "Certainly I have an appointment," he grinned. "I was to be here at 9:45. And boy, I'm here."

The secretary looked puzzled. "When did Mr. De Mille tell you to be here?" she asked.

"Yesterday morning," he smiled.

For a long minute the secretary looked at him. Finally she said, "I—I'm really sorry. I am honestly. You see, Mr. De Mille left on his yacht yesterday afternoon for a three-months' cruise."

Somehow Chet got back home. And somehow they began gathering together funds to

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Here's the story you've been waiting for. Read it next month in PHOTOPLAY

WITH the September issue, PHOTOPLAY brings you a treat we have been planning for some time. It's the story of a woman who has endeared herself to millions of fans all over the world—Marie Dressler. She has lived a rich, colorful life—full of heartaches, humor and triumphs, and her philosophy will be more helpful to you than most sermons. Equally important is the fact that it will be written by Adela Rogers St. Johns, whom this story brings back to PHOTOPLAY

Movie Stars Turn Broadway into Hollywood Boulevard—New

Photographed for Photo

LOOK, look! Buddy Rogers snapped on his way to the Pennsylvania Roof to lead his orchestra; Fifi Dorsay, fresh—very fresh!—from vaudeville. Leslie Howard takes a lingering look at the skyline before returning to the studios

York Traffic Stops when These Folks Are in the Big Town

Underwood and Underwood

DON'T look so glum, Eddie Lowe. Aren't you meeting Lil at the Ritz for tea? June Collyer stops bassinet shopping long enough to point out the Empire State Building to hubby Stu Erwin. "Uh-huh," says Stu, "I'd rather see a palm tree"

Madge Evans demonstrates some of her tricks of packing. First, pack the shoes, stuffing the toe with tissue paper and placing mates toe to heel in a neat layer. Then cover with a sheet of tissue and pack the daintier things on top

Sleeves—ah, there's a problem, especially in these days when they are such an important part of the frock. Madge stuffs the sleeve with tissue to keep it from annoying wrinkling when folded

The circular skirt of the dress is smoothed out and folded carefully over a sheet of tissue. Madge selects a table of just the right height for her work. An important item, that, because you can wear yourself out with bending

Travel *Tips* From *Hollywood*

By Mildred Cornelius

GONE the day when a parade of bell hops laden with suitcases, hatboxes, and pedigreed pooches trailed a traveling moving picture actress. Now, we find by sleuthing in airports, railroad stations and at the docks that these ladies travel comfortably with a few well-chosen pieces of luggage.

Claudette Colbert, for instance, went around the world with a couple of hand trunks and an overnight case carrying all the frocks she needed.

Lace evening frocks she recommends to the traveler. They don't wrinkle, you know. Two, one in a light color and one dark, saw her through evenings all over the world. The short evening wrap is a boon to the traveler for it can double for formal afternoon wear.

Almost all the room in one hand trunk was taken up with a supply of Claudette's favorite creams, lotions, perfumes and such, for she says that whatever one's wardrobe may suffer, it is easier to repair than any damage to the complexion.

Lilyan Tashman has a case in which she carries nothing but her creams, soaps, toothpaste and the other odds and ends that are likely to clutter up the suitcase.

She is a very methodical packer, with her suitcase full of labeled cases for hose, gloves, handkerchiefs, and everything neatly in place so that anything needed may be taken out without rummaging through the whole bag.

Lounging pajamas are indispensable to the smart traveler. Nancy Carroll wears them in her drawing-room on the Pullman—very sober ones with wide-skirted trousers that are not conspicuous when the wearer steps off the train for a stroll.

Genevieve Tobin likes tweeds for traveling—a tweed coat with a dark frock or a tweed suit with jersey blouse. Genevieve has no patience with travelers who have to have everything pressed the minute they arrive at their destination. She considers time given to careful packing much better spent than time wasted with having things pressed once the traveler is on her way.

A tailored suit or a trim travel coat is the accepted thing for boarding or leaving the train, of course.

THERE is so much motoring about Hollywood that no star's wardrobe is without several soft, roomy topcoats. The newest are severely tailored, very broad-shouldered and slim-waisted, not belted. Since Garbo started it, there may be a vogue for capes for motoring and traveling. So far she is one of the few who wear them and she had several like the one she wears in her latest picture.

Remember Claudette Colbert spent some time in the Orient on the famed trip she and her husband, Norman Foster, took on a happy-go-lucky freighter. She had a number of cotton and linen frocks with her for the hot countries—a consideration for all of us in a season when cottons are so smart. They take up little room, can be laundered in a few hours and they are always so much fresher looking than silks. A good idea for the August vacationist.

For one so young, Madge Evans is a seasoned traveler, with several trips to Europe and much cross-continent commuting to her credit. She says no traveler is comfortable without at least one deep piece of luggage to hold such bulky things as coats and robes.

She is another who considers careful packing the best way to insure a comfortable and happy journey. As a matter of fact, she does the job so well that it is always given her. So, whenever the Evanses go jaunting, their well-groomed appearance is due to little Madge.

At a moment's notice Joan Crawford could have trunk and hand luggage packed for a trip to Europe. In the first place, she is so methodical and neat and efficient about her wardrobe that she knows where everything is. Every garment is in perfect repair or it doesn't get put away. And there is one secret of that Crawford girl's chic and smartness.

A loose button on a jacket, the tiniest rip of a seam, a loose clasp on a bracelet, a spot on a scarf—these small matters are not brooked in the Crawford wardrobe. So Joan can step out any time in a trim, smart ensemble, sure of the freshness and sleekness of her costume.

When it comes to packing, Joan sees to that herself. No maid can quite achieve the Crawford deftness. The bag is packed with care and thought for the destination. When Joan goes traveling she considers the costume and ensembles she will need and everything is packed accordingly. If she arrives in time to be a spectator at some sports event, the appropriate frock or suit is packed last with its accessories all at hand. The dinner frock is next to the last, as the second to be needed, and so on through the days and evenings. No time wasted looking for an odd stocking or a wandering handbag. They are neatly and obediently in place.

Mrs. Carnegie beginning her beauty treatment—"I apply Cold Cream generously over face and neck. Sinking deep into the pores it floats out all grime—wipe away with these *softer* tissues."

"Saturating a pad of cotton with Skin Freshener I pat, pat, pat until my skin glows—this, you see, refines the pores, tones and firms and also brings up one's natural color."

"Always before I powder, I smooth a dainty film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, for evening. This both protects my skin and holds the powder."

"I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO KEEP MY SKIN LOVELY AT HOME..."

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

Young society favorite shows how she gives herself her Home Beauty Treatment

Young Mrs. Carnegie is blessed with that exquisitely clear pale skin usually possessed by only the Parisienne.

"WHAT do I do for it—why that's very simple," says Mrs. Carnegie. "I have found the perfect way to keep my skin lovely at home.

"What I do is—but wouldn't you actually like to see me do it?

"First, thorough *cleansing*—I always have a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream. There's nothing like it for cleansing. The cream melts almost instantly—I wait a few minutes to let the fine oils float every speck of dust and dirt out of the pores. Then I wipe it all away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—I like them best because they're so much *softer* and *more absorbent*.

"Now my skin is absolutely clean and ready for the second step—*stimulating*. You have to stimulate the skin if you want it to stay young looking. Wet a pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener, and pat, pat, pat like this till the skin glows.

"The next step is to *protect* the skin—to keep it smooth and fine. Smoothing on Pond's Vanishing Cream takes just a second. I'm devoted to it because it doesn't dry the skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a marvelous powder foundation.

"Isn't that a simple home treatment? And it works. I do it every day and always after exposure.

"*At bedtime*, after cleansing with Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the rich Cold Cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin. You know, scientifically, the skin does need just four things to keep it lovely—cleansing, lubricating, stimulating and protecting. And my Pond's method supplies every one of these."

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra — WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MRS. CARNEGIE . . . AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

Teens_Twenties_

WHICH STAR IS

"I'm 18"
VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"I'm 20"
JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 27"
DOROTHY MACKAILL

"I'm 28"
ILSE MARVENGA

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

Screen Stars declare—
and these pictures prove it

Which one of these lovely favorites is near *your* age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We *must* keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty *very* carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beau-

LUX

Thirties_Forties_ NEAREST YOUR AGE ?

ty? "*We* use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

No matter what their age, they find in this luxurious soap the perfect complexion care.

"I'm 18," says Virginia Lee Corbin, "but already I've begun to take regular care of my complexion with Lux Toilet Soap."

"I'm 40," says Irene Rich. "Keeping the velvety youthful texture of your skin is mighty important. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Why don't *you* try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

"I'm 30"
JUDITH ANDERSON

"I'm 34"
BEVERLY BAYNE

"I'm 38"
ETHEL CLAYTON

"I'm 40"
IRENE RICH

Toilet Soap_10¢

"Little Missouri" Clyde

The amazing story of June Clyde who was a concert singer when she was eight

By Frances Denton

THE other day a Hollywood woman said, "June Clyde has something rather pathetic in her face, and the minx probably never had a worry in her life."

No? Well, listen to June's story.

She's twenty-one years old, and into those twenty-one years are crowded numerous joys, sorrows, two careers and one or two or even three good-sized heartbreaks.

When June was eight, Oscar Walsh, a Metropolitan Opera singer, came to her home in San Francisco to call. A jumping jack of a towheaded, brown-eyed little imp listened to the great singer and insisted that she sing, too.

Indulgently, they let her sing and for no reason at all the song was "When It's Peach Picking Time in Georgia." She stood there, a thin, wiry little thing and from her throat poured a mass of golden notes that completely filled the little room. And as the song came to an end, one person at least knew what lay ahead for June Clyde. That person was Oscar Walsh.

He took her under his wing. Each day he came to the house to give June her singing lessons.

At the time, an operetta called "Underground Chinatown" was being rehearsed in San Francisco with Mr. Walsh as its musical director. The cast was composed entirely of adults but a bit in the second act was injected for little June. In this, she was to make her début.

"Now don't be nervous," they cautioned while June looked at them in wonder. Just why, she reasoned, when she was about to do the thing she wanted to do above all else, should she be nervous?

"Don't be frightened. Don't be frightened," they cautioned her over and over.

Her mother stood wide-eyed and speechless in the wings. Her father's face in the audience stood out like a white blur in a sea of darkness.

Dressed in her little Chinese pajamas, waving her fan, rolling her eyes of milk chocolate brown, pulled onto the stage in a gaily decorated rickshaw, came June.

"Hong, He Came From Hong Kong," she sang as back and forth the little fan waved. The eyes flirted outrageously. Tiny, she was, like a Chinese doll. And as that voice rolled out through the theater, people sat forward in their seats, amazed.

"Were we fooled by a little eight-year-old girl?" one San Francisco paper demanded. "Could it be possible for so tiny a mite to possess a voice like that, or did someone else do that singing?"

"Little Missouri" they billed her as she went up and down the coast, filling the theaters that clamored for her. June was born in the show-me state.

"She'll be the greatest singer of all time," everyone assured. "The greatest, with that voice."

"Don't let her sing too much now," the teacher cautioned. "At twelve she must ease down, for several years." But the crowds demanded. And nothing could stop little June from singing.

BUT a day came when June felt the power within her receding. The notes weren't as full, or as golden.

And then, when she needed him most, Oscar Walsh died. Bravely, but a bit fearful, June carried on, until finally she gave in. Her voice did need a rest. So the blazing lights and the thrills of the theater behind her, June went off to the Tobin School in San Francisco.

Whenever "Little Missouri" came to town, the auditorium was packed. Her voice had the beauty, the richness and the power of an adult singer's

The school planned a theatrical and June was in her glory. She designed the costumes and the backgrounds. Growing bolder, she even decided to sing. She chose "Remembering" from "Topsy and Eva." She could scarcely wait for the joy of singing again before people.

The excitement buoyed her up. The night came. The auditorium was packed with her friends. She opened her lips and only a thin, reedy sound came to her ears. Her voice was off key but she couldn't stop. Suddenly there was laughter from schoolmates.

She vaguely remembers boarding a street car and riding for hours, too numb to move.

June didn't go back to Tobin School. She finished her year at a public high school. Out of her failure, June built a vow. She would go on, anyhow. The theater was where she belonged, and some day she would go back to it, even without the voice.

She had just entered the University of California when her chance came with a small stock company playing one night stands in Southern California. She grabbed it.

Fanchon and Marcho, creator of prologue ideas sent for her next. She had learned to dance, to pick up the fragments of her broken voice and even sing a little. And, more important, she learned to act.

In Seattle, it was, that a wire reached her. "Come to Paramount Studios," it read. "We want you for a picture."

June did her first picture, "Why Bring That Up." Then she went to Radio Pictures and a contract. But even then musicals were on the wane.

They saw in June, not a splendid little actress, but only a mediocre singer and fair dancer. They didn't renew her contract.

DESPAIR seized her again. Long ago she had heard her mother choose between her father and her. "June leaves the stage or I go," her father had said. And her mother, knowing what was in June's heart, had chosen June.

So the responsibility of providing for this mother who had stood shoulder to shoulder with her throughout the years, fell upon June alone. The time came again when June Clyde, scarcely out of her teens, stood on the threshold of finding another career.

And just at that point came a test for "Whoopee." Thornton Freeland was the director. He looked at June and understood a little how things were with her. The test wasn't successful. But it meant the turning point in June's life.

A rest followed in a sanitarium and a little later June and Thornton were married.

Out at Universal, June has just signed a new contract. Life for her has suddenly seemed to flower and bloom again. She recently finished "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," "Radio Patrol" and "Back Street."

About her there is a sparkle, a spontaneity, that is catching. As if all the tragic years between the début of that little eight-year-old June with her fan, and the present June, were all erased.

There is a lot behind her. And there is a lot ahead. But into her eyes at times comes a look that seems to speak of things that can't ever be forgotten.

June Clyde today, a radiant, happy girl of twenty-one. Only a few people know the heartaches she suffered when she had to give up her career

Truly Revolutionary

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the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

designed to fit so perfectly it leaves no telltale lines or wrinkles under the thinnest, the smoothest-fitting frocks.

A NEW Kotex pad is here. As remarkable an improvement as was Kotex itself in 1920.

It is called the new PHANTOM KOTEX. For it is truly imperceptible, self-concealing . . . even when your frock has the most extreme modern lines.

Ends of this new Kotex sanitary napkin are skilfully flattened and tapered. They leave absolutely no outline; not the slightest bulk. Kotex, originators of the modern sanitary napkin, alone offer you this improvement.

And for those who require extra protection, Super Phantom Kotex is perfect. Despite the extra protective surface, ends are so skilfully flattened and tapered as to be completely inconspicuous.

Lasting softness

This new PHANTOM KOTEX is soft even after hours of use; five times more absorbent than cotton; easily disposable. Every desirable Kotex feature is retained.

Buy the new Kotex today! Try it and compare. Only so can you fully appreciate all that this remarkable improvement means. This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never has Kotex cost you so little!

Make sure when buying Kotex wrapped that you do get the genuine. For your protection, each end of this new pad is now plainly stamped "Kotex."

On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores; also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

★**Note!** *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.*

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2152
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed.....

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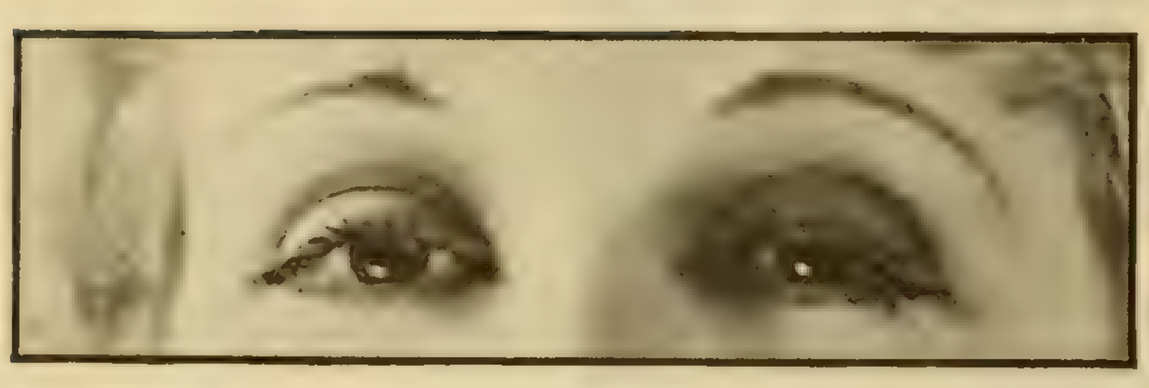
Consider Your Brow Line Carefully

By Carolyn Van Wyck



HALF of the beauty of Tallulah Bankhead's searching eyes, at top, are her brows which arch decidedly yet which mark perfectly that unusually full space between bone and eye socket. Below, Anita Page's faintly arched brows contrast most favorably with the old straight line seen at the right. With the arch Anita looks sweeter, more likable.

THE influence of that platinum wig Greta Garbo wears in "As You Desire Me" doubtless will leave its mark. Already some of the Hollywood coiffures have been inspired by it, I think. With a few reservations and a few modifications it is rather a grand style for the girl who likes a trim shingle with a careless forelock.

DOROTHY MACKAILL is a true blonde. One look at that light, sun-bleached outdoor head and you are convinced that she does not know even a lemon rinse. It is nice hair for her pleasant, comradely personality. A striking feature of her face are those wide-apart eyebrows, slanting almost straight downward, a style I often decry. But with Dorothy they are right. Lon Chaney designed them for her in 1923, she told me. One day he looked at her, decided her brows were wrong, took a pencil, drew the two lines to which she has clung ever since.

Wide-apart brows do something for the face, if by nature you have that kind of disposition—a frank, sincere one. They also add a pleasant sense of innocence and wonderment to the very young face. Rochelle Hudson's baby sweetness of expression comes largely from her brows. Loretta Young has the same kind.

AND speaking of brows, Fifi Dorsay illustrated a point with her own which is very true. Narrow brows make the eyes appear larger. Heavy brows detract from the size of the eyes and should be permitted only when the eyes are quite large and lovely. A nice make-up trick is to allow the brows to remain fairly light—if you have that coloring—and to use a little mascara and eye shadow to darken the eyes themselves. In this treatment the eyes receive the emphasis of attention.

LILYAN TASHMAN certainly has a few beauty tricks up her sleeve and some to spare. Miss Tashman has decided to remain unburned this summer—from the waist up, that is. For beach she has decided to don a long-sleeved sweater, a scarf, a very large hat, and gloves, and from the waist down wear only shorts, so that her legs may tan. She will not mind the tan legs because they will burn in smart stocking tones and not interfere with them in the least. "I will go around the beach looking for shade and cool places. Of course there won't be any and everyone will hate me for being a big nuisance," she laughed.

Another Tashman trick, startling in its simplicity, is Miss Tashman's consumption of water. "At least a gallon a day," she admits. A gallon is certainly self-discipline, but the requisite eight glasses are not so bad. For some reason women do not drink nearly so much water as men, and it is too bad, for it is a great skin beauty aid. Begin, if possible, before breakfast with a big tumbler and half a lemon or a fillip of salt. It isn't so bad, after all!

SYLVIA SIDNEY is another one of those girls who shampoos her own head—and every week at that. The head seems the most difficult part of the human body to work on, oneself. My hat off to Sylvia. She uses a castile liquid shampoo, or, that missing, will make her own from castile soap. She does not find the weekly shampoo too drying, nor does any young head, I think.

It is said that among the secrets of Jean Harlow's platinum aura is that every-other-day shampoo. That seems too much of a good thing.

Sylvia also okays my favorite resting stunt—lying flat on the floor, arms outstretched, for ten or fifteen minutes. It sounds awful, but try it, and you'll find you simply have to relax and be another person.

I ALMOST forgot the big secret about Fifi Dorsay. Her hair is not black at all. It is a reddish, tawny color, believe it or not. Fifi invited me to look at the roots, and there it was, along with her light gray eyes and the fair, delicate skin that goes with that type. Why does she do it, you will ask. Fifi thinks the American audiences would expect a little French girl to have shiny black hair, so she obligingly has it dyed, then pours quarts of an oily hair tonic over it to make it shine. There are plenty of blondes that have strayed from the intentions of nature, so far as their hair is concerned, but there are precious few blondes who go black.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S mouth in "Letty Lynton" caused a cloud of comment. In the New York theater, at luncheon, indeed wherever there were girls who had seen the picture you were sure to hear, "Did you like Joan Crawford's mouth?" I don't think any did, yet I think it fascinated some people. It was so advanced it hardly resembled a mouth at all, yet it added great dramatic value to her rôle. Good make-up slant, but this extreme exaggeration should be reserved for screen or stage. It is too much to expect our friends, our family or office to accept any startling extreme day by day.

PARAMOUNT has promised the most luxurious and ornate bathroom of modern times in the forthcoming "Sign of the Cross," a replica of the bath used by Poppaea, wife of Nero, with marble steps, fountains, hand-maidens.

Many of us will return from vacation with too fulsome curves and the common skin ailments incident to too much play and not enough care. Our skin leaflet and reducing booklet may contain just the simple aids you need. These, as well as our August letter of helpful beauty suggestions, are yours on request. Remember the stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th St., New York City.

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Sun Tan ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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Ask The Answer Man

"One Hour With You" was another triumph for Jeanette MacDonald. But it brought Genevieve Tobin out in a new type of rôle. Proving herself a deft comedienne, she and Jeanette ran a very close race for the feminine honors

THERE are a lot of arguments this month about whether Jeanette MacDonald or Genevieve Tobin had the main lead in "One Hour With You." Well, I'll be the referee. Jeanette was Chevalier's leading lady but Genevieve certainly gave her a good chase for first place and almost stole the picture from her.

And now, to satisfy hundreds of questioners, here is a short sketch of each girl's history:

Jeanette was born in Philadelphia, Penna., on June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has red-gold hair and green eyes. She was a favorite in musical comedy, appearing in "Irene," "Tip Toes," "Yes, Yes, Yvette," and "Sunny Days." She got her first break in pictures in August, 1929, when she was given the lead opposite Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Among the pictures that followed were, "Her Wedding Night," "The Lottery Bride," "Oh, for a Man," "Monte Carlo," and "The Affairs of Annabelle." Her next will be "Love Me Tonight," in which she again appears opposite Chevalier.

Genevieve is a native of New York where she was born on November 29, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. Appeared on the stage in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Little Old New York," and "Murray Hill." She made several silent pictures way back in 1924, then deserted pictures for the stage and returned to the screen in 1930 in "A Lady Surrenders." Since then she has appeared in "Seed," "Up for Murder," "The Gay Diplomat," and others. Her next will be "Hollywood Speaks," with Pat O'Brien.

Both Jeanette and Genevieve are still single, but Jeanette is engaged to Rob Ritchie, who is her manager.

SALLY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Paul Muni was born in Vienna on September 11, 1897. He came to America with his parents when he was four years old. At the age of eleven he made his foreign stage début playing a sixty-year-old man. Made his New York stage début in "We Americans." His performance placed his name up among the popular actors in the theater. In 1929, Winfield Sheehan gave him a contract to appear in Fox pictures. His first was "The Valiant," which was followed by "Seven Faces." Howard Hughes gave him his next break, assigning him to the lead in "Scarface."

After "Scarface" was completed, Paul returned to the stage in "Counsellor-at-Law." With the release of "Scarface" he was immediately put under contract by Warners and returned to Hollywood. Paul is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weighs 165 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Has been married to Belle Fink since May, 1921. His real name is Muni Weisenfreund, but he changed it when he entered pictures.

JUNE BERTON, CHICAGO, ILL.—Sidney Fox is just about 5 feet tall. Boris Karloff was born on November 23, 1887. Jimmie Dunn's latest picture is titled "Society Girl."

CADET FAUCETT, WAYNE, PENNA.—Here's the low-down on that little girl you admire. Madge Evans was born in New York City on August 1, 1907. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 116 and has golden hair and blue eyes. Didn't you like her on the June cover of PHOTOPLAY? Madge received her education through private tutors. She has been connected with the stage and screen since childhood. Her latest picture is "Huddle," opposite Ramon Novarro.

HADLEY ODHOLM, DENVER, COLO.—Don't ask *me* why the girls pluck and paint their eyebrows. But it looks swell on some types of girls. Ruth **Chatterton** was busy all spring producing a play called "Let Us Divorce." Her husband, Ralph Forbes, and Rose Hobart had the leads, but the play just didn't make the grade. Ruth's next appearance in pictures will be in "Children of Pleasure."

MARGARET E. WARD, AUGUSTA, GA.—Johnny Weissmuller is about 28 years old. He is married to Bobbe Arnst, musical comedy dancer. Johnny received a long-term contract from Metro right after the release of "Tarzan." You'll be seeing him on the screen soon again. Lew Ayres name is pronounced A-i-r-s.

L. B. C., CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.—Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and attended Public School No. 9 there. She never attended school in any part of Missouri.

CHARLOTTE THEEL, BALTIMORE, MD.—Here are the girls who are 5 feet, 6 inches in height: Garbo, Vilma Banky, Eleanor Boardman, Marguerite Churchill and Doris Kenyon. In the 5 feet, 7 inch class we have Hedda Hopper, Gwen Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson and Lilyan Tashman.

JACK SINCLAIR, PASSAIC, N. J.—Yes, Gloria Swanson is going to make a picture abroad. When it is completed she will return to America with her new daughter and her husband, Michael Farmer.

HENRY MCCONKEY, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Judging from the description you give of your homeland, it must be a grand place. Richard Dix celebrates his birthday on July 18. He has been doing this since 1895. Robert Ames passed away on November 27, 1931;

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Robert Williams on November 3, 1931; Lon Chaney on August 22, 1930, and Louis Wolheim on February 18, 1931. They were all grand actors and great favorites.

FREDA BECKER, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Helen Hayes is a native of Washington, D. C., where she was born October 10, 1901. She is the daughter of Francis Brown and Catherine Hayes. Is 5 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 100 pounds. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent in Washington. On the stage she appeared in "Coquette," "What Every Woman Knows," "Dancing Mothers," and many other plays. She entered pictures in 1931 appearing in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." This was followed by "Arrowsmith." She was married to Charles MacArthur on August 17, 1928. They have one small daughter. PHOTOPLAY printed a story about Helen in January of this year.

A TRACY FAN, BUFFALO, N. Y.—And for all the other Spencer Tracy fans, here's the low-down on the lad. Spencer was born in Milwaukee, Wis., on April 5, 1900. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated in public schools of Milwaukee and Marquette University. Also attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Had considerable stage experience before entering pictures in 1930. Among the pictures he made since that time are, "Up the River," "Quick Millions," "Sky Devils," "Disorderly Conduct," and "Young America." Spencer is married to Louise Treadwell and they have one son. Junior is seven years old and a carbon copy of his popular daddy. Spencer's hobby is bowling. He also likes golf. Favorite pastimes are fishing, hunting and swimming. His latest picture is "Society Girl."

ANN L., NORFOLK, VA.—In "The Hatchet Man" Leslie Fenton played the rôle of Loretta Young's lover. Leslie hails from Liverpool, England, where he was born on March 12, 1903. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 150 and has black hair and gray-blue eyes. On March 17, he was married to Ann Dvorak.

International

If you don't say that this is just about the cutest little fellow you ever saw—May McAvoy will be pretty doggone mad at you. "We've named him Patrick Garrett Cleary," said mama May. "That makes him a real Irishman, doesn't it?" Domesticity has kept May off the screen for a long time and she isn't figuring on returning right away. Oh yes, Maurice J. Cleary, a broker, is the baby's father

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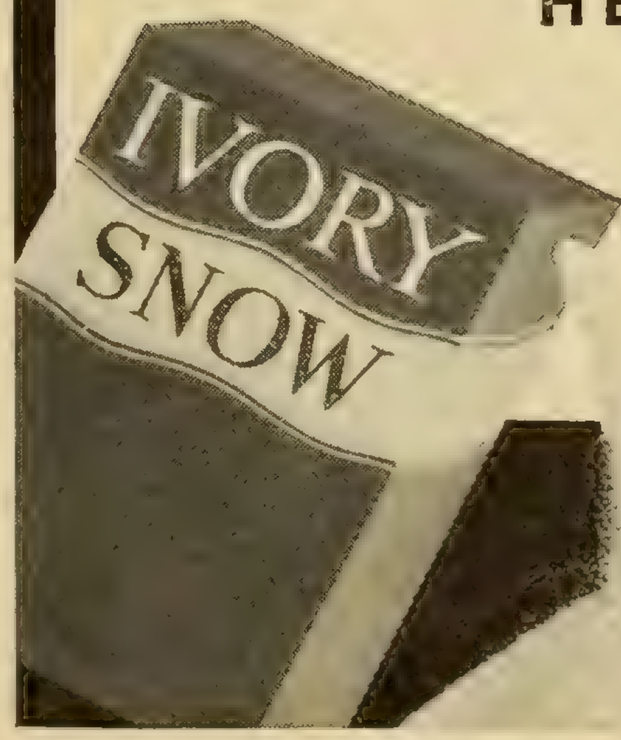

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The New "Shady Dames" of the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

blossom complexion and a rather high pitched voice. Tut, tut, Elissa, it simply won't do.

At the moment M-G-M is concentrating upon Jean Harlow. Funny thing about Jean. She made her screen début as the old-fashioned vampire of the Theda Bara tradition in "Hell's Angels." But she's being made over now, into the modern version—hair pushed back (it's red now instead of platinum—see page 69), eyebrows a mere wispy line and eyes half hidden beneath put-'em-on-with-glue lashes.

EVEN Norma Shearer attempted glamour in "The Divorcee," "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul" and others. She went after it with such vigor that even Adrian, the head gown designer at M-G-M, demurred at her suggestions for clothes.

Norma bought that revealing costume that brought amazed gasps from the audience when she appeared in it in "A Free Soul."

And then Norma did a right-about-face. The public was annoyed with her for substituting glamour for romance. Letters poured in to her begging, "Please, Norma, stick to romance."

The public had enough shady dames without little Mrs. Thalberg.

Several mothers, who always allowed their children to see Norma Shearer's films, wrote to her begging her to return to straight dramatic rôles and good clean pictures that children could see.

Norma is a smart girl. Having finished "Strange Interlude," she's rushing into "Smilin' Through," as sweet a little story as you'll see.

Maybe you remember when Jane Cowl played it on the stage and Norma Talmadge did it in pictures.

This caricature of Garbo, by Joe Grant, emphasizes the facial characteristics of the star—the heavy lips, half-closed eyes, high forehead and snaky eyebrows, which have apparently been taken as a model for the new school of shady dames

"Possessed" began Joan Crawford's glamour cycle. "Letty Lynton" carried through. In that picture Joan did as good a piece of dramatic acting as she has ever done, and all her admirers knew it, but even so, hundreds of them wrote to PHOTOPLAY to protest about her screen morals and to beg her to return to the gay type of "Our Dancing Daughters" film in which she became famous.

Strangely enough, although Garbo started the vogue by packing them into the theaters, the public was grateful to her for those scenes in "As You Desire Me" when she was a sweet, charming, young girl. And they expressed the wish that she would play such scenes again in other films.

THE public will not allow Janet Gaynor to follow the new vogue. Poor Janet—she's more than anxious to try her hand at something a trifle daring, yet when it was announced she had cut her long bob short, dyed her hair redder and insisted upon being sophisticated, hundreds of letters begged her to let her curls grow back and remain just sweet. Incidentally, one of the gallery pictures in this month's magazine is of Janet with her hair done in the fashion you'll never see on the screen—the way she wants it but the way the public doesn't. She is now letting her hair grow again.

This change in the women stars has brought about a change in the men. The pretty boys, the matinée idols, the gallant, protecting heroes have been replaced by the Clark Gables, James Cagneys, George Rafts and Johnny Weissmullers.

Each studio is hunting for second Clark Gables—men who knock women down, kick 'em around and make 'em like it.

The shady dame has become the heroine instead of the vamp; the rough guy is the hero, instead of the villain. A few years ago had Johnny Weissmuller presented himself to any self-respecting casting director, he would have been listed immediately as a heavy—one of those big, strong guys whom the handsome hero could overcome single-handed. But not now—no sir, Johnny was cast as the hero in "Tarzan, the Ape Man."

Even that big, burly Wallace Beery is a hero in many pictures.

And as the style in heroes and heroines has changed, so have movie plots. Marriage is not a necessity on the screen these days and, in spite of the censors, illicit love is sometimes glorified.

THE wave has swept even farther. Second leads, juveniles, ingénues have all been touched by the new vogue, for on the screen the sweet young girl is left in the lurch while the shady dame walks off with her man. So Hollywood girls, trying to get a break in pictures, have realized that in glamour lies their fortune.

At a recent Hollywood luncheon I noticed a number of the newer players, girls like Frances Dean, who is making her first picture for Educational. With very few exceptions, these young girls had rouged their mouths until they looked like nothing so much as members of a minstrel show just about to ask Mr. Bones a leading question.

Now remember, make-up cleverly and subtly applied is necessary to the charm of every woman. I'm only speaking of the exaggerations.

Even Colleen Moore has gone glamorous, with a new hair style, new make-up and false eyelashes.

As a novelty, this new sex is interesting. Garbo was and is fascinating.

BUT her imitators—not only among the actresses of the screen, but among the thousands of women throughout the world—what of them?

For the screen stars are imitated—of that there is no doubt—and if this new type of woman becomes the standard, will there be a place for the sweet, simple, natural, thoroughly feminine type which has inspired the world for ages and ages?—the secret ideal of most men?

Fortunately, even caviar becomes tasteless when you have had too much of it.

This new sex was daring and therefore attractive as long as it was unique, but when everyone from all the screen stars to your next-door-neighbor attempts glamour, it becomes just a bore.

Norma Shearer has already turned her steps toward screen

simplicity. And so has Constance Bennett.

Before long, Joan Crawford may discover that good, honest stories concerning the problems which face the majority of girls today are better than highly colored yarns about shady ladies.

When she does, she will change her make-up and her mannerisms and come back to us as the normal, lovable, girl whom we have adored from the beginning of her stardom.

PERHAPS even Garbo will change when she realizes how much approval she rated for the sweet scenes in "As You Desire Me." Or perhaps Garbo and Dietrich are the two women who are able to keep on being shady ladies, thereby giving us the spice for our cinema sauce.

And we'll find in Garbo and Dietrich women to watch but not to copy, women who are exceptions rather than rules, and we'll discover ourselves looking for new Marguerite Clarks, May Allisons, Lillian Gishes and Janet Gaynors to adore.

International

What! Another one? We've already shown you Billie Dove wearing trousers at Malibu Beach, but Pauline Starke goes her one better and strides along the streets of Chicago attired like this. "The windy city is responsible," said Pauline, who is playing there in a stage production. We wonder who'll be the next one up

EVERYBODY FAILED HER!

HER HUSBAND HER SERVANTS
HER FRIENDS · · · BUT HER
DOCTOR EXPLAINED IT AWAY!

NO matter what her husband said or did, it was the wrong thing. She was irritable with old friends and couldn't seem to make new ones. She had headaches. She no sooner got rid of one cold than she picked up another. And the way she looked! . . . her eyes . . . her skin. Even her hair looked dead.

Said the doctor: "The fault, my dear girl, lies *within yourself*. What you need is a good internal cleansing—with Sal Hepatica. You're being poisoned because of improper elimination, and consequent fermentation. These poisons have crept into your blood stream."

In Europe a physician will ship you off to one of the great spas—to drink the saline waters at Carlsbad, Vichy or Aix.

But in America, you can get Sal Hepatica and take the saline treatment at home.

Sal Hepatica gently flushes poisons from the digestive tract. It counteracts acidity. *It purifies the blood stream.* It gets at the *cause* of headaches, indigestion, colds, rheumatism. It clears the skin—brings back freshness to the complexion.

Today, get a bottle of Sal Hepatica and begin the saline treatment. Keep internally clean for one week. You'll brighten up, you'll feel better. And everything will begin to go right instead of wrong!

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Van Arsdale

Try this on old Eben J. Peanut-Cruncher in YOUR theater !

The Strange Case of Ann Harding

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

subsided. The smile was too near a tear. Nervous.

Ann Harding of this year.

A smart young matron from the East looked unbelievingly at this famous star.

A Northern representative lifted two perfectly arched eyebrows in astonishment. But a lady from the South lifted a lace-trimmed handkerchief to her trembling mouth.

It was too pitiful.

Ann was afraid. For women's clubs, women's church societies, and just women, from all over the United States have sent her scathing messages.

"How dare you break up a home for a selfish career," they demanded. "How dare you?"

They forget that after all it was Harry who wanted to be free. Ann staying at home wouldn't have helped. He wanted to be on his own.

And try to hold a man that needs and wants his freedom.

AND now what for Ann?

She's in a spot. She knows it. And therein lies her salvation.

She's fighting to come back stronger than ever.

Gradually she is finding her way out of the fog of bad advice and rigidity of mind.

She is trying to find herself.

Her friends hope she will soon return to them. That once again her phone will ring with cheery messages.

It's the same old battle of one woman trying to do it all. It can't be done. Not in the making of movies, or the business of life. It can't be done.

Chatterton came through it, a **finer, surer** actress. Swanson has tried to.

Will Ann?

We hope so. The screen needs Ann Harding. She is too fine, too real to lose.

It's easy to see where Claudette Colbert got her beauty, when you take a look at Mama Colbert. Incidentally, Claudette lives with her mother, whenever mama is in town, while her husband, Norman Foster, has a house by himself. No, that's not a Hollywood idea—they've been occupying separate establishments almost ever since the day they were married

WORLDS APART

..yet they agree on this

TOOTH PASTE

New luster, new brilliance new safety with this thrift dentifrice

One woman could afford to pay $2.00 a tube for tooth paste if she felt like it. The other, with a growing family to look out for, must shop sharply. Yet both are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste, the quality dentifrice at the common sense price.

Both have discovered from actual experience, by critical comparison with other dentifrices, that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes amazing results. More than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents.

If you are open-minded, we think you will want to try it yourself. You will never spend a quarter more wisely.

When you begin to use it, you will see why it has attained such tremendous popularity.

New luster and brilliance

Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans —but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.

Firm, healthy gums

After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They'll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

A common sense price

Don't forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25¢ the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Come with us on a personally conducted tour through the home of the Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise—neé Constance Bennett

Connie and the Marquis have their small, exclusive parties. The arched living room combines attractive and comfortable furniture with a dainty color scheme in pale green and other pastel shades

Photographs by Robert W. Coburn

A combination of French and modern inside, the outside of the house is pure Hollywood Spanish—with its sunny patio, intricately tiled fountain and well-clipped, cool cypress trees

You'd expect Connie to go in for satin drapes, French furniture and old rose, wouldn't you? Yet, for all its elegance, her bedroom still has an air of simplicity. Note the interesting way that the draperies are hung

Compare the bedrooms of Connie and the Marquis. His is panelled in walnut, modern in treatment but typically masculine. Look sharp and you'll see a picture of Connie on the chest of drawers and still another one on the bed table

Not A Sock In A Hundred Reels

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

have created a *Frankenstein.* They have this tremendous thing and do not always know quite what to do with it. Pictures interest me —but I refuse to be a part of the machine. I could never be happy nor do my best work under a contract that did not allow me to select the rôles for which I know myself to be best suited."

AND it's my hunch that before there are many more full moons at Malibu, moviegoers will be fed up with those all too obvious he-men types and that Leslie Howard will open the door to a new school. Personally, I've always been just a little suspicious of he-men. It seems to me that when a man must slap another man on the back, punch him playfully in the ribs and knock women around, he is making too great an effort to prove his masculinity.

Real masculinity, my dears, does not need to be proved.

And I'll wager that it won't be very long before being a gentleman will be a better movie trick than being a so-called he-man.

If this comes to pass, just point with pride to the Leslie Howard you and you and you demanded. He will be responsible for the new type.

◈ ◈

Here's Your Double Chance to Make Money

Two Big Prize Contests start in this issue.

A New Treasure Hunt and PHOTOPLAY'S Famous Annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

You can enter one or both of them. It won't cost you a cent.

Turn to pages 65 and 121 and read the details.

◈ ◈

Keeping up with the

CHILDREN, a HUSBAND and HOUSEWORK

Do YOU find it difficult sometimes to get just the cereal to please your husband? Don't you occasionally worry, too, whether the children are growing as sturdy as they should?

Then you'll be glad to know about Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. They're the kind of food men love and need . . . the kind that builds and nourishes the children.

These *better bran flakes* are made especially for active people. They contain the food elements that you need when you work hard and play with zest. Whole wheat—which is nature's storehouse of iron and other minerals, vitamins and proteins. Bran, with the gentle bulk that is mildly laxative and helps keep you feeling fitter. And the matchless flavor of *Pep*—the delicious taste that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have.

Shorten your housework by serving these ready-to-eat flakes for breakfast, your own luncheon, the children's supper and bedtime snacks. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. In the red-and-green package. *Quality guaranteed.*

FOR CHILDREN: *Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon, except Saturdays and Sundays, over stations affiliated with the N. B. C. from Coast to Coast.* 5.30 *Eastern Daylight Time,* 6.00 *o'clock Central Time,* 5.30 *Pacific Coast Time. Songs and stories children love.*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

WHAT! No girl friend for Joel McCrea? No sir! The ex-soul mate of Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett, Dorothy Lee and others has become the favorite stag at all Hollywood parties. One after another, his gals up and marry another guy. Joel just smiles serenely, but lets it slip once in a while that he can't quite understand why Connie preferred a Frenchman.

HORRORS! More Garbo? A yacht full of press folk sailed over to Catalina to visit Joan Crawford's set in "Rain" and no Joan was to be found. Finally a writer located the star behind a bamboo shack, trembling with fear. For Joan has as great a fear of crowds as Garbo herself, and is really as timid as a mouse.

PEOPLE for miles around the vicinity of the Fox lot were awakened in the wee hours of the morning recently by a terrific blast. Guests at the fashionable Beverly Wilshire Hotel thought it was an earthquake and many ran into the street in their nighties.

But the blast was merely an explosion to frighten the frogs! It's the latest way to make them shut up so they can record scenes at night without the creaking being recorded in the microphone!

JUST try to make monkeys of movie star shoppers any longer! Heretofore, as soon as a star entered a shop, especially those exclusive ones without price tags, to make a purchase, invariably the merchandise price shot upward. And often doubled. The shopkeeper seeing an opportunity to make a little extra at their expense.

But now. A movie star enters a shop, admires an article and decides to come back later. An hour later, their purchasing agent, as he is known, walks into the shop, admires the same article, and as plain Mr. John Jones, buys it at the original low price.

Through their purchasing agents, Ricardo Cortez saved $300 on a horse, Ann Harding saved several hundred dollars on clothing, Helen Twelvetrees had her entire house decorated at half the price quoted.

So you see, many a dollar is saved in this manner.

Love and movie stars will find a way. They always have.

GOOD NEWS! Clara Bow is down to 120 pounds now and rounding up in good shape for her next talkie, "Call Her Savage."

LIONEL BARRYMORE does beautiful etchings, you know, or do you? As a gift for his new nephew (John's new son) he slipped down to the waterfront and etched John's famous yacht. Something the boy can always keep to remember his dad and uncle. But in a couple of years he'd rather have a toy train!

DAVID MANNERS has been seen with only one woman at previews, openings, and so on.

Don't get excited, girls! It's his mother. David's not going to get his name connected with any screen flappers. No siree!

ENRICO CARUSO, JR., son of the late great tenor, is playing extra in pictures.

He did his first work in Universal's "Airmail"—but not another extra on the production knew that they had the son of one of the most famous celebrities the world has ever known among them.

NORMA SHEARER has finally spoken up and denied the rumor that she is knitting little things for a Blessed Event.

WARREN WILLIAM, one of Hollywood's new leading men sensations, carries his lunch to the studio every day, and in a brown paper sack, if you please.

Broiled carrots and cottage cheese! Men have to guard their figures as well as women!

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent are making goo-goo eyes at each other in a picture they are making together. Oh my, but won't a certain great feminine star who has just left Hollywood on a vacation be mad when she hears about it?

THE first time that Sylvia Sidney went to New York after her screen success, she visited her parents there, and stayed right in the home she had left to make her fortune in Hollywood. It's a simple home; her father is a dentist and both he and her mother are immensely proud of Sylvia. But upon her last trip East, Sylvia took an enormous suite at the Waldorf-Astoria in the traditional movie star manner.

It was there that Sylvia entertained her friends and saw members of the local press. My, my, what changes Hollywood can work!

AFTER some months of very polite bowing, the Dietrich-Bankhead feud is over and Marlene and Tallulah are just like that. Are they chummy?

The marching musketeers of M-G-M—tra-la! And if you go through Hollywood with a fine tooth comb you won't find any jollier kids than these three—Karen Morley, Robert Young and Mary Carlisle. The girls found Bob just as he was coming out of the wardrobe department with his consignment of clothes for the next scene. These youngsters have a right to be happy—they've all had great screen breaks during the last year

AN all-movie law suit is on the fire.

Film star Helen Hayes, wife of film playwright Charles MacArthur, is being sued for $100,000 by the ex-Mrs. MacArthur, Carol Frink, film critic for a Chicago paper. The peppers charge alienation of Charlie's affections. Carol divorced Mac in 1926, and in 1928 he married Helen. Miss Hayes, a noted stage star, has scored cinema-wise in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith," and is now making "A Farewell to Arms" for Paramount.

Let's hope the all-film litigation turns out to be just a scenario after all!

WHILE writers, directors and stars vacationed in the high Sierras, flew back and forth to New York, sailed to Hawaii or toured the world over, Joe Jackson, First National scenario writer, stuck to his job and wrote. For five long years he kept at it.

And then, at the end of his five years' contract, Joe decided to take a vacation. A few days' rest at Laguna for Joe, Mrs. Jackson and their little boy, and then a trip to Europe. But the trip to Europe for Joe, will never come. He was drowned the second day of that long needed vacation!

A great boy, Joe. One of the saddest things in years.

IT didn't take long for the yarn about the romance of Lina Basquette and Jack "Socko" Dempsey to bust wide open.

Jack, said the dailies, was smitten limp by the sultry charms of the fair Lina.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Remember this scene from "As You Desire Me"? Well, Garbo's unusual hat stole the scene, it seems. Everyone says that her drum hat is the forerunner of a new millinery fad—do you think you will want to wear one? It's striking on the beautiful Garbo, but it will take a bit of daring to walk down Main street wearing one!

Use soft, disposable KLEENEX TISSUES

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS—when your nose is so inflamed, so tender . . . don't irritate it further by the use of a rough, damp handkerchief. Put away your handkerchiefs and use nothing but Kleenex during hay fever season.

The soft, silky texture of these rayon-cellulose tissues makes them wonderfully soothing to irritated skin.

Highly absorbent

Kleenex is highly absorbent—much more so than cotton or linen. It is always soft and dry, because you use a clean tissue every time! What a relief to be rid of those soggy handkerchiefs! Rid of washing them, too—because Kleenex is destroyed after a single use. Naturally, Kleenex is more sanitary. Germs multiply rapidly in damp handkerchiefs, making them unfit to carry.

Kleenex is a great aid in applying make-up evenly and naturally. Mothers find Kleenex an ideal nursery accessory.

Now in two sizes

Kleenex is now available in large sheets, three times usual size. These large sheets are convenient for guest towels, for dusting and kitchen use. You will like them, too, for extra luxury and efficiency in removing face creams. A free sample of Kleenex may be obtained by writing the Kleenex Co., Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago.

'KERFS

are a formal version of Kleenex; exquisite tissues, smartly bordered . . . 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Nice enough to appear anywhere as handkerchiefs or tea napkins.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

THE wise guys of Hollywood who stated on every occasion that Ann Dvorak's career was considerably damaged when she married Leslie Fenton are looking a bit silly.

For it was the one break Ann needed! Fenton, one grand actor, knows the game, forward and backward. And he's teaching Ann tricks that would have taken her years to learn. He watches her scenes like a hawk. One mistake and Les is at her. She doesn't make it again.

As a result she's gone up like a sky-rocket. And no matter what the outcome of this marriage, it was the best thing Ann Dvorak could have done to hasten that climb upward!

NEWLYWEDS, listen!

Know the newest and smartest thing yet and originated by none other than that bright little originator, Constance Bennett? It's the six months anniversary party, and it's called the cellophane anniversary. Every thing comes wrapped in bright colored cellophane. And what a grand excuse for a party! Especially if those first six months have been happy ones, as Constance's seem to have been.

Try it on your friends Mrs. Bride! It's brand-new.

AT Albuquerque, N.M., relates columnist Walter Winchell, Dick Barthelmess was busy autographing things during the fifteen minute stop.

"Must be tough," commented a bystander, "to be bothered by all these autograph hounds."

"Must be tougher," said Dick, scratching his name on a proffered cuff, "when they stop asking!"

OLD Buddy Rogers (no more of this "Charles" stuff) is as chirpy as a cricket away from the studios.

"I like radio much better than pictures," says Bud. "I can reach as many people on the air in one night as I would in weeks on the screen."

Buddy and his band are dance-tooting at the Pennsylvania Hotel Roof in New York all summer. He recently flew to Hollywood on investment business, stopping off in Kansas City to visit Pop Rogers, who had just been operated on. Incidentally, old Bud doesn't seem to have an extra-super-special girl friend at present. Still heart-whole, girls!

THE little birds have been busy, this month. They also report a disturbance in the Marian Nixon-Eddie Hillman menage. The story about their adopting a child is being given credit by the know-it-alls as so much bologna.

Again—career versus marriage. Marian was just making small and infrequent independent pictures when she married millionaire-scion, Eddie. Now she's a big shot at Fox, with stardom in the offing. It does make a difference. There's so much less time for her to devote to hubby!

THEY took a love-scene in "Red Headed Woman," between Jean Harlow and Chester Morris, twenty-seven times. The one in the telephone booth. Hard to shoot.

And each shot, contrary to custom, was better than the one before!

"How can you act the same scene over and over and do it better each time?" someone asked Chester.

"That wasn't acting," Chester answered. "That kind of scene is just natural when you are making it with Jean Harlow!"

AN acquaintance of Josef Von Sternberg's told us that he ran into the director on the day he and his protegé, Marlene Dietrich, returned to the Paramount lot after the fracas about a story.

"Well, Joe. You surely got a lot of newspaper space on that row. It was a **splendid** publicity stunt for The Blonde Venus. You're sure to have another box-office smash."

"Oh, no. It was not a publicity stunt! It was—"

"Now, don't kid us, Joe! That was really clever!"

"Oh, vell!" Von Sternberg smiled, as he shrugged his shoulders.

Now who would have thought that it was Conrad Nagel, the good boy of the screen, who started the punch-the-heroine-in-the-jaw vogue? Remember "Free Love," in which Conrad and Genevieve Tobin played together? Why, that was before Clark Gable was heard of, yet Conrad gave Genevieve a good rousing sock—as this still from the picture testifies

WELL, Marie Dressler has answered all this gossip about her being ready to give up the battle by purchasing one of the largest homes in Beverly Hills. Twenty rooms, extensive grounds, and so on.

"What does Marie Dressler want with such a huge place?" is one of the common questions of the month.

Marie wants to live the last few years of her life to the fullest! If she must rest a lot as she has been doing, why not rest in luxury and peace and inspiring surroundings? For the first time in her life, she can afford it. This house is like the toys she missed in her poverty-stricken childhood. She goes from room to room peeping into one corner after another. She will never tire of the pride of possession it brings her. A little girl with the biggest doll in town. That's Marie Dressler—God bless her!

AND then there's the producer who was asked his opinion on a certain question and gave it.

"I still think," he said, "that all advertising should go to New York and disintegrate from there."

IT wasn't Friday and it wasn't the thirteenth, but to Sally Eilers it was just one of those days!

Early in the morning she received a wire telling of the death of a close relative. Half an hour later her mother screamed over the phone, "Your father is dying and he wants to see you." When she came to, fifteen minutes later, she discovered her mother and father had been in an automobile accident, on the way to her home.

She put in a rush call for her husband, Hoot Gibson, at the studio and together they dashed to the receiving hospital.

Nervous and shaken, she arrived home an hour later to find the colored cook gloriously pie-eyed and imagining herself a knife thrower. More wild calls for Hoot and the police, who finally quieted the hilarious cook and Sally went to bed with a nervous collapse.

Just one of those nice quiet days in Hollywood! Like the Western Front.

THE last show was over in a small Hollywood theater when, suddenly, the audience was startled to see a young woman bearing down upon the attendants with a wild gleam in her eye!

They recognized her as the star of the picture they had just seen, "Shanghai Express." It was the glamorous Dietrich herself. And mad as a wet hen!

It seems that certain scenes had been left out of the picture and Marlene was out to know why.

And who was to blame.

And while Josef Von Sternberg, the director, Marlene's husband, and Maurice Chevalier paced up and down before the theater, Dietrich and the operator argued.

It seems the operator ran the picture exactly as it came to the theater, and Marlene retired—still raging!

LOVELY Mary Astor, who has had more than her share of anguish, is about the happiest mama Hollywood has ever known.

Her little daughter, born in Honolulu, is the darling of her heart and the apple of both optics of the proud papa, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe.

Heaven knows Mary deserves such joy. Incidentally, a movement among joking chums to name the infant "Hula" was immediately squelched.

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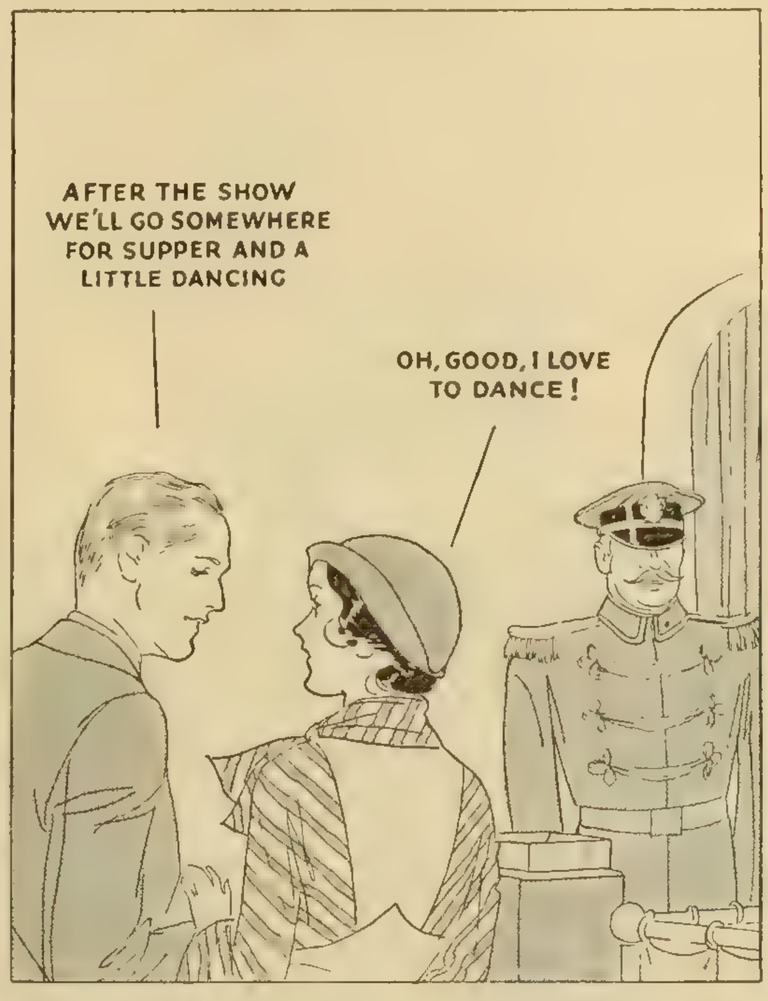
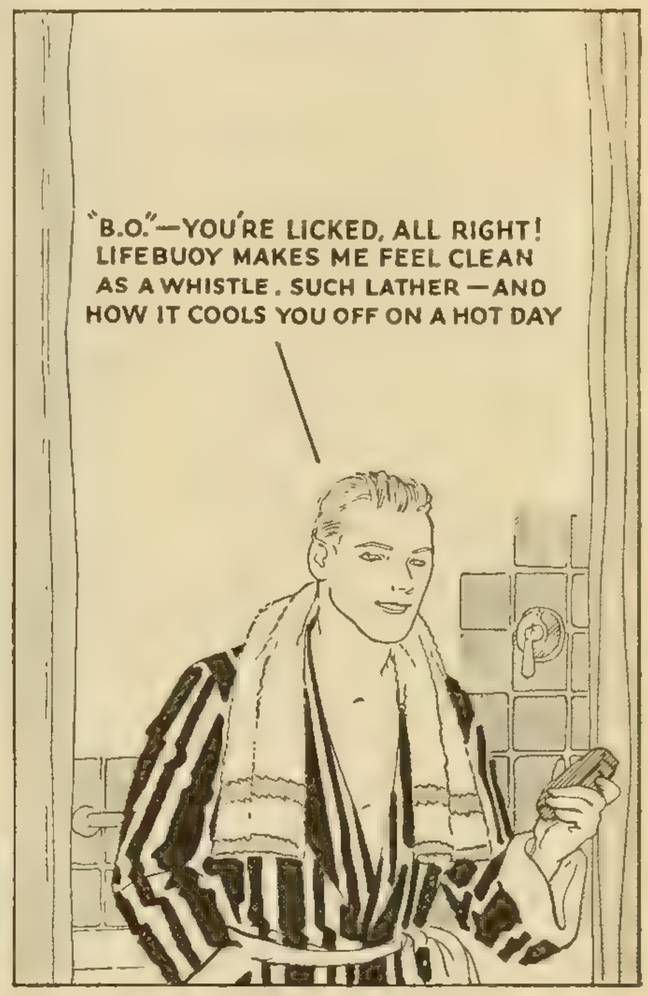
WHY DID SHE CHANGE HER MIND?.. by Timins





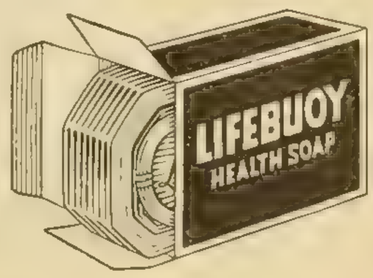
Beware of "B.O." (body odor)

these hot summer days

IT'S natural to perspire more in summer. But make *sure* that "B.O." (*body odor*) doesn't offend. Keep pores thoroughly cleansed and deodorized—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies*—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Great for complexion

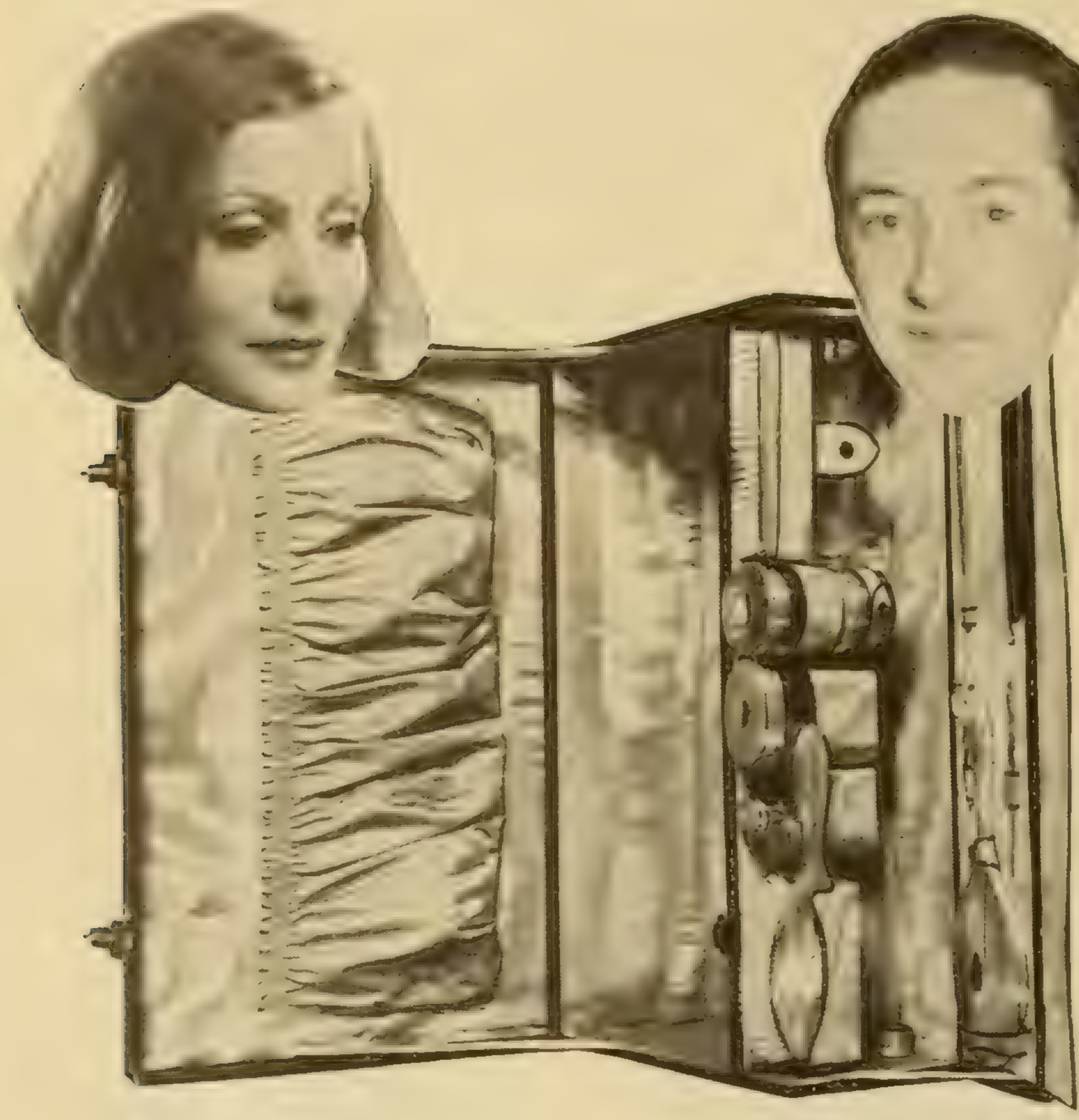
Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather *deep-cleanses* face pores—freshens the skin to glowing health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]



When rumor was rife that Garbo was going home her good boss Irving Thalberg, up there in the corner, gave her the most gorgeous traveling bag that could be designed, especially made by a high-class shop, Alexander and Oviatt. It is genuine maroon colored Morocco leather, twenty-two inches long, fourteen inches wide and six and a half inches high. The outside of the bag is simple and bears merely the square block monogram "G. G." Inside, the solid gold fittings are initialed like the outside. The glass containers are hand-etched and trimmed in solid gold. The lining is dark brown moiré. Leather from England, glass etched in Austria and gold from France. It took twelve months to make—a grand going-away present, but now they say she isn't going away. Well, it's a swell bag anyhow to think about using some day

WHEN the report that Garbo was going home was hottest, Supervisor Bernie Fineman was dispatched by the Powers to see if he could get the straight dope.

He decided to use craft. Going on the set, he held out his hand to Greta and said, "Well, goodbye, Miss Garbo."

He expected her to commit herself, one way or another.

But Greta just held out her paddy and said, "Oh, are you going away, Mr. Fineman?"

And Bernie retired in confusion, gnashing his teeth.

And some people have called her a dumb Swede!

JOAN BENNETT made a record on "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

She went through the entire **production** without muffing a line. Not one re-take was made!

When Janet Gaynor heard it, she determined to equal the record. She couldn't have any other young lady on her lot putting one over on her. So she bet director William K. Howard, her cameraman and the assistant director on "The First Year" that she would not make a mistake throughout the picture. Incidentally, W. K. Howard had megaphoned Joan through her glory, which gave Janet a double inspiration.

They were in the second week of the picture. Janet's throat went dry. The words wouldn't come! She stopped, walked from the set, shook hands with the three men she had bet and handed each his five dollars.

TRUST Tallulah!

Four of her wisdom teeth had to come out. "Take them out all at once!" ordered *la* Bankhead.

The dentist demurred. One this week, possibly one the next.

"Will you do it, or do I have to get someone else?"

Out they came—one immediately after the other!

The result—Tallulah lost ten pounds, and her gowns for "Devil and the Deep," which were all ready for her to start work with Gary Cooper, had to be made completely over. And she's still on a milk diet!

JOHN "PROFILE" BARRYMORE sure believes in looking out for posterity—especially his own.

For years Jack tried to make the exclusive Tuna Club of Catalina, and for years one old meanie blackballed him. At last the blackballer died, and John crashed merrily in.

A week after young Jack, Jr., was born Pop startled other members by putting baby up for membership.

"History must not repeat itself!" smiled the old man, as he filed the peppers with the membership committee.

HAS Spencer Tracy known hard luck? Has Spencer been down?

"Why listen," Spence said. "My pants were so thin that I could sit on a dime and tell whether it was heads or tails."

And, gentlemen, that's being down.

HERE'S a dainty tidbit to roll about the palate!

As you all know, Garbo never talks to people working on her set. It's a far stricter rule than the Moral Law.

But something happened during the making of "As You Desire Me" that still has the Metro lot gassing. No one but the flighty genius, Herr Eric Von Stroheim, crashed through that stone-wall reserve that cuts off the Swede from mere mortals.

Several times, on that set, Von was noted sitting on a chair, with the great woman sitting on the floor at his feet listening to the gems of wisdom that fell like pearls from his lips!

The end of the world would have caused less buzzing.

And I hear that the two have been seeing each other since the picture was finally put in the can and sent to the screens. Ah, we always said that Von had Something!

YOU'VE heard about that pin of jewels which Joan Blondell got from her sweetie, George Barnes? It's a basket with 102 diamonds, four rubies, three emeralds and two onyxes. She spent the first week after she received it showing it to everybody.

And one night when she arrived home it was gone! She was a mad person! She telephoned the studio. The night watchman went to her dressing room and found it on the floor, exactly where she had dropped it.

Now it's in a safety deposit box. "I only use it on Sundays," Joan said seriously, "I take it out every Saturday night and put it back every Monday morning. A girl as careless as I am can't risk it more than one day a week!"

THOSE who would have you believe Constance Bennett is high-hat beyond all endurance have probably forgotten that, after all, Connie is a lady of title who has never seen fit to advertise it!

For instance, her stationery and calling cards are free from the de Falaise coat of arms. Her limousine doors are ditto. The Christmas cards that go to business acquaintances bear the simple signature of Constance Bennett.

Those to close friends are signed "Constance and Henri de la Falaise."

Her secretary calls her Miss Bennett, her servants "Madame" but to the boys at the studio she's "Connie."

GARBO and Dietrich have the same tailor. And is that tailor on pins and needles about keeping their appointments straight!

For instance, it wouldn't do for Miss Garbo and Miss Dietrich to occupy the center of the stage at once, as neither girl will be bothered with curtained booths.

They take their fittings, like good fellows, out in the open.

And that tailor himself has a picnic trying Garbo's clothes on Dietrich and Dietrich's on Garbo without either girl knowing just whose clothes they are!

And do they go into raptures over each other's garments!

If they only knew!

For a going-away coat, Garbo spied a brown tweed coat that took her eye. Nothing would do but she must have that coat copied for herself.

It was. But what Greta didn't know was that the coat belonged to a Mr. Josef Von Sternberg.

And a copy of a coat belonging to Marlene's director will take itself back to Sweden.

Strange how the lives of these two women have crossed and recrossed without their ever meeting!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

This is what the French—the clever fellows—call *joie de vie*. But in good plain American it's Virginia Bruce doing nip-ups on the beach. What makes the lady so happy? Oh come now, you know! It's because she's engaged to be married to happy Jack Gilbert. And is he a lucky laddy!

2 smart shades of Cutex Liquid Polish

FREE

in generous trial bottles—with every purchase of Cutex Liquid Polish (Natural or Rose) or Polish Remover . . . See your dealer today.

Tinted Nails or Natural? BOTH—say Beauty Experts

BETTER take advantage of this grand new Cutex offer. Stop wrinkling your brows, the Beauty Experts say, over whether to tint or not to tint your nails. And just put your best thought on *which tint* to wear with *what dress*.

And once you get going you'll find this new fashion of Variety in nail polish can do a lot for you.

Rose nails worn with any of the new aquarelles will take you to tea anywhere! And Coral nails with white chiffon are guaranteed to bring you a whole flock of dance partners!

Anyway, don't wear the same color nails with red, green, blue and pink dresses. You might as well wear the same hat.

And right here is a good place to mention quality as well as color. Cutex has both. It won't crack, peel, streak or fade; and keeps its lustre a whole week! It even has a new bakelite cap with brush attached so the tip never touches your table top. Go ask your dealer for the two lovely sample shades to start with. Free, with the special offer!

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

NORTHAM WARREN
New York • Montreal • London • Paris

Cutex *Liquid Polish*.. **only 35¢**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

We'll bet that rows of expectant little girls looked at this stunning figure and wondered, "Do you suppose he's going to ask me to dance?" You'd never guess in a million reels—it's that rough screen guy, Edmund Lowe, when he was a gay ten year old blade and attended dancing class

"And if you hold still real good I'll buy you an all-day sucker," a fluttering mama probably said when this picture was made. Warner Baxter didn't know then that some day he'd be getting paid a lot of money for "holding still real good." This photo was snapped when he was four

Maurice Costello, with bundles from the ten cent store. Eddie Cantor, grey about the temples.

Ann Harding actually going into a beauty parlor. Tourists swooning at the sight of Gable in a yellow beret.

A loud screeching of brakes. Sightseers from Kansas, gazing open-eyed for stars, from their car, missing **Chevalier** by a hair's breadth. And never recognizing him! Marlene Dietrich and little Maria slip into a movie. Peter the Hermit, Hollywood's pet, swings along on bare feet, wearing a bright red beret. A living symbol of that boulevard called Hollywood!

WONDER if John Barrymore's performance in "Grand Hotel" has caused as much talk out of Hollywood as it has in? He's a straight leading man for the first time in years! No "Sea Beast" eccentricities, you know.

Most of Hollywood likes him better this way. In fact, most of the screen ladies would like a chance to play straight, undiluted romance with John—after seeing him make love to Garbo. He's getting as many "ohs" and "ahs" as Clark Gable did in "Possessed" with Joan Crawford.

Here's a funny thing! Jack plays a straight leading man after he's adopted a straight rôle in life. He used to be as eccentric off the screen as on. He was a weird one. Walked down Hollywood Boulevard singing in the wee hours of the morning, and all that. But now! A model husband! Father, for the second time. Home every night to help take care of wifie, Dolores Costello, and the babies.

BY the by, did you know that—

Ann Harding has been made an honorary colonel in the Rainbow Division in honor of her father, the late General Gatley—who had a war-time command in that outfit?

The Gablish Eskimo, Chee-Ak, hit of "Igloo," is half Jewish and half Eskimo, and is known in Hollywood as Harry Wise, a Fox cameraman?

Jackie Coogan, being seventeen, goes to Santa Clara College next fall?

Slim Summerville was the only "All Quiet" boy who wasn't knocked off during the story, and therefore rates a part in the sequel "The Road Back"?

George Arliss' real handle is George Augustus Andrews?

Hollywood shops are selling ducky little corsets for those plumpish male stars? And that they are selling plenty of them?

Ricardo Cortez, after starring in "Is My Face Red?" is now assigned to "The Man Without a Face"? Lay off Ric's face—it's fine.

Marie Dressler entertains more genuine swells than any other two people in Hollywood—but never talks about it?

IT'S Hollywood Boulevard—

He's a famous young director. Strolling along gazing into shop windows. Suddenly a young blonde swings into sight. They pause. Gaze hungrily at each other. He speaks. She snubs him. Then a few steps farther along stumbles over a curb. Eyes dimmed with tears. He rushes to aid her. She shakes him off. They were divorced just six months ago!

Mickey Mouse is the favorite star of Europe and all countries have immortalized both Mickey and Minnie. French children read, with delight, "Les Adventures de Mickey," and prize their Mickey and Minnie toys (right) made of felt, wool and wire. Note the addition to the family. At the left is an American Mickey and in the center a German craftsman's version of *Mickey Maus*. Best bars in Germany feature a Mickey cocktail!

REMEMBER Clara Kimball Young, a great and famous star of just a few years ago?

Now almost forgotten, and lying ill from injuries, Clara's beautiful furnishings, various objects of art and a beautiful lace handkerchief given her by Queen Marie, have been sold at auction. The lovely costumes worn by Miss Young in her former pictures, remained unsold. No one, it seems wanted these reminders of the days when Clara played in "My Official Wife," "The Deep Purple," and the rest.

Moving into smaller quarters, Miss Young no longer had room for her treasures.

Clara's accident brought out the fact that she's been married four years!

OVERHEARD in the Brown Derby. Two beautiful brunettes were talking.

"No," one said, "I don't go out with actors any more. They're as nice as any other fellows for a while, but I never knew one that wouldn't, eventually, right out of a clear sky, go profile on you!"

EVER hear of ptomaine bringing two souls together?

They tell a funny one of how ZaSu Pitts became friends with Garbo.

ZaSu was cast for a comedy part in one of Garbo's earlier films, and the first day of the shooting, ZaSu was seized with a case of ptomaine. Not wanting to lose the part, ZaSu went onto the set and took her ptomaine with her.

Between scenes she sat off in a corner, a sad and lonely figure.

Garbo spied her and thinking that here, too, was a kindred soul aloof from the world, they became fast friends.

BEN LYON, as you know, is one of Hollywood's best aviators. "How do the producers feel about all this fancy flying?" some one asked Ben.

"That," grinned Ben, "depends mostly on what they think of your last picture!"

THAT little Southern babe, Una Merkel, strolled into a fortune teller's recently for a reading.

"Don't worry, dear," the soothsayer said, "you'll find the right man soon. In fact you'll be married within the year."

And poor Una walked out a bit groggy. She has been a happy bride for six months!

RAMON NOVARRO had planned to scud over to Europe this summer to begin his memoirs, dash off a novel and so on. He's deadly serious about a writing career. Instead, he decided to stick closer to home. So he's bought a hideaway ranch as a writing retreat, and won't tell a soul where it is. Peek-a-boo, Ramon!

NOT so many years ago Joan Crawford was trying to promote a romance between a little dancer and that big, blond football hero, Marshall Duffield.

The romance didn't quite come off, but the dancer, whom Joan called her "protege" with a note of pride in the voice, was Ann Dvorak—the feminine sensation of "Scarface" and the girl they'll all tell you is halfway to big-time stardom already! When Joan was introducing her around, everybody thought it was just another case of Crawford enthusiasm on the loose. How wrong they were!

OILY-HAIRED GIRLS

see what the microscope reveals about your hair

Oily hair—limp, lank, stringy. How distressing it looks in a close-up!

Now look at the micro-diagram. That object which looks like a tree trunk is really a hair magnified many times. See the little plume-like sacs beside it? These are sebaceous (oil) glands. They empty oil (really grease) to lubricate your scalp and hair. There are *over 900 of these oil glands* to every square inch of scalp!

You can really understand why your hair looks greasy if every one of the 900 glands per inch is just a *little over-active.*

The Packer Company has made a shampoo especially for oily hair . . . Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo . . . This is a mildly *astringent* shampoo.

Use it as often as you need to—every three or four days, if necessary. Notice how soft and fluffy it leaves your hair.

FOR DRY HAIR . . . Packer also makes an emollient shampoo for *dry* hair: Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo. This shampoo contains nothing which tends to dry out the scalp. Because it contains soothing, softening glycerine, it leaves the hair silkier and easier to manage.

NEW! PACKER'S SCALPTONE —the first hair preparation that is really your own prescription for your own case. Make it *astringent* for *oily* hair, or *oily* for *dry* hair—simple directions with each bottle tell how.

FREE: 32-page illustrated book "The Care of the Hair." For your copy, write PACKER, Dept. 16-H, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

PACKER'S

PINE TAR SHAMPOO

FOR OILY HAIR

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

FOR DRY HAIR

Remember! The DOCTOR knows best

There is no excuse for taking the slightest gamble with your health by using laxatives made by secret formulas.

The odds are all against you.

When makers refuse to divulge their formulas for doctors to study, it is probably because they realize that such formulas might not meet with medical approval.

Harmful after-effects may hide behind laxatives with secret formulas. Such laxatives, often habit-forming, do more harm than good.

Doctors approve of Ex-Lax

A laxative, says the doctor, should be mild and gentle.
It should not rush food through the stomach.
It should not disturb digestion.
It should limit its action to the intestines.
It should not gripe.
It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on each of these requirements.

The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein, a laxative known to the medical profession throughout the world.

This phenolphthalein, in the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—is combined with a delicious chocolated base, which makes Ex-Lax popular with children.

Ex-Lax acts by bringing the bowels back to gentle activity. It stimulates the intestines, does not "whip" them into action.

Insist on Ex-Lax to get Ex-Lax results

Just "*any*" chocolate laxative won't do! Get genuine Ex-Lax—take it tonight! At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. A82
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name.....
Address.....
.....

THE beautiful, hand-painted bedroom suites, the lovely furniture, the exquisite appointments and even the beautiful house itself, in which Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey spent many happy and hectic years in Hollywood, went on the auction block recently. Every last thing to be sold. No memories left behind!

And then the crowd gathered. And the things they went after! The golden key to Culver City that had been presented to Jack was grabbed off for thirty-five cents. A plump person fought madly for Jack's rub-down table and got it. Estelle's make-up box went for a pretty penny.

It wasn't the exquisite furnishings and imported carpets the crowd seemed to crave so much as those little intimate things of Jack's and Estelle's. Worn-out punching bags, discarded boxing gloves, toilet sets, all found ready buyers. The nine-room English house still remained unsold after the auction, but of the many little sentimental belongings of Jack and Estelle, not one remained!

JACKIE COOPER, who won't be nine years old until September, is a thoroughly disillusioned young man. He is definitely off dames and Mitzi Green is to blame.

Mitzi—one of those "older women" in every man's life—double-crossed Jackie, and young Cooper is pretty sore about it.

"I spent plenty money on Mitz," he said, bitterly, "about five dollars every time she came to Malibu. And what did she do? She threw me over for Junior Coghlan!"

ANN HARDING isn't finding it so pleasant all alone in the old family mansion except for a mess of servants. Hollywood police hurried to the place when someone telephoned "Help! Murder!" They found that the yowling of a stray pup had kept the whole Harding household awake. Just how anybody figured murder out of that no one knows. No doubt the cops muttered into their long white beards as they went back to their checker game. The point seems to be that Annie is a bit lonely.

Here's how to make cellophane accessories. Rochelle Hudson's hands show you. But that's Gloria Stuart decked out in belt, hat band and bracelet. Cut the cellophane cigarette wrapping to three and a half by three inches. Fold lengthwise through center. Open it and fold two edges to meet center fold. Fold in center again and press fold to a sharp ridge. Fold this strip once more and you have a piece of cellophane about half an inch wide, three and a half inches long and eight thicknesses. This strip is folded in center, opened again, and the two edges folded to meet at center ridge. That's the first link in bracelet or belt. Repeat process with a second piece of same size. Slip the two ends of one oblong through the opening of the other and you have a V-shaped piece. Slip third link through end of those already joined and the belt is started. Keep that up for about fifty links and sew on buckle or clasp. The bracelet must end in links that can be fastened together. Pull out ends of one link and put them through ends of link to which it is to be fastened. Turn in these ends and push them into place through center of other link. There, that's the whole trick. It's Hollywood's newest fad!

THREE names pop from the great past of pictures.

Lillian Gish has been playing pore ole Camille way out thar in Central City, Colorado. It's an attempt to make the famous old mining camp, long abandoned, a headquarters for the summer-tourist drama.

June Caprice (does THAT name take you back, old-timer?) has been doing a little suing in Hollywood. What an ethereal beauty June was in her Fox starring days—blonde, and oh how wistful!

And Betty Bronson, whose Peter Pan was the beginning and practically the end of her great film career, has gone thoroughly domestic. Married to one Ludwig Lauerhaus, a financier, she has settled down quietly in the mountains of Asheville, N. C. "Mrs. Lauerhaus now has no picture ideas," says the spouse, in all **sincerity.**

THE latest Hollywood Advance-in-Civilization note—

Lil Tashman is having a glass bed made for herself, to go with her white boudoir. Is that the sort of item that starts revolutions?

IT doesn't make such a lot of difference to Bill Haines any more about pictures! When he took that wallop of a cut on his salary at Metro, he turned his wholesale attention to his antique shop. And is he making good? Just ask him! He's down to work every morning at nine, doesn't leave until six, and has had to hire two assistants. Of twelve commissions for interior decorating, his biggest is the new Chester Morris estate.

THEN there's that prize *bon mot* of a Hollywood wit. Some one told him Columbia was filming a picture called, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." "Hmm" the wit said, "not sexy enough. Should be called "The Bitter Yen of General Tea!"

A HOLLYWOOD trade paper carried a spicy tale of an unnamed but prominent comedian on a major lot. And the next day five studios phoned into the paper wanting to know how they dare say such things about their star. Ah, these funny men in the movies!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Radio Contest Winners!

HERE are the capital prize winners in the last two PHOTOPLAY Radio Contests. Winner of first prize, the Rockne car in Contest No. 8, which was broadcast June 6, was Harriet H. Tuttle, 75 River Street, Comstock, Mich.; and in Contest No. 9, which was broadcast June 13, was Bee Nolan, 301 E. Masterson, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Other winners in Contest No. 8 were: 2nd prize, Abbie E. Sargent, 70 Congress Ave., Providence, R. I.; 3rd prize, Mrs. M. Elizabeth Crooker, 241 Shaubut St., Mankato, Minn.; 4th prize, Miss Virginia L. Tyler, 6 Washington Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Other winners in Contest No. 9 were: 2nd prize, Helen P. Power, 2523 University Ave., New York, N. Y.; 3rd prize, Genevieve Ziller, 1115 35th Ave., Meridian, Miss.; 4th prize, Mrs. Paul E. Thompson, Box No. 25, Winkelman, Arizona.

In addition to the eight capital prize winners two hundred other prizes were awarded, one hundred in each contest.

The Only Permanent Wave I Will Recommend

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

"One of the irresistible features of appealing charm and loveliness, is soft, alluring wavy hair," says Constance Cummings. "I advise women everywhere to secure a soft, flowing permanent wave with the Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair—the appealing beauty you've longed for—can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Wave. Make sure you get it . . . Mail us the coupon below and we will send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper; an interesting booklet on the care of your hair, and a complete list of hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Waves. Take the Vita Tonic Wrapper with you when going for your permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your hairdresser . . . Assure yourself of getting a genuine Vita Tonic Wave . . . **See that no harmful imitations are used.**

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FREE...If you will send us 10c to cover our mailing expense, we will also send you a tube of Frederics Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and a tube of Frederics Vita Tonic Shampoo.

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Name..... *City*.....
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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

Lippman

If you've seen "The Dark Horse" you know that Guy Kibbee is one of funniest actors —what's more, he isn't one of those *Pagliacci* guys with a smile to hide the tear, for there aren't any tears. That neat little bundle under his arm is his six-months baby daughter, Shirley Ann Kibbee

MAURICE CHEVALIER has refused a portable dressing room! Which puts him in the Garbo class. She's the only other one to have refused this Hollywood luxury.

Most of the stars use their tiny palaces to learn their lines, sleep, relax, and so on. When the studio offered him such a retreat at the beginning of "Love Me Tonight," he said that he learned his lines and did his sleeping at home.

He would spend his time, when not working himself, behind the cameras watching others work. "I might learn something," he added. Attaboy, Morry, old boy!

KAY FRANCIS and Kenneth MacKenna are hopping about Europe just now—Kay's first real holiday since she hit Hollywood over three years ago.

Three months of glorious rambling over the old world, that's the reward for Kay and Ken. Serious-minded, they are taking in the great Reinhardt drama festival at Salzburg. Then they will go to the island of Majorca to do a bit of fancy loafing. Then home to the chain-gangs of Hollywood again.

DID the jealousy between Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey get the better of Wheeler, or was it his desire to play vaudeville with Dorothy Lee?

Woolsey doesn't know. It wasn't salary, because a year and a half ago when the two had their big split about money, Radio made the pay checks equal, approximately $2,000 per week each.

When Woolsey discovered his side-kick had jumped East without even a by-your-leave and left their Columbia contract for a picture flat, he lit out for Mexico. Going to see about a bull-fight story and get local color.

When he returns, he plans to get another partner (possibly Harry Langdon) and produce the yarn himself—unless some company ups and finances it for him!

DON'T get too excited about those little black cigars that Garbo smokes in her last picture "As You Desire Me." For, believe it or not, they aren't cigars, fans! They're just plain cigarettes in exotic black wrappings. A new fad, maybe?

IF you don't think Claudette Colbert had a tough time during her first week of work on "The Man From Yesterday" with Clive **Brook,** list to this, my children:

They called for the picture to begin on the day she was moving into her new home in the Outpost estates. And if you've never tried moving and starting a picture on the same day, you ain't had no difficulties.

The next day, Hollywood discovered that her husband, Norman Foster, was not moving into the house with her. He had taken his own place. There were twenty reporters on the set when she arrived and there were twenty-five at her home when she returned that night. And if you've never tried telling forty-five men that you live separately from your husband because it makes love more interesting, that it doesn't mean divorce—then you've never tried talking!

And the third day, she came down with a case of sinus. Result of too much nervous excitement. Stop work? Of course not. The picture was in production. But she did have to report to the doctor twice a day for treatments. And if you've never tried sneaking off a set twice a day—you've never tried sneaking.

And the fourth day her mother arrived from New York for a visit. Her mother has been ill —is recuperating. And the fifth—Claudette threw up her hands. "I am nuts, simply nuts! I can't talk to anyone or see anyone!"

And now they'll probably call her temperamental! Ye gods!

WALTER WINCHELL, the columnist, was in Hollywood recovering from a nervous breakdown. Everyone protected Walter's shattered nerves—except Buster Keaton. Walter was in Buster's dressing room when Buster's colored man entered and rarg a big cow-bell. Winchell grasped the arms of his chair and shuddered.

"Tea time," Buster explained.

A few moments later the boy entered with a huge tray of tea things. Just inside the door he dropped them. The crash sent Winchell from his chair.

"Something for your column," Buster muttered.

AUGUST Garbo fashion note for Seymour's attention. The Noisy One buys a lot of her duds at a little shop in Beverly Hills. As this is written, three pairs of mannish grey "walking pants" await her call. No bane got dough, Gret old girl?

THAT old rascal, Guy Kibbee, such a sensation in "The Dark Horse," furnished at least one sector of Hollywood with the loudest howl of any recent month.

In the picture Guy is forced to crawl through a barbed-wire fence clad only in a suit of full length woolen underwear. At a crucial moment, with the cameras grinding, a responsible button came off!

"Seamstress! Seamstress!" yowled Kibbee, prancing around holding himself together.

And while a director and ten electricians lay on the ground, screaming, the lady with the needle was found, and she repaired the damage and Guy's shattered nerves.

GONE, with the coming of the mike, are the clever little two and three-piece orchestras that whipped the emotions of many a Hollywood movie star into rare bits of acting before a camera.

All except the two-piece orchestra of one of our biggest stars, Richard Dix. Dix still maintains the same two musicians he employed years ago. A pretty Spanish girl, Dolores Ordocqui, plays the violin and Eddie Frazer drags about his little portable organ from set to set.

And while Richard tramps majestically up and down the stage, repeating his lines aloud and gesturing wildly, the midget band sends out the thrilling notes of "St. Louis Blues!"

During the actual shooting of the scene, the entire orchestra rests, but once let the scene be filmed, and "St. Louis Blues" once again goes trilling out over the sound stage.

During the making of "Roar of the Dragon," with Chinese children scurrying in and out of the sound stage, Richard was pacing madly up and down an Oriental garden while off in a corner the faithful little orchestra wailed out that hotsy-totsy torch song:

"I hate to see that evenin' sun go down."

Adrianne Allen wears this stunning outfit in "Merrily We Go to Hell." The color scheme is beige, from the cleverly arranged fox trimming to the very new square-crowned felt hat. Note that Adrianne wears her veil under her hat brim, rather than over it. Her gloves and shoes are brown

In these scorching days your *Skin* gets *Thirsty* too!

Restore its natural moisture with this famous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

WHEN the sun's hot rays beat down on your skin, the tissues soon dry up . . . grow drawn and shriveled.

Little lines creep in under the eyes. Around the mouth. Your skin peels, flakes, wrinkles. Lacking vital moisture, the glands get "thirsty" . . . Something *must* be done!

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder replaces the missing, natural oils. Its unique *Olive Oil* base (found in no other powder) keeps your skin marvelously smooth and supple . . . gives your face the radiant glow of youth. Satiny in texture, OUTDOOR GIRL *clings* for hours. Yet, it is soft, dry and fluffy as any powder you have used.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover how it will protect your complexion . . . keep it young and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Regular size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the *Olive Oil* and Lightex face powders and the new *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

Lightex in the red box for oily skins . . . With *Olive Oil* in the purple box for normal skins.

Crystal Laboratories, Dept. Y-8,
130 Willis Ave., New York
Enclosed find 4c in stamps for which please send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.
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OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

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CREAM OR POWDER
REMOVES HAIR

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HOW TO REMOVE THEM
A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.
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HERE'S THE LATEST FAD

PHOTOPLAY has received so many requests for a pocket photo case that we've had a special one designed for our readers.

The case is made of handsome embossed leatherette—suitable for pocket or handbag.

Complete with a picture of any one movie star listed below—10c.

Carry your favorite movie star's photo

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 8
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I am enclosing 10c. Please send me the photo case and the star's picture I have checked.

☐ Marlene Dietrich ☐ George Arliss
☐ Constance Bennett ☐ Wallace Beery
☐ Norma Shearer ☐ Lionel Barrymore
☐ Greta Garbo ☐ Joan Crawford
☐ Ann Harding ☐ Marie Dressler
☐ Ramon Novarro ☐ Barbara Stanwyck
☐ Maurice Chevalier ☐ Jean Harlow
☐ Clark Gable ☐ Janet Gaynor
☐ Ronald Colman ☐ Helen Hayes

Name .....
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All the glory of *WHOLE* TOMATOES

in this famous Cocktail

Among all Nature's gifts, none is more temptingly delicious, more heavily laden with healthful properties than the *whole* tomato. And nowhere is its glory so reflected as in original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail.

It's the utmost in full-bodied, full-flavored tomato juice; made from the finest *whole* tomatoes; hand picked—and then blended into an invigorating, spicy cocktail. It's packed by the new, exclusive Hi-Vita process; preserves all the original delicate flavor and vitamins.

Always put up in glass containers—you see what's inside—and the new cap is amazingly easy to take off.

Insist upon original College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Compared to most *canned* juices it's like fresh, rich, creamy, whole cream instead of thin, watery milk.

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

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Keystone

Charlie Chaplin believes in that old wheeze about doing in Rome as the Romans do—but whoever said anything about Japan? Was Charlie fussed when he had to sit cross-legged when he was invited to tea in Japan—and how could he crook his little finger when there wasn't any handle on the cup? Why, he even has his shoes off and doesn't seem any too happy about it either. But the real Japanese thought it was a swell joke

NILS ASTHER wanted to become an American citizen. Red tape made it necessary for him to go to a foreign country and re-enter this one. He went just across the border into Mexico.

There was a week of restless waiting. Then the word came. He dashed into the United States. Dashed so fast that two miles from the border he was arrested for speeding and put in jail for several hours, until his identity could be proven.

Beginning his citizenship in jail was not according to Nils' expectations!

THE Bright Young Son of one of Hollywood's most noted directors nearly gave Pop a stroke the other night. In the midst of dinner, at which guests were present, Junior piped up with—

"Dad, what kind of meat is this?"

"Lamb, my boy," answered unsuspecting pap. "Why?"

"I wondered," said the precious child. "You said you were having a muttonhead for dinner!"

ARE you as loyal to your work as many movie stars are to theirs? Do you work with a raging temperature and broken bones, for days and weeks at a time? Do I? Don't be silly!

In no line of work are people as faithful even to giving up their lives for their labor.

Robert Williams had appendicitis. He knew it. But rather than hold up a production that meant a fortune to the studio and possible stardom for him, he kept on.

You know the result.

Gary Cooper is another who came near making the supreme sacrifice for his work. Eight pictures in twelve months, and his health completely broke. Another month, doctors say, and Gary Cooper would have followed Robert Williams.

Lila Lee and Renee Adoree worked themselves into a sanitarium. Lon Chaney is another who sacrificed his life for the work he loved.

Joan Crawford danced for three days in "Grand Hotel" with a sprained ankle. Try it sometime. Gavin Gordon made "Romance" with a broken collar bone.

Barbara Stanwyck worked for weeks with an injured back, and had to be carried from set to set.

Today, studios try to be more careful of an actor's health.

But the feverish devotion to their work is hard to combat. They work when they're well and when they're broken and ill. And that's more than most of us do.

WHY, Connie!

It seems Miss Bennett, who receives more proposals through the mail than any ten other movie stars, received a letter from an ardent admirer.

"I hope you will never play the rôle of a good girl on the screen," it read. "I take so much **pleasure** in seeing you go wrong."

She does do it beautifully, at that!

MOTHERS of America are largely agog. A new disease called "Tarzanitis" seems to be sweeping the country.

Doctors are being called on to treat countless fractures, sprains, contusions and plain bumps among the small fry. That's because every kid in the land is playing Tarzan—leaping off garages, hanging from trees by their tails and diving headlong into plates of pea soup. The casualties are terrible.

It's always that way. The old Doug Fairbanks leaping pictures always caused an epidemic of bruises and worse among the small boys.

If Doug could leap off a castle, they could at least jump from the barn roof.

And "Robin Hood!" How many little sisters got an arrow in them somewhere while big brother was just playing the outlaw of Sherwood Forest!

BARBARA BEBE LYON, eight months old, was allowed to visit her father on the set the other day.

But business is business, so papa Ben had to get on with his work, daughter looking on.

Microphone was swung into place, camera set. A tense scene. Rapid fire of dialogue.

A moment of silence. And Miss Barbara Bebe, daughter of efficient scene-snatchers, took advantage of it to express her approval of her father's work in her own language.

Of course the scene was ruined. But was father nettled? Not atall. Not atall.

He rushed over to the sound man.

"Isn't that wonderful? It's the first time her voice was ever recorded. How did it sound?"

The cost of the shot was estimated at about $500. Did papa offer to pay for it?

"What? Me pay for the scene? You should pay me for the record of her voice."

The beginning of Miss Lyon's career in the talkies?

SOMEBODY thought it would be a good idea to find out what stars are popular in the South American countries. What would be your guess? Lupe, maybe, eh? Or Del Rio?

Guess again. None other than the Swedish Garbo herself remains the favorite of the Latins. Ramon Novarro was the only Latin in which the South Americans displayed more than average interest. But Chevalier. That Maurice. Whoops, my dear. They go Chevalier crazy.

And the favorite comedians? Laurel and Hardy. That pitiful whimpering of Stan's is sending the South Americans into hysterics.

WHEN the Junior Leaguers held their national convention in Los Angeles recently, guess what movie sheik almost stopped the show? The girls went for him in such a way that he was unable to utter a word of his speech for five minutes.

Did I hear you say Gable? Nope—it was good old Wally Beery himself! Ah there, Wally!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

"This part requires a lot of strong emotional power, Jake—give 'em all you've got"

They* are wearing Bon Ton
Tu-Way
TRADEMARK
FOUNDATIONS
For Dancing . . . For Tennis . . . For Golf
. . For Comfort . . For Coolness . . For Style
Step-Ins $3.50 up . . Dualistes $5 up
See Your Nearest Bon Ton Dealer
*The World's Most Beautiful Women

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

SPEAKING of Barbara and Frank Fay, here's the low-down on this independence of the Stanwyck gal.

It's the truth that she thinks more of Frank than careers, fortunes, and so on. She is simply old-fashionedly mad about her husband. And she wants any studio with which she is connected to hire her husband.

And when he's on the lot, getting a chance, she's perfectly happy.

She's as meek as a lamb, and does what anyone asks her.

But when a studio won't hire Frank, whom she honestly considers the world's greatest actor, she's mad. She hates them for wanting her and not him.

Hollywood calls her temperamental. Executives, who aren't used to wives who put a husband's career first, call her crazy. I think she's a breath of fresh air in this egotistical, self-centered city.

DISAPPOINTMENT in Hollywood means as much to the rich as the poor.

Take the case of Margaret Perry, daughter of Antoinette Perry, actress and directress of plays. Margaret is eighteen and wealthy. When she's twenty-one she comes into an independent fortune.

She brought to Hollywood the maid who has cared for her since she was a baby, and an aunt to chaperone her.

You'd think a kid with a golden spoon like that wouldn't let this business upset her. But when she read the review of her only picture, "New Morals For Old" in a Hollywood trade paper the morning following the preview, she took the next train for Denver. Rushed home to mamma and the folk who love her in spite of the fact that a naughty reviewer said she was a very bad actress.

A New York writer said she ran away from a boy friend. 'Taint so. She was too well chaperoned during her short stay in Hollywood to get her heart involved. She ran away from professional heartbreak. For, in spite of the gold spoon, her one ambition has been to become a Norma Shearer.

Margaret shouldn't base her all on one reviewer.

PHOTOPLAY thought she did well for a newcomer. And her second might have proved a sensation. Who knows?

Now that we are all trying to make one dress look like several, novel ideas like this one are welcome. Ruth Mannix can have long or short sleeves for her polka dotted frock. She merely buttons or unbuttons long sleeves that look like gauntlets. The sleeves removed, reveal a short sleeve attractively cuffed in lace. Tricky, what?

Hendrickson

Here's China's contribution to the cinema, and if that most dramatic young woman on Richard Dix's right knee isn't a second Anna May Wong in the making we'll eat our hat and a couple of reels of film. These kids, brought from Los Angeles' Chinatown, appear with Richard in "Roar of the Dragon," and if you asked one of them about his "vellee honorable ancestors," he'd probably answer, "Oh you mean grandpop. He's okay"

DIRECTOR Mervyn Le Roy went to see "Grand Hotel." When he came out, he turned to girl-friend Ginger Rogers with: "The title should have been 'Cramped Hotel.' Did you ever see so many actors trying to get into a camera at one time?"

GRETA GARBO attended the preview of "As You Desire Me" with her friend, Mercedes D'Acosta.

And that, chums, is news in Hollywood!

Only one person save those in the preview section knew Garbo was in the house. That was a small boy who sat across the aisle. When she left, he streaked after her.

No—she didn't scrawl in his autograph album. That would have been simply TOO **sensational.** But the kid did see Garbo, which is more than most of this starving world does!

A COUPLE of good Hollywood husbands are on the loose!

Chartering the Cecil B. De Mille yacht, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Robert Montgomery have sailed away on a fishing trip through Mexican waters.

Anxious to gather proper atmosphere for "Revolt," his next picture with a Russian background, Doug attended the Russian Art Club the night before he and Bob sailed and in a truly Fairbanks manner, invited the entire Russian orchestra to join them.

Three days later Doug wired in from the briny deep—"Sending back the Russians. They got seasick on me."

Mrs. Montgomery is visiting in New York and Joan Crawford, Doug's wife, is off on location making "Rain."

AND all the time we thought we were society! But just read those Hollywood papers and see where movie stars stand among the "400" of Beverly Hills! Society parties and luncheons there are galore, and not a movie name among them. Not even a Pickford! There is no place in the world as snobbish in its exclusiveness as Beverly Hills.

One might live next door to a famous movie star, but one doesn't invite one's neighbors to one's party. Not if Beverly Hills society knows it, he doesn't.

And it might interest you to know that there are two "sets" in that exclusive society.

One who will in a generous moment, accept an invitation to a film star's home, and those who never do. And never will, according to Cholly Angelo, society reporter.

But when one of New York's blueblooded "400" visits the land of sunshine and oranges, they make a bee line for Mary Pickford or Marion Davies and the hotsy-totsy of Beverly Hills can chew their nails all they want.

We're a curiosity to New York, but to Beverly Hills we're just "those people next door." We don't **count** it seems.

TALK about economy in the movies!

A large part of "Tiger Shark," Eddie Robinson's latest, is being filmed at sea. The picture shows the catching, transportation and unloading of tuna fish.

Warner Brothers hired a tuna boat for the purpose, and then instructed the men to actually catch enough fish to pay for the rental of the boat.

And they did! They stayed out until they had 85 tons, which they sold to a cannery and made expenses.

In the old days—what a feed for the pelicans!

HOLLYWOOD has gone nuts on cottage cheese! One restaurant serves it four ways. You can use it with sour cream, with chives or in the form of a salad. It's supposed to be reducing—but the joke is, it's really fattening!

GARBO'S dressing room is separated from Joan Crawford's by only a phone booth. Though the ladies never meet, sounds are audible from one to't other.

Greta's colored Alma and Joan's sepia Alice have become quite pally, lately. Garbo watched the friendship blossom without comment. Then, as she and Alma were descending the stairs one day, they came face to face with Alice.

Garbo stopped dead.

"Alma, is dis Alice?" she asked.

"Yes'm," replied Alma, wondering if she were in for a scolding for occasional gossip-sessions.

Greta turned loose one of her now-and-then million-candle-power smiles.

"Hello, Alice!" she said, while Alice seemed in a fainting condition.

This is sort of a silly story, after all. "Hello, Alice!" What's that? Just forget I ever brought it up.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

"The producer signed me even before he heard my voice"

Release the enchanting Beauty in your Eyes

by the simple magic of the NEW, improved NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

It's in *your* eyes right now—that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

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That "Second Valentino" Curse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

an actor almost spontaneously—and like Jimmy, he scored his first smash success in the rôle of a slit-eyed, cool-nerved gangman.

Raft left school in the seventh grade, by special request.

He boxed some. Then he found himself, somehow, dancing professionally at the Manhattan Casino.

There was no such word as "gigolo" then, with its nastier implications.

Georgie, throughout his Broadway club and cafe career, was a "dancing partner." It was just a job, like juggling trays—only a little pleasanter.

He had plenty of partners, for it was in the time of the Valentino madness, and that fatal resemblance attracted wide attention.

Broadway night-life knew him well. In 1927 he worked for Texas Guinan, whose cry of "Hello, sucker!" has been heard 'round the world.

Stepping into the spotlight nightly, he hurled himself into a hot dance.

Then he retired to a quiet corner of Tex's old "300 Club" and sat quietly with the boys. Tex gave him a pair of gold-plated garters. He still wears 'em.

THE Guinan chorus girls like Georgie—called him "The Old Black Snake." They still do.

The boys' pet name for him is "Jig-ie." Even my feeble brain figures that as a diminutive of "gigolo."

The scene changes—1927 to 1932. It is the opening night of a new Texas Guinan club.

Again Raft is sitting in the place.

But this time, when the spotlight hits him, Georgie just gets up and takes a bow or two. For he is the new movie wow—the panic of "Scarface"—the lad all the girls are moaning about. That's Broadway fame—it's the knighthood of night life!

What things can happen to a dancing boy in a few years!

GEORGIE is a man's man, for all his slick good looks, slim figure, nifty clothes. He likes to gather with "the boys." He knows most of the figures in the sport world. His pal is Jimmie ("Schnozzle") Durante. He is a free cusser when roused, and can use his fists for something beside scooping food. In short, a very handy guy to have on your side in a dispute.

His flicker shot is another movie miracle—F. O. B. Hollywood!

He was out there "just looking around"—palling with the New York crowd, Durante, and that lot.

Director Rowland Brown saw him in the Brown Derby one night. "I want a menace with sex appeal," said Brown to Raft. "You're it!"

The next morning he went to work in "Quick Millions."

Again the quick eye of a director had started a nobody on the road to being plenty somebody!

"Dancers in the Dark" followed, with Georgie giving Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie stiff competition.

The stage was set for his "Scarface" triumph.

And when it came, it was a roar!

Not long ago I attended a showing of "Scarface" at the famous Rialto Theater, New York.

The picture ended, and a spotlight hit the stage.

Into it stepped George Raft, for a bow.

Just a few years before he had worked in a presentation on that very stage, for a few dollars a night!

Heigho, what a world when the breaks are with you!

A strong, silent boy, this Raft—not one to monkey with.

He lives inconspicuously in Hollywood, with a pal.

He speaks some Italian and fluent Broadway American.

He knows everyone there is to know in New York night life, high and low, harmless and dangerous. He has potent friends who wish him well.

Oh, he'll get on, Georgie will! He laughs off the old "Second Valentino" hoodoo, that has inflated so many skulls and dumped over so many careers, since he toiled as a dancing boy for a few pence.

IS "Scarface" to be a second "Miracle Man" as a star-maker? Will it do for Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak and Georgie Raft what its predecessor did for Meighan, Compson and Chaney? I, for one, shouldn't be a bit startled if it did!

Whatever happens, olive-skinned Georgie Raft is up there, in there, doing mighty **fine.** He'll play anything, do anything, act anything the bosses want.

For he's had a taste of film fame—and it's sweet upon his palate.

And don't call him a "second Rudy"—and don't do anything to him that isn't nice! For he has a cold and meaningful eye!

Have You That "Desk-Chair Spread"?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

in your mouth, actually chewing it. This makes it mix with the natural saliva and digests easily.

Many women have told me that diets made them feel weak on account of the effect on their nerves.

You won't feel weak on my diet, I'll guarantee you that!

And women and girls of any age can take my diet, my exercices and my prescribed number of hours sleep.

And now a word to you girls who want to put on weight in spots—on the back, the arms, the neck.

There is but one way to do that.

Get plump all over and then take off the surplus weight in spots.

That's what Connie Bennett had to do, you know.

I worked to put a little more weight all over her and then took off the parts that weren't necessary.

For anything can be done. Flesh can be squeezed and slapped away.

Even bow legs can be made to look less bowed.

I did that for one very famous star.

You can do it, too, by taking off all the flesh on the outside of the legs and leaving flesh on the inside.

But right now I might as well tell you that I can't change bone formation and if you have bow-legs all you can do is camouflage them as I've explained. A girl told me she had a prominent jaw line and flesh along it. She can mould off that flesh, but she can't change the jaw bone.

And another begs to know what to do for a large head. Did you ever hear anything so silly?

Does she think I can tell her how to reduce the skull?

What she can do is to choose her clothes cleverly and wear her hair smartly so that the head will not *look* as prominent as it is.

You must work out your own salvation about lots of things.

If one side of your back is larger than the other or one hip higher, you must reduce the flesh on the large side—a camouflaging process again.

But you can correct a sway back. The reason anyone has a sway back is because of wrong posture and because the muscles of the abdomen are not strong enough.

Therefore, take my abdominal exercises. Hold the abdomen in and strengthen those muscles.

And now, don't let me hear any more of you all-day-sitters complaining about that "desk-chair spread."

Get busy and take it off. It can be done. I know it as well as I know my name is Sylvia.

Get to work, girls. Snap out of your indolent ways!

And watch out for next month—I've got a couple of surprises for you and a lot of brand-new ways of making yourselves lovely.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mould the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

Will Clark Gable Last?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

these concessions is, I believe, his marriage And we cannot blame him when the talk of divorce made him fearful at this time. Now he and Mrs. Gable are re-united.

Here's another strange thing that gives you a tip-off on Gable's character.

When he first came to Hollywood he was indifferent to all forms of so-called psychic phenomena.

And when the subject was mentioned—it is a very vital part of Hollywood conversation —his laconic answer was, "Rot!"

But accidentally he met a psychic who gave him a reading, and since then he has sought out the psychics several times, always trying to discover "How long will this success of mine last?"

After conferring with Clark more than once, a certain psychic wrote a story about him, several paragraphs of which I should like to quote for you.

Here they are:

"CLARK GABLE believes that his fame was a freak of fate. He will tell you that his success is accidental. But this does not deceive a psychic, since Gable is what he has made himself.

"By hard study and diligence he has made himself over—changed the quality of his voice, learned his best points.

"The help he has received along the way has not been accidental either. If his romances have contributed to his success, that has not bothered Gable. And much credit must be given to this clear-minded young man who became tired of poverty and longed for some of the luxury that he knew could be his by dint of hard work.

"Clark, on the screen, plays the rôle of lover, but because he lacks the tenderness that is essential if a man be permanently fascinating to a woman, he would disappoint the average woman.

"He is fundamentally selfish. A well regulated home and children cannot appeal to him, since his nature demands travel, change, excitement—anything to appease the insatiable longing for the color of life that is so closely identified with his ego.

"If he doesn't last on the screen as long a time as he has set for himself—his disappointment will be terrific.

"A more intellectual person would not have put everything into a career, but would have held something back in case the career did not pan out.

"But Clark in his eagerness to succeed and to acquire independence, has burnt all his bridges behind him.

"He has wanted so ardently to prove himself to himself, that he has given all his vitality to his career. If the career lasts until he is sure of himself he will be content to retire with the tidy sum he has made by his screen work."

YOU may or may not believe the psychic. But this analysis comes so close to Clark's real character as I know it that I find much food for thought in it.

I doubt if he can change any more than he has—either as an actual person or a screen type.

Therefore I repeat that he will last just as long as women accept him as he is and just as long as the film companies give him typical Clark Gable rôles.

When the powers that be try to make him versatile and allow him to step out of the character that he has created, his days will be over.

For, powerful as the camera is, it can't give Clark qualities which he does not have!

"What appeal, mother, what appeal!"

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You will love MELLO-GLO because *it stays on longer.* Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder *prevents large pores* and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known. Women praise this new, wonderful face powder because it hides tiny lines, wrinkles and pores.

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If you wish to possess and *retain* a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO in the square gold box. White edge box for average skin. Blue edge box for fine, dry or sensitive skin. One dollar at all stores.

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☐ Average Skin
☐ Fine, dry Skin

Name _____

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Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

You Can't Live on Promises

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

get back to the home town. The fact they were stranded didn't matter so much as the blow of being let down so cruelly, by a friend.

SO that's the first lesson you must learn, if you hope to tackle Hollywood. Don't ever come on indefinite promises. Not even from higher ups. Especially not from higher ups.

Oh, it doesn't always happen. But too often to take a chance. And the friend may *not* be able to help you. It's just the way things are in Hollywood.

Then, don't come without a contract or a big chance of one. And don't, please, expect options to be taken up. They seldom are, unless you are one of those once-in-every-ten-year sensations, or a very famous actor indeed. But suppose you do get a *bona fide* contract. Be prepared to find the catch. There's sure to be one in it.

No, I'm not just trying to be pessimistic. I've seen this happen not once, or ten times, but dozens of times.

Wait till I tell you of Chester Morris' experience with contracts. He went back to New York after the De Mille episode and resumed his career on the stage. He was going good, had a contract with Woods, had married lovely little Sue Kilborn, and all was hunky-dory.

And then came another Hollywood come-on. The chance to play in "Alibi." United Artists dangled a contract before Chet's eyes.

A contract. Was that something? He broke his New York contract and came to Hollywood again. He made one picture, "Alibi," on that contract. It took three months. For the rest of the time he sat around lonely, ignored, forgotten, and at the end of three months had his great big, good-looking contract snatched from under his nose. He nearly starved before he could get another one.

So don't get contract-conscious. It doesn't mean much in Hollywood. Of course, Chester signed another, one he felt sure was right this time. But it kept him off the screen for fifteen months, while story after story was turned down as not suitable for Chester. Mind, Chester doesn't say anything about it. Not Chester. But you're no dumbbell. You know what fifteen months off the screen means to an actor in Hollywood. And what a comeback in a weak picture like "Cock o' the Air" can mean.

Expect those things, I'm telling you. You are never sitting too pretty in Hollywood. There is a pin in every cushion. Many a young man with a contract has gone back to where he came from, a sadder and wiser lad.

Now if you are one of those determined persons who **decide** to come on promises, or cute little contracts all wrapped in cellophane and pink ribbon, at least bring plenty of extra cash to tide you over several years of disappointments.

Chester Morris, with Sue and a brand-new baby, can tell you a few things about that.

The icy fear around the heart when the door bell rings. Another tradesman to combat. The milkman, to collect. There is nothing like it to tear down the morale.

And over three-fourths of Hollywood are living in the icy clutches of fear and bluff, today. Remember that, young man—and young woman.

NOW, we'll surmise you're here and you're making money. Then for heaven's sake, I beg you, go to see Sue and Chester Morris in their home and absorb some of their normalcy. Oh, it's grand to be exotic; to be hot and sexy and talked about. But if you want to stay awhile, don't be.

If you have a family, say so. The way Chester Morris loves his brings him more praise and notice than any ten violent affairs with violent people.

The other evening two insurance men came to the Morris home on business. Sue was sewing by the fire. Chester had his slippered feet higher than his head, reading away. Brooks, the boy, sat on the floor with a toy train. The baby was propped up on a chair with pillows, busy with a rubber doll.

The men stared and gasped. "Why-er—that is—good evening," they said. It happens these same men had come straight from the home of a famous and much written about star. Things happened at that star's home that those two matter-of-fact business men will never forget.

THE next day, at a large business luncheon, stories of the two homes were told, hundreds of families heard it by nightfall. Chester Morris' stock went up one hundred per cent in thousands of homes, before the week was over.

Respectability pays. And don't let anyone try to tell you differently.

Living simply is a good idea, too.

Right here I'll wager you five dollars that Chester and Sue Morris live on less than any Hollywood folks drawing one-fifth his salary. You would shriek to high heavens, if you knew. Chester is having his shekels stored away for him. He isn't even touching them himself.

Experience? For heaven's sake haven't I mentioned that yet? How much, you ask, does this Chet Morris think you need, to tackle Hollywood?

It's simple and easy. Not over ten good years on any stage, with little tank town tours in between. In Texas. In Iowa. With cold rooms, cold beds and colder receptions. Four years of vaudeville. Five years on Broadway, say. That's what Chester Morris had behind *Chick Williams* in "Alibi." You didn't think that performance just happened, did you? Or the boy in "The Big House"? Or the crook in "The Miracle Man"? Years and years of hard work stand behind those rôles, and also the one he plays with Jean Harlow in "Red Headed Woman," which you'll see soon.

Would You Believe It?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

things. For where else was he? But you know and I know about the Jordan sitting room. Hollywood doesn't.

What certain young leading man went to a friend of Dorothy's for advice. "Is there a chance for me?" Joel McCrea asked. This after Dorothy had played with Joel in "The Lost Squadron."

"She's the type of girl I've always liked and wanted to know." And all the time we thought it was the Bennett type. See. We told you. Here is a little brown wren at work. Tsk, tsk, tsk. And all the time we were dolling up in white satin and suntan make-up, Hollywood bachelors were following a little blue sash.

And never quite catching up.

FOR the truth of the matter is, Dorothy isn't bothered—much. Beneath the flowered dimity lives a determined, strong-willed young lady. Make no mistake about that. She has one ambition. To get on. On her own. And try, you with that fetching mustache, you with those millions, you with your charm, to swerve her just one inch from that goal. Try.

For behind that quaint little "down South" accent, those appealing little ways that are all a real and natural part of Dorothy, lives a clear thinking, cool-headed young woman. Yes ma'm.

Getting all that Hollywood has to give. Without particularly trying or meaning to. Or lifting a little finger to do so.

Lady, keep down that little finger.

Down in Clarksville, Tennessee, Dot decided to go to New York to be an actress. Of course, thousands of girls all over Tennessee and Ohio and Iowa, too, make up their minds sometime to go to New York to be actresses.

Only Dorothy did.

Of course her father, a prosperous merchant, was against it one hundred per cent. But mother said, "I have a little money saved up." Which will bring a sting of tears to the eyes of many a successful man and woman who remember back to those other mothers who "had a little money saved up."

So Dorothy became a chorus girl and then on to a bit in "Treasure Girl" in New York. And the star of the show, Ona Munson, took one look at little Miss Jordan and promptly wore herself to a shadow doing things for that sweet little lamb. And stars in New York shows don't usually fret themselves over little chorus girls. But—and get this—Ona even dragged out her manager to see what she had found in the second act. And the manager, well, he practically worked himself into a fever doing things for that nice little thing. He just got her a contract with Fox, that's all he did.

But before she got here, there's one little thing that happened to Dorothy that no one ever knew before. Not even her mother. So don't let on.

Just before Christmas her show closed. Dorothy had enough money saved to go home for Christmas but she did want a little extra to buy gifts. So—and here's that do-or-die spirit Hollywood will never lick—she stood in line with 250 other people who were after those seventeen open jobs at Wanamaker's department store.

Right in line. A New York show girl. And waited and waited.

And one of those efficient looking persons walked down that waiting line announcing that the jobs were filled, when suddenly those efficient eyes fell on Dorothy. Just standing there. All by herself. Well, anyway, they created a job for Miss Jordan.

Have I tried to tell you? Have I?

UP in the children's umbrellas went Dorothy. Plaid silk umbrellas. And there the nice old gray-haired floorwalker spied Dorothy in her especially created job, and was he burned? The idea of putting a nice little thing like that in the umbrellas where the commissions didn't amount to *that*. He snapped a mean finger, he did. And made the red-head in the boy's necktie and penknife sets move over to the umbrellas and Dorothy was moved to the necktie and penknife sets where the commissions ran up. Like a temperature.

But while the Wanamaker thing was in full bloom, Dot's friends were madly searching the city to tell her that for the love of Pete, Fox had seen a test of her and wanted her.

So Dorothy saw the Fox people, who gave her three hours to catch a train. But you see, they just didn't know Dorothy.

For one hour later, she left that office with a contract, a two-weeks stopover at Clarksville, and well—you just name anything offhand. It was Dorothy's.

And she arrived in Hollywood, as I told you, and no one cared or looked twice.

LATER, over at United Artists, Mary Pickford was getting ready for "The Taming of the Shrew."

So Dorothy took herself to the studio and sat in the casting office for hours. Days, practically.

One day a man came rushing in and spied Dorothy. "Would you mind trying on this dress for me?" he asked.

"Glad to," Dorothy replied and tried on Mary's dress.

"Maybe I can do something for you sometime," the wardrobe man said, and thanked her.

"Oh, you can," backward little Dorothy said. "You can get me to Sam Taylor, the director. I want to act in this picture."

And she did. You just know she did. If you know Dorothy.

But she looked too cute, so the ringlets she always wore were taken away, a too-large dress handed out, and her dialogue cut down to one word, "Father."

But it was enough. Her own father arose from a sick bed and traveled to Chattanooga, where "The Taming of the Shrew" was showing. Hardly able to move—he went.

And he heard Dot's one precious word of dialogue.

"Father," she said. "Father."

And he was thrilled and proud. And died the next day telling folks how his little Dorothy had stepped right out from the screen and said, "Father. Just like she was right here beside me, saying 'Father.' "

But while "The Taming of the Shrew" was being made, Dorothy gathered up her mail one day and while waiting for a stop signal at the corner of Wilshire Boulevard, she opened the home town paper and there it was.

One whole page from the bank, from the grocery, the shops, all congratulating Mr. Jordan, their fellow merchant, on having such a little Dorothy. In movies. With Mary Pickford, too.

And Dorothy read it, and the bell rang to go on, and horns honked, and people screamed, but Dorothy Jordan lay with her head on the steering wheel and cried and cried and cried.

OVER at M-G-M she stepped into "Devil May Care" with Novarro, and Ramon became helpless and hopeless. He spent hours showing her how to steal scenes from himself. And thought it must be something he'd eaten or a touch of the sun, maybe.

Today she's the most borrowed young actress in Hollywood.

"We want Dorothy Jordan," Radio has cried, and Fox has cried, and First National has screamed and cried.

Dear me.

Ruth Biery tells you on another page of PHOTOPLAY of the new type of women who are coming along. Slim and aggravating and voluptuous. With slumberous eyes and hipless forms.

But do the *men* care? Not much, for look at our little Dorothy, the prize bit of femininity in Hollywood. And do they crowd around Mrs. Jordan's little girl Dorothy? Do they?

Why, Hollywood's scarce-of-jobs vamps sit back and—well, they just can't understand it. They don't realize that here is the real kind in action.

Just a little girl from down in Tennessee. Doing her stuff.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
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Gaston Longet

Helen Twelvetrees at the door of her home in Brentwood, waiting to hear the flutter of the stork's wings. In several months Helen and her husband Frank Woody will be showing their baby its new home. And what a home that is. Below is the amazing front porch, which boasts an outside fireplace for toasting marshmallows and roasting hot dogs on cool evenings. Grand and comfy. Helen will make only one more picture before the baby arrives

Short Subjects *of the* Month

When real life laughs are few and far between, they're doubly welcome in the movies. Jack Haley, from the musical comedy stage, helps you forget gloom with his silly antics in "Absent-Minded Abner," reviewed below

ABSENT-MINDED ABNER
Vitaphone

About a poor sap who is so absent-minded he can't even remember his best girl's name. Jack Haley and his ridiculous gags will keep you laughing, and Olive Shea (now re-christened Gloria Shea) is easy on the eyes.

THE GIDDY AGE
Educational-Andy Clyde

Poor Andy Clyde! Will he never learn about feminine wiles? This gay comedy finds him a crusty and wealthy old bachelor who succumbs to Dorothy Granger's seductive looks. It's very funny.

EMPIRE OF THE SUN
RKO-Van Beuren

If you're letting any of the Vagabond Adventure Series slip by, you're missing a lot of good entertainment, plus definite educational features. This time the wandering camera picks up a Japanese cherry blossom festival and makes it come to life.

FARMER AL FALFA'S BED-TIME STORY
Educational-Paul Terry-Toon

When farmer Al Falfa puts his cat out for the night, gay mad mice come up from the cellar to turn his home into a super-nightclub. Another rollicking, animated cartoon, accompanied by the sprightly tunes and lyrics that characterize the Terry-Toons.

THE GLAND PARADE
RKO-Radio

In which Rosco Ates stu-stu-stutters his way through a maze of hospitals, dentists' offices, beauty parlors and other locations that lend themselves to rough and ready comedy of the old-fashioned slapstick variety.

IRON MINNIE
RKO-Masquers

Another of those swell Masquers' comedies with Montagu Love, Mack Swain, Clyde Cook and other first-class funsters. It's all about a crooked lawyer, a poor "widow woman," a stupid son and the brave mounted police—done in broad burlesque.

MAN-EATING SHARKS
Educational-Mack Sennett

Have you ever inspected a shark's dental work? You haven't? Well, just see this latest episode in Mack Sennett's "Cannibals of the Deep" series and you will have a chance. Fine photography and thrills for fishermen.

FAIRWAY FAVORITES
RKO-Pathe

A fine Grantland Rice sports subject which not only shows the golf methods of well-known champs but injects a little comedy, with the aid of Rube Goldberg, as well. Golf enthusiasts shouldn't miss this.

LOUD MOUTH
Paramount

This bright little yarn about a rich girl, a baseball player and some professional gamblers moves along at a racy pace and is chock-full of laughs. Franklin Pangborn is great.

TOY TOWN
RKO-Van Beuren

One of the decidedly better animated cartoons in which a couple of little mice are let loose in a toy shop. Of course, they are not your old friends *Mickey* and *Minnie*, but they're good.

NOW'S THE TIME
Educational-Vanity

This Harry Barris comedy contains more really funny gags than any of the previous things in which he has been **featured**. Mary Carlisle is a pretty little blonde heart throb.

?

blonde

or

brunette

Seven out of eight debutantes know this

A WOMAN is as beautiful as her hair-dress. A single pin showing, mars even a perfect coiffure—be it long, bobbed or growing. That's why HOLD-BOBS are the invariable rule among well-groomed women.

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All Hollywood Has Gone Color-Conscious

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

dark, brown soil." Has some unhappiness come into Norma's life to make her harmonize to brown?

Ann Harding abhors orange. Her hatred vibrates so strongly that she becomes almost ill every time she sees it. Naturally! Orange is the color which tends to submerge all about it, including the personality of the one wearing it.

Ann is not the type who likes to be submerged, as her life has shown. In fact, I think this orange hatred tells us much about Ann.

Since the day she married Harry Bannister she has been trying to subjugate herself to him. She has honestly attempted to make him the important member of their family. She couldn't do it, and their divorce was the result. Orange denotes so much vigor, clashes so harshly with the dignified depths of her strength, that it antagonizes her.

Ann's preference is light green. In other words, she requires a sedative rather than a stimulant.

Constance Bennett and Helen Twelvetrees share an antipathy for red. Connie thought this was because she was surfeited with red in her younger days. The numerous hotels in which she stayed while traveling with her father, Dick Bennett, were always decorated in red plush. The hotels may have accentuated the dislike, but was it not instinctive? Connie, like Joan Crawford, must be cooled, not further excited! And her favorite is blue—as Joan's is.

Helen Twelvetrees frequently *wears* touches of red but if she is forced to sit in a room decorated with it, she becomes so nervous she can scarcely remain. Undoubtedly, this is because Helen does not radiate so strongly to what is *upon* her as to that which is *around* her. Some people radiate, you know, more subtly to their surroundings than to themselves. Helen can never wear all red, however. And her favorite is blue!

IRENE DUNNE runs from pastels. Especially lavender. White is her favorite; green a close second.

Pastels, particularly lavender, suggest gentleness; old-fashioned politeness; a wall-flower personality. Irene is modern, with a determined belief in feminine independence. To wit: her insistence upon a career when she has a doctor-husband in New York to support her.

If she had preferred *just white*, we would have been inclined to believe her cold, dispassionate; but since green is her second choice we must add *ambitious*.

Claudette Colbert's pet is gray; her aversion purple. She also heartily dislikes all bright colors. Now, this **may** mean one of two things. Either Claudette is a colorless, in-between person or she is so highly-strung, tempestuous and radical that bright colors jar upon her because they, too, are tempestuous. They aggravate her natural tendencies. Of course, the latter analysis must be the real one.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S preference is black; she shuns violet or purple. She feels that the ban her mother put upon black in her youthful days created a longing to wear it. She swore she would always use it when she "grew up." The majority of her street clothes are black; many of her evening things are of white or black.

Carole is vivacious and lively. It would take a hurricane of bad luck to uproot her effervescent spirit. She has a quick temper, of course; but her anger is over in a second. She's actually so full of optimistic energy that even dreary black or dead white cannot retard it. Undoubtedly, it soothes her; keeps her in tune with other people.

Yet a seeming contradiction, she dislikes violet and purple. She says that as a child she remembers a particularly crotchety and despicable neighbor who wore a turban of purple violets. In Carole's case, this undoubtedly had much to do with her antipathy. She hates with the same energy that she enjoys! And, also, all half-measures annoy her. Purple is a half-measure. It is akin to black in its effect, but *not* black.

Don't overlook the men. They have their pet shades, also. Color is as vital to their happiness and success as it is to women.

Wallace Beery would rather see his wife in bright yellow than any shade of the rainbow. He believes it is because his Fourth Grade teacher, a colorful brunette whom he adored, usually wore it. To the big, round Wally—called "Jumbo" by the other boys—she was the epitome of daintiness and fragileness. She was undoubtedly the reason for his remaining in the Fourth Grade so long. It was his last. He left school when he could no longer have this teacher.

But we would have *expected* big, jovial, slow-moving Wally to radiate to the most stimulating color of them all. A yellow necktie gives him the same sensation, to a lesser degree, as airplaning does. He soars out of his heavy, ponderous, physical self.

Bob Montgomery radiates to yellow from the reverse angle. His yellow scarfs, you know, are typical of him. Bob is the type that radiates to a color which casts the same wave lengths as his own personality. Yellow jonquils are his favorite flower. He is crazy about yellow sweaters. The first girl he kissed—he was sixteen and escorted her from a tea-dance in a taxi—was in yellow. Yellow—gaiety; joy; glory; power. Wally seeks yellow to get those qualities; Bob loves yellow because he already has them.

Jade green for Clark Gable! The wife of his first theatrical manager always wore green; there was a large, carved jade ring on her finger; a carved jade handle to her parasol. Her hats had jade pins. To the small town boy, she was the last word in sophistication and big city smartness. And she was kind to him. Today, he always selects gifts of this color. He dislikes red and orange.

Jade green is more of a stimulant than a sedative. It is employed by physicians, for example, who are more and more using color as a therapeutic measure, to stop headaches. The jade green ray stimulates the blood current through the head. But it is a more subtle stimulant than red or orange.

NOW, you can analyze your other favorites. Dorothy Jordan prefers pink; greens and blues depress her. Clive Brook likes red; dislikes purple. Sylvia Sidney hates red; prefers green; Frances Dee loves any shade of blue and detests chartreuse. Fredric March chooses green and avoids yellow. Charlie Farrell selects blue and runs from black and yellow. Ramon Novarro finds comfort from deep, warm reds and browns; dislikes blues, pinks and other delicate colors.

Joan Bennett's favorites are green and blue; her aversion purple. Dolores Del Rio likes bright colors; loathes purple.

Picture stars as a whole avoid reds and purples. Reason? They are too emotional to withstand further energetic vibrations. They are also too sensitive to seek anything as depressing as purple.

Now try this on yourself and your friends.

The Love-Life of Jimmy Durante

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

phase of our courtship was ended. Then, to my great delight, I discovered that she knew a few words of English, most of which unfortunately are not reproduceable in print."

"That's too bad," I admitted.

"Yes and no," he agreed, "but after a few days I taught her the fundamentals of English pronunciation and in no time at all she was talking as good as me."

"Marvelous," I exclaimed, "and then what?"

Mr. Durante yawned. "Oh—the usual thing," he said, "I met someone else."

"Whom?" I asked.

"Does it matter?" he replied with an enigmatic smile. "Possibly, Hedda Hopper—possibly Jean Harlow."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Tell me what Jean Harlow is like."

"You mean what she *was* like," he corrected.

"Has anything happened to her?" I asked.

"I suppose so," he replied. "When I left her for Lily Damita, she said she was going to commit suicide. Do you mean to say she didn't?"

"I don't believe so," I replied.

"Why, the dirty little liar," was his disdainful comment.

"Poor girl," I murmured.

The Great Lover shrugged his shoulders. "Is it my fault," he asked, "that God has given me this power over women?"

I was forced to admit that it wasn't his fault.

"And yet," I argued, "hasn't there, some time in your life, been one woman—one whom you really loved and wanted to marry?"

His face grew serious and he hesitated a long time before replying. I could see that he was troubled and I almost regretted asking the question. Finally he spoke, "Benchley, old man," he said.

"The name is Stewart," I corrected.

"Stewart, old man," he said, "I am going to tell you something I've never told anyone before."

"Don't, unless you want to," I urged.

"I want to," he replied. "I want to tell you about this girl because I want the world to know that Durante has at last found the perfect woman. A woman who makes all the others seem like shifting sands in the well of time. Oh, I know I've played fast and loose with feminine hearts—I know I've been a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. And now I must pay."

"Pay?" I questioned.

His eyes filled with tears and his voice shook as he spoke the following unbelievable words, "She doesn't love me."

I sprang up aghast. "Impossible," I cried. "A woman doesn't love you—you, whose every glance causes maidens' hearts to

palpitate—you, whose picture is in every high-school girl's room in this country—you, for whom princesses would give kingdoms just to feel your lips brush their necks. Tell me—who is this girl?"

"She's a girl," he replied, "who combines everything that is marvelous with all that is superb. She is a girl who—"

HE couldn't go on. His sobbing increased in intensity and after a few minutes, I arose and prepared to take my adieu. I tiptoed, as quietly as possible, across the thick carpets of the den with the intention of leaving the Great Lover alone with his grief. At the door, I paused and looked back. There he sat, his body shaken with sobbing.

I put my hand on the knob of the door and at the noise of its opening, he slowly turned and faced me.

With tears streaming down his cheeks and his lips trembling, he bravely tried to smile and my heart went out to him.

"Wait," he whispered.

"And I waited as he struggled with his emotions. Finally, he got control of himself and with trembling lips he spoke.

"Tell my public," he said, "tell my public that the only girl that Jimmy Durante ever loved—"

"Yes?" I asked, for he had once more given away to his emotion.

"The only girl that the Great Lover of the Audible Screen ever loved is—"

I waited and at last his lips formed the words.

"Marie Dressler."

He sank back once more into his chair and I closed the door softly behind me, leaving him alone with his grief.

Keystone

It's our own private hunch that some wise producer will offer pretty Alice Moore a nice contract. The girl should certainly be able to act, for Alice Joyce is her mother and Tom Moore her father. And isn't mama Alice looking fine, herself? She is now Mrs. J. B. Regan, you know

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SHE LOOKS despondent, worn out and depressed. Young girls budding into womanhood often get wistful. They should be watched.

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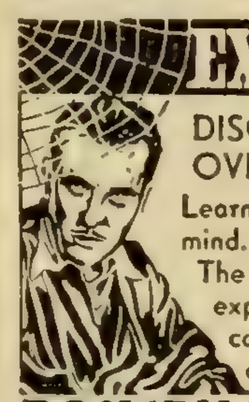

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SPECIAL SIX MONTH'S SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

So that our readers need not miss a single issue of Photoplay during the $1000.00 Picture Puzzle Contest we are making a special six months rate of

$1.25

(See page 65 for full details regarding Contest)

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment. Many of our readers complained last year because the newsstands were sold out and in many instances we were unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Contest Six Months' rate, send $1.25 (Canada $1.75; Foreign $1.75)—and we will start your Six Months' Subscription with the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Use the convenient blank below.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
DEPT. CP-8-32, 919 N. Michigan Av., Chicago

I enclose $1.25 (Canada, $1.75; Foreign, $1.75), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months starting with the September number and to and including the February, 1933, issue in which the winners will be announced.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

STRANGER IN TOWN—Warners

TOO bad there's only one characterization for Chic Sale. When you've seen him in one, you've seen all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. He's the antiquated and only groceryman in a small town until a chain store busts in. His business slumps, his granddaughter marries his competitor, his friends **forget**—until the end. Then good little fairies fix everything! Kids will love it.

THE TEXAS BAD MAN—Universal

TOM MIX can shoot, ride and act himself into everyone's interest. As an officer of the law he impersonates a desperado in order to trap a band of outlaws. Tom, interested in the sister of the gang leader, outshoots the mob during a bank robbery and wins the girl. Tony, his horse, is featured, and everyone is sure of a thrilling evening.

THE JEWEL ROBBERY—Warners

A SMART little trick that tries too desperately to be cleverer than it is. The picture strains for smartness and a bit of naughtiness. Just the same, a gay job, with Kay Francis excellent as a lovely baroness and William Powell fine as a handsome and amorous burglar. The banter is bright and some of the situations fascinating but, somehow, the picture just fails to click as a truly clever film.

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox

BIG Victor McLaglen is head man of this rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spy-glass. Lots of action, with fights galore, and enough romance to please the sentimentally inclined. You don't believe it, but you don't want to, anyhow. Vic is good, in his swashbuckling way, and Billy Bakewell and Helen Mack take care of the love situation nicely.

THE BIG PARADE—M-G-M—Reissued with Sound

THE youthful Jack Gilbert of seven years ago still initiates the little French peasant girl (Renee Adoree) into the mysteries of American gum-chewing. And the grim lines of American doughboys advancing through a forest infested with German snipers hold the same thrill as when "The Big Parade" won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for 1925. Sound effects have been skilfully introduced. Well worth seeing again.

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners

JUST another version of the innocent youth who goes to New York, is taken in by the wrong crowd, loses his heart and his money and is back home in three days. Joan Blondell and Eric Linden make an interesting couple, by sheer contrast, in this drama of New York . . . gayety that turns to ashes when a member of a wild party is accidentally killed.

A MAN'S LAND—First Division-Allied

CATTLE rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding and we have another Western. Hoot becomes part owner of a ranch in this one with Marion Shilling owning the other half. The local banker attempts to steal Hoot's cattle and plenty of excitement follows. Beautiful shots, fine riding, a dandy story and a good time for all.

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures

ONE of those made-in-a-week "quickies" meant for people who enjoy their adventure by proxy. Jack Mulhall is left two cents and a pair of pants. If he gets around the world in three months his reward will be $4,000,000. He meets Princess Blanche Mehaffey, whose loveliness inspires hope for further reward. Not even a cheap production can spoil that will-he-make-it interest.

Acme

See here, young woman, is that any way to dress in a courtroom? And standing right on the judge's desk, too. Tut, tut! But three-year-old Jackie Lyn got her contract to appear in "Our Gang" comedies approved by law just the same. She will make $100 a week the first year and $175 the second—which ought to keep her in lollipops for quite some little while

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram

IF you do not **thrill** at the sound of a fire-engine siren you had better stay home when this is shown. But if you like the fire-boys, you have a treat in store for you. This is no fake fire. Likeable Johnny Mack Brown is the hero.

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA-First Division

HERE'S the picture that Sari Maritza, now being ballyhooed in this country as one of the coming glamour girls, made abroad. Although the music is tuneful, the dialogue in English and the atmosphere charming, it's not a knock-out. Sari plays the rôle of a petulant queen. She looks beautiful, but you'd better wait awhile to see whether she can act or not.

TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia

ANOTHER villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch by hook or crook. Mostly crook. And Tim McCoy finds himself homeless and accused of murder. Nothing new or exciting in this one. A beautiful, well-trained horse is the highlight.

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount

SARI MARITZA is new. The flash-backs are old. The story is tripe. They took a lot of stuff from C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" (and is it funny now!) and stuck it into a yarn about modern Russia, or rather, Hollywood's conception of modern Russia. You can't tell whether Sari is a comer or not when even such good actors as Gene Raymond and Irving Pichel fail to come through with such material.

THE MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide

YOU won't guess the identity of Bob Steele until the end of this Western. As an escaped convict he goes back to a small mining town where he becomes a deputy to the sheriff. Things pop from then on. Lots of gun play, fast horsemanship and flying fists. Pretty Nancy Drexel provides the feminine interest.

THE MIDNIGHT LADY—Chesterfield

STILL another mother makes the supreme sacrifice for her child. The old Madame X story, but with enough interest to make a fair evening's entertainment. Sarah Padden gives a sincere performance as a child-deserter and Johnny Darrow, Claudia Dell and Theodore Von Eltz add new strength to an old story.

THE SILVER LINING—Patrician Pictures

NOT quite just another picture, but near it. Betty Compson saves it from being that. Maureen O'Sullivan, as the self-centered girl of wealth, learns how the lower class live after serving a term in jail. John Warburton is the poor young lawyer Maureen finally marries. If you *must* see a picture, this will do.

THEY NEVER COME BACK—First Division-Artclass

A MILDLY dull little picture about a prize fighter, a sweet night club entertainer and a wayward brother. Regis Toomey's smile and Dorothy Sebastian's hula dance are its two redeeming features.

THE RINGER— First Division-Gainsborough

A JOLLY little mystery story from jolly old England in which a murderer with an uncanny flare for disguising himself in different ways gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. From the pen of the late Edgar Wallace, the yarn is well worked out and will please mystery addicts.

RIDERS OF THE DESERT— World Wide

BOB STEELE rides at a fast pace through this tale of rangers who keep desert outlaws at the point of a gun. The story opens with the rangers disbanding by order of the governor, but when a member is shot in the back, they ride forth to avenge his death. Plenty of gunfire and action. Gertie Messinger is the fair object of Steele's softer moods!

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS— Mascot Pictures Corp.

THE war-whoop of the warring Hurons sends this serialization of the great Cooper classic off to a thrilling start. You who trembled over the daring exploits of *Hawkeye, Uncas* and *The Sagamore*, must follow this from the first episode to the last. The first chapter leaves Hobart Bosworth, Harry Carey and Edwina Booth facing imminent death! Ah-ha!

Here's a New $500 Treasure Hunt

Read the rules carefully before hunting words

1. Thirty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First Prize	$200.00
Second Prize	100.00
Third Prize	50.00
Thirty Prizes of $5.00 Each	150.00

2. In this issue PHOTOPLAY Magazine has designated throughout the editorial pages in **blackface** type sixty words. When fifty of these words (not including the word blackface in the rules) are assembled they tell a little tale of picture people. $500.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correct story from these fifty assembled words.

3. Solutions are to be written on one side of the paper only. The full name and correct address of the contestant should be written or typewritten on the same sheet of paper as the solution.

4. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to participate in this Treasure Hunt. You do not have to buy a single issue. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, from which the words can be copied, may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

6. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant. Neatness in submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes.

7. The August issue contest will close at Midnight, September 5. All solutions received to the moment of Midnight, September 5, will be considered. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The prize winners will be announced in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, which goes on sale on or about October 15. No solutions will be returned.

8. All solutions are to be sent to TREASURE HUNT EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The list of winners of PHOTOPLAY'S Treasure Hunt for April will be found on page 125

Makes Eyes Look and Feel Just Fine!

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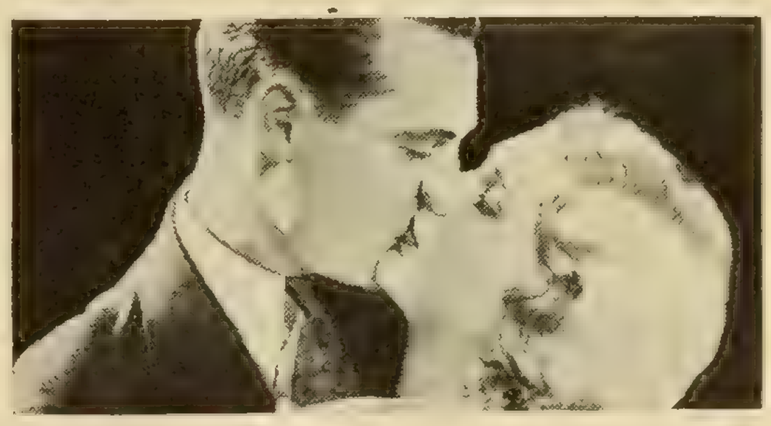

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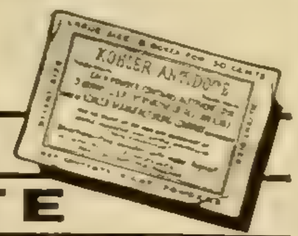

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Paramount Publix Studios

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Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
John Breeden
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Stuart Erwin
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Jeanette MacDonald
Florine McKinney
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Marx Brothers
Chester Morris
Jack Oakie
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
John Boles
El Brendel
William Collier, Sr.
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Weldon Heyburn
Matty Kemp
J. M. Kerrigan
Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi
Nora Lane
Edmund Lowe
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Thomas Meighan
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Arthur Pierson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Peggy Shannon
Spencer Tracy

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong
Rosco Ates
Constance Bennett
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Creighton Chaney
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Roberta Gale
John Halliday
Ann Harding
Julie Haydon
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Rochelle Hudson
Zita Johann
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Kitty Kelly
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker" Lord
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
Eddie Quillan
Gregory Ratoff
Ned Sparks
Helen Twelvetrees
Polly Walters
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey
Fay Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Florence Britton
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Barbara Stanwyck
Genevieve Tobin
John Wayne
Barbara Weeks

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlisle
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Wallace Ford
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Ralph Graves
Charlotte Greenwood
Nora Gregor
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Walter Huston
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Myrna Loy
Joan Marsh
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Margaret Perry
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Veree Teasdale
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson
Lew Ayres
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
Lucile Browne
Mae Clarke
June Clyde
Andy Devine
Arletta Duncan
Sidney Fox
James Gleason
Neil Hamilton
Russell Hopton
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Tom Mix
ZaSu Pitts
Mickey Rooney
Onslow Stevens
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Adrienne Dore
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde
Guy Kibbee
Allan Lane
Andre Luguet
Ben Lyon
Mae Madison
David Manners
Vivienne Osborne
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Chas. "Chic" Sale
Gloria Shea
Lysle Talbot
Lee Tracy
Warren William
John Wray
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

Here's the Corinne Griffith of fifteen years ago in "Miss Ambition." Sure, that's a funny hat, but Corinne's beauty can't be hidden. Too long away from the screen, she will soon be seen in an English film, "Lily Christine." Sorry we're unable to remember the name of the elegant dandy who acted with her in this old still

15 Years Ago

THE United States was at war and we reported that all the stars were doing their "bit," and proved it by pictures of Enid Bennett, Sylvia Breamer and Olive Thomas taking instruction in a nurses' class. How were we to know that when chauvinistic hysteria had died down the greatest preachments against war were to come from the screen in pictures like "All Quiet on the Western Front."

But, in spite of the dark shadows cast by the war clouds, we found time to hail the newest screen idol. Antonio Moreno was the lad that caused all those long sighs from the girls of fifteen years ago. Now Tony, having finished directing a picture in Mexico, sits back and listens to the folk sing pæans of praise to Clark Gable, Johnny Weissmuller and George Raft. But Tony was as big in his day as these.

Another new discovery was a girl who had just played a bit in William Farnum's "A Tale of Two Cities," and we tossed off the prophecy that Florence Vidor would be a star some day. She lived up to expectations but now she is content with being a wife and mother. Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist, is her husband, you know.

Lionel Barrymore was the first big stage personality to enter pictures, but what neither we nor Lionel knew was that this great actor was to wait almost fifteen years for his greatness to be recognized by Hollywood.

Jackie Saunders was the girl on the cover and our leading gallery picture was of Corinne Griffith, whom we called, even then, the most beautiful girl on the screen. Others in the gallery were Harry Hilliard, Julia Sanderson, George Webb (Esther Ralston's husband now), Mrs. Vernon Castle, William Davidson, Sylvia Breamer and Mary Pickford.

Films reviewed included Norma Talmadge in "Poppy," Sessue Hayakawa in "The Jaguar's Claws," Mary Pickford in "A Romance of the Redwoods," Gail Kane (remember her?) in "The Upper Crust," and Wallace Reid in "The Squaw Man's Son."

Cal York item: Taylor Holmes has quit the stage for the movies (and now Taylor's son Phillips is a swell actor like his dad).

10 Years Ago

THIS was a busy month for PHOTOPLAY reporters and Cal York recorded a number of vital statistics which are interesting to look back upon now. Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford had just confirmed the rumor of their engagement; Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton were the proud parents of a son; Rudolph Valentino had just been freed of bigamy charges (remember about his Mexican marriage to Natacha Rambova before his divorce was final?); Mary Pickford's divorce from Owen Moore was at last upheld and Mabel Normand had sailed for England, telling her friends that she was tired and needed a rest. Poor Mabel—she knew that she was more than just tired.

Our cameraman caught Eric Von Stroheim at a mountain retreat where he was preparing his script for some new big picture. At that time Von was at his directorial height—Hollywood's most vivid personality, known, loved and feared. Strange that he should be only **acting** now (you can see him in Garbo's "As You Desire Me") when he can tell most directors tricks they never knew before. Poor Von! His life has been one of the stormiest upon the Hollywood sea.

Madge Bellamy was the girl on the cover and the gallery stars were Mary Pickford, Alice Terry, Bert Lytell, Jackie Coogan (looking for all the world like Robert does now), Constance and Norma Talmadge, Tony Moreno and Nita Naldi.

The best pictures—although we admitted it was a slim month—were "Nanook of the North," "Nero," "Sonny," "Our Leading Citizen," "Salome" and "Her Back Against the Wall."

5 Years Ago

JUST above, in the ten years ago section, you'll see that Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford were soon to be married. Five years ago Marilyn was in Paris to get a divorce. In fact, there was an epidemic of divorces in Hollywood just then. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan; Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh; Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reachi—all had come to the parting of the ways. And the erstwhile matinee idol, Maurice Costello, was separated from his wife. That separation was the cause of a rift in the Costello family that only the last few months have patched up, for Dolores and Helene sided with their mother and did not see their father for years.

We were thrilled and excited—as was the rest of the world—by Gloria Swanson's purchase of Jeanne Eagels' stage success, "Rain," and we wondered if she dared make it, as Will Hays banned it. The picture was finally called "Sadie Thompson" and now, just five years later, with Gloria in London, Joan Crawford is playing *Sadie Thompson* for the talkies.

A strange and tragic death was that of Einar Hansen, a young Swedish lad signed about the same time Garbo was, and an intimate friend of Garbo. He was killed in an automobile accident and there are folks who will tell you that the occurrence cast a cloud over Garbo's happiness and partly accounts for her mystery.

The girl on the cover was Olive Borden and the gallery included Clara Bow, Eleanor Boardman, Thomas Meighan, Buddy Rogers, Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong.

The six best pictures were "The Way of All Flesh," "The Unknown," "Cradle Snatchers," "The World at Her Feet," "The Woman on Trial" and "Man Power."

Cal York items: Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Helene Costello are going together. . . . Bebe Daniels and Charlie Paddock are no longer engaged to be married. . . . Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo are going to play opposite each other in "Love."

JEANETTE LOFF—POPULAR STAR

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You Pick the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

ward skid. Billy rented his big house to Tallulah Bankhead, stopped giving parties which included bouquets of orchids for every lady present, moved into a little apartment and immediately began doing some good serious work again.

Bill was great, in an entirely different type of rôle, in "Are You Listening?"

Many stars waste their energies amusing Hollywood when they really should be amusing you.

Personality is a strange thing—that something that seems to reach out from the screen and take an audience by storm. It very often hasn't a thing to do with great acting for, as a rule, if a star has the sort of **personality** an audience likes it doesn't matter what she does on the screen.

If she hasn't got it—well, it matters even less.

TAKE the case of Sylvia Sidney, for instance. That girl has had the biggest picture breaks Hollywood had to offer—"Street Scene," "Ladies of the Big House," "An American Tragedy."

Everybody admits that she's a great actress, but so far she has failed to be a tremendous personal favorite with you fans.

Some warm, vital quality is lacking within her. For all her smoldering eyes and her alluring mouth, there is something cold about Sylvia that can't be hidden.

Yet, Tallulah Bankhead has had a series of bad pictures and her personality has clicked in spite of it.

If ever the Bankhead girl gets the right film stories she'll skyrocket, for her personality gets through that silver screen.

Now if Tallulah just had Sylvia's chance in grand screen material—what a star she would be.

Besides those already mentioned, here are the stars you've made—Clara Bow (producers laughed at her when she applied for her first jobs); Barbara Stanwyck (Hollywood said she was a complete flop in her first picture); Una Merkel (they didn't see her as a comédienne, wanted to play her as a second Gish, then by good luck she got a comedy rôle and you said she was swell); Joan Crawford (just another chorus girl given a small contract—you discovered Joan and don't forget it); Wynne Gibson (played small parts until you started yelling for her and they had to star her in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane"); Minna Gombell (they thought all she was good for was to teach other actresses how to speak and walk correctly. She begged for the rôle of *Edna* in "Bad Girl," got it, and you said "Okay, Minna").

YOU don't enjoy being told whom you should like and whom you shouldn't.

With much ballyhoo Ina Claire was brought to Hollywood.

She was a great stage star, she had a tremendous following on Broadway, and while she has done some highly creditable movie jobs she has not made a sensation.

Yet Helen Hayes is also a great stage star, and in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith" she clicked with you one hundred per cent.

Marlene Dietrich is an exception. She was a Hollywood-made, publicity-made star. But you liked her.

She was dished out to you on a silver platter.

She's the only one I can think of who was handed to you that you took!

So don't let the producers tell you different. That little theater in your own home town is the real talent testing and casting office of the cinema world!

Winners of Photoplay's Big Treasure Hunt

WHEN PHOTOPLAY Magazine announced, in the April issue, its first Treasure Hunt Prize Contest, we had not anticipated so tremendous a response from our readers. But as the volume of entries began to roll in we awoke to the fact that we had started something. The Treasure Hunt, a new kind of contest invented by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, obviously gave everyone that tried it a lot of fun, for a good many thousands were trying it.

When the contest closed at the stipulated hour, midnight of May 5th, so enormous a volume of entries had been received that it was impossible to go through all of them carefully in time for announcement in the July issue. Every state in the Union was many times represented and nineteen foreign countries besides. If a large map of the United States were stuck with pins, each one representing a contest entrant, the map would resemble a bristling forest. And for many large centers of population pins of another color, representing fifty or a hundred entrants each, would have to be used to find room for them in the right place.

Because of the great success of this contest and because of the tremendous interest shown in it by our readers, PHOTOPLAY Magazine is offering you another Treasure Hunt with thirty-three prizes. Announcement and conditions of the new contest will be found on page 121, this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Below are the names of the winning contestants—and the amounts they were awarded—of the April Treasure Hunt:

First Prize $200

ROBERT N. COGSWELL
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Second Prize $100

MILDRED GLOVER
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Third Prize $50

MARY WELSH
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Grasslands Hospital, Valhalla, N. Y.

LOUISE TWYFORD
200 Chittenden Ave., Crestwood, N. Y.

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819 North St., Logansport, Ind.

MARY COOPER DOWLING
423 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, N. J.

HOLMES WHITTEN EASTBURN
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ELEANOR JULIETTE MINDECK
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS" — Fox. — From the play "Precious" by James Forbes. Screen play by Barry Conners and Philip Klein. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Andrew Hoyt*, Adolphe Menjou; *Stella*, Minna Gombell; *Oliver Denton*, Arthur Pierson; *Eva Mills*, Joan Marsh; *Luke Radcliff*, Alan Dinehart; *Jane*, Irene Purcell; *Ramon*, Don Alvarado; *Jepson*, Herbert Mundin.

"BIG CITY BLUES"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ward Morehouse. Adapted by Lillie Hayward and Ward Morehouse. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Vida*, Joan Blondell; *Bud*, Eric Linden; *Faun*, Inez Courtney; *Jo-Jo*, Evalyn Knapp; *Hummel*, Guy Kibbee; *Sully*, Lyle Talbot; *Agnes*, Gloria Shea; *Gibbony*, Walter Catlett; *Serena*, Jobyna Howland; *Adkins*, Humphrey Bogart; *Jackie*, Josephine Dunn; *Station Agent*, Grant Mitchell; *Quelkin*, Thomas Jackson; *Stackhouse*, Ned Sparks; *Lorna*, Sheila Terry; *Red*, Tom Dugan; *Mabel*, Betty Gillette; *Baggage master*, Edward McWade.

"BIG PARADE, THE" — M-G-M. — From the story by Laurence Stallings. Scenario by Harry Behn. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *James Apperson*, John Gilbert; *Melisande*, Renee Adoree; *Justyn Reed*, Claire Adams; *Harry*, Robert Ober; *Mr. Apperson*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Apperson*, Claire McDowell; *French mother*, Rosita Marstini; *Bull*, Tom O'Brien; *Flynn*, Karl Dane.

"BLESSED EVENT"—WARNERS.—From the play by Manuel Seff and Forrest Wilson. Adapted by Howard Green. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Alvin*, Lee Tracy; *Gladys*, Mary Brian; *Frankie*, Allen Jenkins; *Miss Stevens*, Ruth Donnelly; *Moxley*, Ned Sparks; *Bunny Harmon*, Dick Powell; *Moskowitz*, Milton Wallace; *Gobel*, Edwin Maxwell; *Alvin's Mother*, Emma Dunn; *Miller*, Walter Walker; *Office Boy*, Bobby Gordon; *Dorothy Lane*, Isabel Jewel; *Miss Bauman*, Ruth Hall; *Hanson*, George Chandler; *Reilly*, Frank McHugh; *Cooper*, Tom Dugan; *Boldt*, Walter Miller; *Flint*, William Halligan; *Church*, George Meeker; *Shapiro*, Jess DeVorska; *Bell Boy*, Harold Waldridge; *Emil*, Herman Bing; *Kane*, Charles Levinson; *Louis De Marco*, Jack LaRue; *Joe*, Lew Harvey.

"DARK HORSE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Joseph Jackson and Courtenay Terrett. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Hal Blake*, Warren William; *Kay*, Bette Davis; *Hicks*, Guy Kibbee; *Joe*, Frank McHugh; *Maybelle*, Vivienne Osborne; *Black*, Sam Hardy; *Clark*, Robert Warwick; *Jones*, Harry Holman; *Green*, Charles Sellon; *Sheriff*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Underwood*, Burton Churchill.

"DOCTOR X"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Howard W. Comstock and Allen C. Miller. Adapted by Robert Tasker and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Doctor Xavier*, Lionel Atwill; *Joan*, Fay Wray; *Dr. Wells*, Preston Foster; *Lee*, Lee Tracy; *Otto*, George Rosener; *Mamie*, Leila Bennett; *Dr. Rowitz*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Dr. Haines*, John Wray; *Dr. Duke*, Harry Beresford; *Stevens*, Robert Warwick; *O'Halloran*, Willard Robertson; *Editor*, Thomas Jackson; *Policeman*, Harry Holman; *Sheriff*, Tom Dugan; *The Madame*, Mae Busch.

"FLAMES"—FIRST DIVISION-MONOGRAM.—From the story by Karl Brown and Lee Chadwick. Directed by Karl Brown. The cast: *Charlie*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Pat*, Noel Francis; *Fishy*, George Cooper; *Gertie*, Marjorie Beebe; *Garson*, Richard Tucker; *Jake*, Russell Simpson; *Pete*, Kit Guard.

"FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by James B. Fagan and Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Louis Gasnier and William W. Schorr. The cast: *Anya*, Sari Maritza; *Paul Ossip*, Gene Raymond; *Marya Ossip*, Marguerite Churchill; *Prof. Marinoff*, Irving Pichel; *Priest*, Harry Beresford; *Doctor*, Edward Van Sloan; *Gregor*, Kent Taylor; *Registrar*, Frankie Adams; *1st Orator*, John Peter Richmond; *2nd Orator*, William Shawhan; *Ivan Ivanovitch*, Joseph Sauers; *Burly Student*, Boris Bullock; *2nd Student*, Allan Fox; *Room Clerk*, John Deering; *Officer*, Harry Cording; *Divorce Clerk*, Florence Shreve; *Nurse*, Helen Carlyle.

"IGLOO"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Ewing Scott. Narrative by Edward T. Lowe and Wilfred Lucas. Narrator, Gayne Whitman. Directed by Ewing Scott. The cast: *Native hunter and leader*, Chee-Ak; *The native girl*, Kyatuk; *Her brother*, Toyuk; *Her father*, Lanak; *Medicine Man*, Nah-Shuk.

"IS MY FACE RED?"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Ben Markson and Allen Rivkin. Adapted by Ben Markson and Casey Robinson. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Peggy Bannon*, Helen Twelvetrees; *William Poster*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mildred Huntington*, Jill Esmond; *Ed Maloney*, Robert Armstrong; *Bee*, Arline Judge; *Telephone Operator*, ZaSu Pitts; *Tony Mugatti*, Sidney Toler; *Horace*, Clarence Muse; *Angelo Spinello*, Fletcher Norton.

"JEWEL ROBBERY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Ladislaus Fodor. Adapted by Erwin Gelsey. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Robber*, William Powell; *Teri*, Kay Francis; *Paul*, Hardie Albright; *Count Rudolf*, Andre Luguet; *Franz*, Henry Kolker; *Hollander*, Lee Kohlmar; *Lenz*, Spencer Charters; *Fritz*, C. Henry Gordon; *Henri*, Robert Greig; *Marianne*, Helen Vinson; *Professor*, Lawrence Grant; *Manager*, Jacques Vanaire; *Clark*, Harold Minjir; *Chauffeur*, Ivan Linow; *Leopold*, Harold Waldridge; *Concierge*, Charles Coleman; *Alpine Tourist*, Herman Bing; *Maid*, Ruth Donnelly; *The Commissionery*, Clarence Wilson.

"LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE"—MASCOT PICTURES CORP.—From the book by James Fenimore Cooper. Adapted by Ford Beebe, Jack Natteford, Colbert Clark and Wyndham Gittens. Directed by Ford Beebe and B. Reeves Eason. The cast: *Hawkeye*, Harry Carey; *Cora*, Edwina Booth; *The Sagamore*, Hobart Bosworth; *Major Duncan Heywood*, Walter Miller; *Uncas*, Junior Coghlan; *Alice*, Lucile Browne; *Dulac*, Walter McGrail; *Magua*, Bob Kortman; *David Gamut*, Nelson McDowell; *Colonel Munro*, Edward Hearn; *General Montcalm*, Mischa Auer; *General Stanwix*, Alvan Cavan; *Red Wing*, Jewel Richford; *Huron Indians*, Big Eagle, Big Tree, Whitefeather, High Eagle, Little Pine; Stunts by Yakima Canutt.

"MAKE ME A STAR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Merton of the Movies" by Harry Leon Wilson and play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Screen play by Sam Mintz, Walter De Leon and Arthur Kober. Directed by William S. Beaudine. The cast: *Flips Montague*, Joan Blondell; *Merton Gill*, Stuart Erwin; *Mrs. Scudder*, ZaSu Pitts; *Ben*, Ben Turpin; *Mr. Cashwiler*, Charles Sellon; *Mrs. Cashwiler*, Florence Roberts; *Tessie Kearns*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Hardy Powell*, Arthur Hoyt; *Buck Benson*, George Templeton; *The Countess*, Ruth Donnelly; *Jeff Baird*, Sam Hardy; *Henshaw*, Oscar Apfel; *Ma Patterson*, Kathrin Clare Warde; *Chuck Collins*, Frank Mills; *Doris Randall*, Polly Walters; *Fellow Actors*, Victor Potel, Bobby Vernon, Snub Pollard, Billy Bletcher, Bud Jamieson and Nick Thompson.

"MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by R. N. Bradbury. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *"Flash" Manning*, Bob Steele; *Betty Williams*, Nancy Drexel; *Sheriff Williams*, Robert Homans; *Ellobo*, Julian Rivero; *"Shamrock,"* George Hayes; *"Half Pint,"* Pewee Holmes; *Danti*, Perry Murdock; *Morgan*, Earl Dwire; *The Drake Brothers*, Dick Dickinson, Buck Carey.

Now it's bibs that are elected to be a new fad for all you smart girls. Nancy Carroll introduced the bib scarf to Hollywood in the manner you see above. Her turban and handbag are made of the same blue and white polka dotted rough crepe as the scarf. Nancy says you can wear the scarf tied in back, or tied in front and worn in the same fashion as a sailor collar

"MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Nell Blackwell and Rowland G. Edwards. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *Sylvia Suffolk*, Claudette Colbert; *Capt. Tony Clyde*, Clive Brook; *Rene Gaudin*, Charles Boyer; *Steve Hand*, Andy Devine; *Dr. Waite*, Alan Mowbray; *Tony's cocotte*, Yola D'Avril; *Andy's cocotte*, Barbara Leonard; *Baby Tony*, Ronald Cosbey; *A Priest*, Emil Chautard.

"MAN'S LAND, A"—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—From the story and screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Tex Mason*, Hoot Gibson; *Peggy Turner*, Marion Shilling; *Skeeter*, Skeeter Bill Robbins; *Flossie*, Ethel Wales; *Thomas*, Robert Ellis; *Steve*, Al Bridge; *Joe*, Charles King; *Jake, the Cook*, Hal Burney; *Pudge*, Bill Nye.

"MERRILY WE GO TO HELL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan" by Cleo Lucas. Scenario by Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Joan*, Sylvia Sidney; *Jerry*, Fredric March; *Claire*, Adrianne Allen; *Buck*, Skeets Gallagher; *Actor*, Cary Grant; *Charlcie*, Florence Britton; *Vi*, Esther Howard; *Damery*, Charles Coleman; *Prentice*, George Irving; *Dick*, Kent Taylor.

"MIDNIGHT LADY, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Nita St. George*, Sarah Padden; *Bert*, John Darrow; *Jean Austin*, Claudia Dell; *Byron Crosby*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Harvey Austin*, Montagu Love; *Grandma Austin*, Lucy Beaumont; *Mona*, Lina Basquette; *Don Austin*, Donald Keith; *District Attorney*, Brandon Hurst; *Tony*, B. Wayne Lamont.

"MONTE CARLO MADNESS"—UFA-FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Hans Mueller and Franz Schulz. Directed by Hanns Schwarz. The cast: *Yola*, Sari Maritza; *Erickson*, Hans Albers; *Peter*, Charles Redgie; *Isabell*, Helen Haye; *Consul*, John Deverill; *Chief Engineer*, Thomas Weguelin; *Casino Director*, Philipp Manning; *Prime Minister*, C. Hooper Trask.

"PASSPORT TO PARADISE"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by George B. Seitz. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Bob*, Jack Mulhall; *Elsa*, Blanche Mehaffey; *Gordon Battle*, Eddie Phillips; *Amos Turkle*, William Burt; *Norma*, Gloria Joy; *Ship Captain*, John Ince.

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"—Fox.—From the play by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson. Screen play by S. N. Behrman and Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast; *Rebecca*, Marian Nixon; *Dr. Ladd*, Ralph Bellamy; *Aunt Jane*, Mae Marsh; *Aunt Miranda*, Louise Closser Hale; *Mr. Cobb*, Alphonse Ethier; *Mrs. Cobb*, Sarah Padden; *Mr. Simpson*, Alan Hale; *Mrs. Simpson*, Eula Guy; *Emma Jane*, Charlotte Henry; *Mrs. Randall*, Claire McDowell; *Jack-O-Lantern*, Ronald Harris; *Jacob*, Willis Marks; *Pig Woman*, Lucille Ward; *John Randall*, Tommy Conlon; *Billy Randall*, Wally Albright.

"RED HEADED WOMAN"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Katharine Brush. Screen play by Anita Loos. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lil Andrews*, Jean Harlow; *Bill Legendre, Jr.*, Chester Morris; *William Legendre, Sr.*, Lewis Stone; *Irene*, Leila Hyams; *Sally*, Una Merkel; *Gaerste*, Henry Stephenson; *Aunt Jane*, May Robson; *Albert*, Charles Boyer; *Uncle Fred*, Harvey Clark.

"RESERVED FOR LADIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Max*, Leslie Howard; *King*, George Grossmith; *Countess*, Benita Hume; *Sylvia Robertson*, Elizabeth Allan; *Robertson*, Morton Shelton; *Aline*, Martita Hunt; *Chef*, Gilbert Davis; *Duchess*, Anne Esmond; *Sir William Carter*, Cyril Ritchard; *Innkeeper*, Ben Field.

"RIDERS OF THE DESERT"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Wellwyn Totman. Adapted by Wellwyn Totman. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *Bob Houston*, Bob Steele; *Barbara Reynolds*, Gertrude Messinger; *Slim*, Al St. John; *Hashknife*, George Hayes; *Houston*, John Elliott; *Capt. Reynolds*, H. B. Carpenter; *Gomez*, Jose Dominguez; *Apache Kid*, Greg Whitespear; *Bucky*, Louis Carver; *Cochimo*, Tex O'Neil.

"RINGER, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-GAINSBOROUGH.—From the story "The Gaunt Stranger" by Edgar Wallace. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Dr. Lomond*, Patric Curwen; *Maurice Meister*, Franklin Dyall; *Cora Ann Milton*, Carol Goodner; *Samuel Hackett*, Gordon Harker; *Johnny Lenley*, Esmond Knight; *Sergeant Carter*, Arthur Stratton; *Inspector Bliss*, Henry Hallett; *Mary Lenley*, Dorothy Bartlam; *Gwenda Milton*, Kathleen Joyce; *Det.-Inspector Wembury*, John Longden; *Assistant Commissioner of Police*, Eric Stanley.

"ROAR OF THE DRAGON"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by George Kibbe Turner, Merian C. Cooper and Jane Bigelow. Screen play by Howard

Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Carson*, Richard Dix; *Natascha*, Gwili Andre; *Busby*, Edward Everett Horton; *Helen*, Arline Judge; *Gabby Tourist*, ZaSu Pitts; *Johnson*, Dudley Digges; *Kiang*, C. Henry Gordon; *Sholem*, Arthur Stone; *Dr. Prausnitz*, William Orlamond.

"SILVER LINING, THE"—PATRICIAN PICTURES.—From the story by Hal Conklin. Adapted by Alan Crosland and Gertrude Orr. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Joyce Moore*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Kate Flynn*, Betty Compson; *Larry Clark*, John Warburton; *Michael Moore*, Montagu Love; *Doris Lee*, Mary Doran; *Jerry*, Cornelius Keefe; *Matron*, Martha Mattox; *Bobby O'Brien*, Wally Albright; *Mrs. O'Brien*, Grace Valentine; *Tommy*, John Holland; *Judge*, Frank Glendon; *Matron*, Jayne; *Ella Preston*, Mildred Golden; *Edna Joyce*, Marion Stokes; *Dorothy Dent*, Helen Gibson.

"SOCIETY GIRL"—FOX.—From the play by John Larkin, Jr., and Charles Beahan. Screen play by Elmer Harris. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Johnny Malone*, James Dunn; *Judy Gelett*, Peggy Shannon; *Briscoe*, Spencer Tracy; *Curly*, Bert Hanlon; *Warburton*, Walter Byron; *Alice Converse*, Marjorie Gateson; *Watkins*, Anne O'Neal; *Halloway*, Eula Guy; *Butler*, Eric Wilton.

"STRANGER IN TOWN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Carl Erickson. Adapted by Carl Erickson and Harvey Thew. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Crickle*, Charles (Chic) Sale; *Marian*, Ann Dvorak; *Jerry*, David Manners; *Elmer Perkins*, Raymond Hatton; *Hilliker*, Noah Beery; *Mrs. Petrick*, Maude Eburne; *Brice*, Lyle Talbot; *Jed*, John Larkin; *Woman customer*, Jessie Arnold.

"TEXAS BAD MAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: *Tom Logan*, Tom Mix; *Dan Bishop*, Tom Mix; *Gore Hampton*, Fred Kohler; *Milton Keefe*, Willard Robertson; *Nancy*, Lucille Powers; *Capt. Carter*, Joseph Girard; *Cheerful Charlie*, Bob Milasch; *Slim*, Franklyn Farnum; *Cal Thurston*, Slim Cole; *Jim*, Capt. C. E. Anderson; *Art*, Theodore Lorch; *Harry*, George Magrill; *Gene*, Richard Alexander; *Pat Reilly*, James Burtis; *Chester Bigelow*, Edward Le Saint; *Andrews*, Francis Sayles; *Phil*, Booth Howard; *Billy the Kid*, Lynton Brent; *Clerk*, Richard Sumner; *Messinger*, Buck Moulton; *Tony*, Tony.

"THEY NEVER COME BACK"—FIRST DIVISION-ARTCLASS.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Jimmy Nolan*, Regis Toomey; *Adele*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Mary Nolan*, Greta Granstedt; *Ralph*, Eddie Woods, *Filmore*, Earle Foxe; *Kate*, Gertrude Astor; *Donovan*, George Byron; *Bates*, Jack Richardson; *Kid Diamond*, Jack Silver; *Master of Ceremonies*, Little Billy; *Referee*, James J. Jeffries.

"TWO FISTED LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by William Colt MacDonald. Continuity by Kurt Kempler. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Tim Clark*, Tim McCoy; *Betty Owen*, Alice Day; *Bob Russell*, Wheeler Oakman; *Sheriff Malcolm*, Tully Marshall; *Artie*, Wallace MacDonald; *Duke*, John Wayne; *Deputy Sheriff Bendix*, Walter Brennon; *Zink Yokum*, Richard Alexander.

"WEEK-END MARRIAGE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Faith Baldwin. Adapted by Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Lola*, Loretta Young; *Ken*, Norman Foster; *Peter*, George Brent; *Agnes*, Aline MacMahon; *Shirley*, Vivienne Osborne; *Connie*, Sheila Terry; *Davis*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Davis*, Louise Carter; *the doctor*, Grant Mitchell; *the judge*, Harry Holman; *Louis*, Luis Alberni; *Joe*, J. Carroll Naish; *Jameson*, Richard Tucker; *Jim*, Roscoe Karns; *Mengel*, Herman Bing; *Clerk*, Allan Lane; *Policeman*, Thomas Jackson; *Juan*, Wilfred Lucas.

"WEEK ENDS ONLY"—FOX.—From the novel "Week End Girl" by Warner Fabian. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Venetia Carr*, Joan Bennett; *Jack Williams*, Ben Lyon; *Arthur Ladden*, John Halliday; *Martin*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Washroom Attendant*, Henry Armetta; *Mr. Carr*, Burton Churchill; *Ted*, John Arledge; *Bartender*, John Elliott; *Mr. Brigg*, Walter Byron.

"WESTWARD PASSAGE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the novel by Margaret Ayer Barnes. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Olivia Van Tyne*, Ann Harding; *Nick Allen*, Laurence Olivier; *Harry Lanman*, Irving Pichel; *Henrietta*, Juliette Compton; *Mrs. Traesdale*, ZaSu Pitts; *Diana Van Tyne*, Irene Purcell; *Mrs. Ottendorf*, Florence Roberts; *Ottendorf*, Emmett King; *Mrs. Van Tyne*, Nance O'Neil; *Lady Caverly*, Ethel Griffies; *Little Olivia*, Bonita Granville; *Bridesmaid*, Julie Haydon; *Girl*, Joyce Compton.

"WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD"—RKO-PATHE. From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Screen play by Gene Fowler and Rowland Brown. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Mary Evans*, Constance Bennett; *Maximilian Carey*, Lowell Sherman; *Lonny Borden*, Neil Hamilton; *Julius Saxe*, Gregory Ratoff; *Muto*, Brooks Benedict; *Bonita*, Louise Beavers; *James*, Eddie Anderson.

"WHILE PARIS SLEEPS"—FOX.—From the screen play by Basil Woon. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Jacques Costaud*, Victor McLaglen; *Manon Costaud*, Helen Mack; *Paul Renoir*, William Bakewell; *Julot*, Jack La Rue; *Fifi*, Rita La Roy; *Roca*, Maurice Black; *Concierge*, Dot Farley; *Mme. Golden Bonnet*, Lucille La Verne; *Kapas*, Paul Porcasi; *Concierge's Husband*, Eddie Dillon.

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CHICAGO

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111]

Hollywood's funniest gag of the month! Conrad Nagel had been away from Hollywood for so long on a personal appearance tour that his friends and family were afraid he wouldn't recognize them, so they trouped down to the train to meet him like this. Rod LaRocque, Leatrice Joy's husband and director Sidney Franklin swore they had grown these muffs during his absence. Look sharp and you'll identify Leatrice Joy, Vilma Banky, Mrs. Conrad Nagel and their little girl, Ruthie

WALTER HUSTON has to have his naturally straight hair marcelled on the average of three times a day for his rôle of *Rev. Davidson* in "Rain."

He no sooner appears on the set with a new marcel, than they turn on the rain pipes, and his curls are gone. And is he disgusted? One marcel is bad enough, to Huston's type!

JIMMY DURANTE walked into the outer reception room at Metro. A woman, sitting on one of the cold, wooden chairs which usually held extras, said, "Hello, Mr. Durante. Don't you remember me?"

Jimmy, who never remembers anybody, nodded. "Of course. Hello."

"I don't think you do. I'm Ethel Barrymore."

"And I'm Lillian Russell," said Jimmy, wondering how he could avoid what he thought was surely going to be a touch.

"But Mr. Durante, don't you remember how you played for a party I gave in New York?"

"Sure. Sure. Glad to have seen you," Jimmy sauntered over to the desk. The information boy was all agog. He whispered to Jimmy. "Gee, I didn't know you were acquainted with Ethel Barrymore! She just came down from Mr. Thalberg's office and is waiting for her chauffeur. She—"

But Jimmy was gone. He was in front of Miss Barrymore. "Sure, I remember that party. Gee, it's swell you're out here. When do you start—"

A fast one on Jimmy!

SEEN on the set of "Skyscraper Souls," the other morning. John Ince, formerly one of our headline directors and brother of the famous Tom Ince, running the elevator!

KNOW who are moviedom's greatest wanderers? The Richard Barthelmesses! Dick and his wife have the itching foot, and probably do more traveling and sight-seeing than any other two people in Hollywood.

From the Canadian woods to Honolulu and on to war-torn China is just a little side trip for them.

Now as soon as his new picture, "The Cabin in the Cotton," is finished, the Barthelmesses will take themselves and their two children for a long voyage to Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Just back from the Orient, they're off for another spot on the map.

THE city of Troy, N. Y., is in a medium-sized dither.

Now fame has come to the Collar Town. Leila Hyams, it has been alleged, made her first stage appearance there. Her dad, John Hyams, was a Troy boy, or Trojan, and when he and his partner-wife, Leila McIntyre, were toting baby Leila around in vaudeville, they played the home town. Naturally, John got a great reception from the home folks, and for an encore, carried the baby on the stage. That was lovely Leila's dèbut.

Now a strong demand for Leila's pictures is noted. Who was this dame Helen of Troy, anyway? Must have meant Leila!

Here's the most critical audience in the world—the folks who sit in studio projection rooms looking at the daily scenes before they are cut or the best "takes" chosen. How would you feel if you were Marian Nixon, who watches herself act before this group of these picture-wise people? "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is the film they're seeing. That's leading man Ralph Bellamy and director Al Santell at Marian's right and left